

THE INDIA SPORTING REVIEW ADVERTISER.

It having been determined to publish 'The India Sporting Review' every second month, instead of quarterly as heretofore, and to reduce the size proportionately, room will be afforded for an Advertiser, which will be prefixed to each number.

This department will be got up with particular neatness and care, and the Review going to all parts of India, (with a rapidly increasing circulation,) and finding its way into a large number of Book Clubs and Messes, is specially deserving the notice of tradesmen and others, addressing themselves to the public.

TERMS.

Per page,	8 Rupees.
Half page,	5 "
Less,	3 "

Contract Terms can be ascertained from the Publishers.

'THE INDIA SPORTING REVIEW'.

A Record of the Turf, the Chase, the Gun, the Rod, and Spear.

Edited by ABEL EAST.

No. V of a new series of this publication, to appear every alternate month was published on 31st October. last.

Contents of Original Department :

Natural History Notices—*by Zoophilus.*
 The Breeding and Breaking of Dogs—*by Minie.*
 A Night in the Himalayas—*by Shiem Bahl.*
 My Tent in Cashmere—*by the Hill Ranger.*
 Habits of the Ganges—*by J. J.*
 An Afternoon's Shikar—*by Tyro.*
 Bits of Skye—*by a Civil Auditor.*
 Game in Pegu—*by Poonghee.*
 Sport in Kumaon—*by Sir Tristram.*
 Gyal Shooting in Orissa—*by Poly Groove.*
 Rough Notes—*by ye Turfite.*
 Revolutions in the Animal World: Sheep and Horses—*by Roderick.*
 Sonoporo Dottings—*by Ignoramus.*
 Guns and Rifles—*by A. R.*
 A Surprise at Burdwan—*by A. J. T.*
 Natural History Queries—*by Old Foggy.*
 The Coming Calcutta Meeting—*by Bejar Khan.*
 The Belgaum Monsoon Meeting for 1856—*by the Editor.*
 A Would-be Nimrod.
 Sporting Notes and Queries—*by T. C. A.*
 Bison Shooting—*by Deccan Ranger.*
 Otium Sine Dignitate, *alias* Puddlepoking—*by J. J.*
 Big Bores *versus* Small—*by Plum Centre.*
 Odds and Ends—*by E. D.*
 Sporting Intelligence.
 Calcutta Races for 1856-57.
 Bhaugulpore Welter Races, February 1857.
 Prospectus of Lahore Races 1856.
 Sonoporo Races—1856.

Racing Calendar.

Singapore Races.—Cape Town Races, 1856.—Mysore Race Meeting—1856.—
 Deccan Monsoon Meeting.—Colombo Race Meeting—1856.

Alphabetical list of Winning Horses.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, Rupees 20 per annum, including postage.
 All drafts to be made payable to the Publishers, Messrs. Lepage and Co., Calcutta.

June 25th, 1856.

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Age.	CIVIL.			MILITARY.		
	Half-yearly.	Monthly.		Half-yearly.	Monthly.	
	Rs. As. P.	Rs. As. P.		Rs. As. P.	Rs. As. P.	
20	14 8 0	2 9 1		17 8 0	3 1 7	
30	18 0 0	3 3 0		20 8 0	3 10 1	
40	24 0 0	4 4 0		24 0 0	4 4 0	
50	29 8 0	5 3 7		29 8 0	5 3 7	
60	40 0 0	7 1 4		41 0 0	7 4 2	

EXAMPLE.—An Officer, aged 30, may secure Rupees 10,000 to his heirs at his decease whenever that may happen, by paying Rupees 205 half-yearly, or Rupees 36-1-10, monthly, to this Company: or on the without profit scale Rupees 190 half-yearly, or Rupees 33-10-1 monthly.

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	Rs.	As.	P.	Rs.	As.	P.	Rs.	As.	P.
1st Oct. 1851,	10,000	0	0	386	14	8	10,386	14	8
4th May 1852,	10,000	0	0	305	12	0	10,305	12	8
30th Dec. 1852,	10,000	0	0	141	4	8	10,141	4	8

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These are fully stated in the Prospectus. The following may be noticed:—

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P. M. TAIT, Secretary.

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	Rupees.						
20	10000	110	55 0	115	57 8	120	60 0
25	10000	120	60 0	125	62 8	130	65 0
30	10000	135	67 8	140	70 0	145	72 8
35	10000	150	75 0	155	77 8	155	77 8
40	10000	160	80 0	160	80 0	165	82 8
45	10000	170	85 0	180	90 0	190	95 0
50	10000	190	95 0	200	100 0	215	107 8

Military or Naval.

Age next birth-day.	Amount of Assurance.	One Year.		Five Years.		Seven Years.	
		Half-yearly.	Quarterly.	Half-yearly.	Quarterly.	Half-yearly.	Quarterly.
	Rupees.						
20	10000	130	65 0	140	70 0	140	70 0
25	10000	140	70 0	150	75 0	155	77 8
30	10000	160	80 0	165	82 8	170	85 0
35	10000	175	87 8	185	92 8	190	95 0
40	10000	195	97 8	200	100 0	200	100 0
45	10000	210	105 0	215	107 8	220	110 0
50	10000	225	112 8	235	117 8	240	120 0

Intermediate ages in proportion.

For further particulars, reference is requested to the detailed prospectus of this Society, which, with requisite forms of application, and blank certificates, will be forwarded free to any part of India, on application to the Secretaries in Calcutta, or Agents at Madras or Bombay, or other local Agents, and Up-Country Newspaper Offices.

By authority of the Directors,

CALCUTTA,
2nd October, 1856.

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Agents and Secretaries.

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Full particulars as to the Constitution, Terms and Conditions of the Society together with forms of Proposal for Guarantee, and forms of Policy issued, may be obtained free, on application at the Office in Calcutta, where also the Reports, Lists of Shareholders, &c., may be inspected.

By order of the Directors,

MACKEY AND CO.,

Chief Agents.

Calcutta, Clive-street Ghat, November 1855.

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Single Rifles,	150 to 180	Double Guns and Rifles always in Stock.	

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Dean and Adam's Revolvers, ..	160	Baker's Revolvers,	30
Tranter's improved,	150	Monte Christo Pistols, ..	50
Bentley's ditto,	150	Air Canes,	75

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N^o. L.

DECEMBER, 1856.

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1857.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
NATURAL HISTORY NOTICES—BY ZOOPHILUS,	239
AN ASCENT OF MONT BLANC—BY AN OXFORD MAN,	262
FISHING IN THE BEEAS—BY LONG LANKIN,	267
SPORT IN HURRIANAH—BY J. J., ,	271
SPORTING HINTS TO MY NEPHEW—BY JOHN STEADY, ...	290
SEVEN HOURS ON GUARD OVER A BLIND TUSKER—BY VELVET FOOT, ...	293
ROUGH NOTES FROM MY SHIKAR BOOK FOR 1856—BY SITFAST, ...	304
RIDING DOWN A BUSTARD—BY J. J.,.....	308
ELEPHANT CATCHING IN THE PATULLEE DHOON—BY SILANEE, ...	311
SOMETHING CONNECTED WITH SPORT—BY T. C. A.,	318
THE SONEPORE MEETING, 1856—BY PEGASUS, ...	322
A SKETCH—BY OLD ONE, ...	342
IBEX SHOOTING AND BEAR HUNTING—BY FORESTER, ...	347
NOTES ON BENGAL TURF DOINGS AND PROSPECTS—BY OXONIAN,...	359
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.	
NORTH OF INDIA COURSING MEETING,	367
MEERUT RACES, ...	370
LAHORE RACES,...	371
RACING CALENDER.	
LAHORE RACES,...	19
SONEPORE RACES,	21
BANGALORE RACES,	27
CAPE TOWN RACES,	29
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.	

THE INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

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DECEMBER, 1856.  
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NATURAL HISTORY NOTICES.

BY ZOOPHILUS.

HORNED FEMALE ANTELOPES.

IN No. IV, note to p. 94, I called attention to an instance having occurred of a doe Antelope (*ANTILOPE CERVICAPRA*) bearing horns; like those of a castrated male, only more slender. J. J. tells me that another "female Antelope with horns was shot near Delhi, last cold weather." The Empress Josephine possessed a *hornless male* Spring-bok (*GAZELLA EUCHORE*), which lived many years in Paris.

LONG-TAILED MARMOT.

The animal referred to by your correspondent ROBIN HOOD, in No. III, p. 23, is clearly the *ARCTOMYS LONGICAUDATUS*, Is. Geoffroy, figured and described in the 'Zoologie' to Jacquemont's 'Voyage dans l'Inde.'

'MUSK CAT' OF SHANGHAI.

The following notice would seem to refer to a species of Marten, perhaps undescribed. "A beautiful animal, of about the size of the common Cat, but longer in form; in fact, somewhat resembling the Marten, with a long bushy tail, like the brush of a Fox. Emits an exceedingly powerful and by no means disagreeable musky odour. Lives in holes of the ground, and also climbs into trees and bushes in search of birds and their nests. Exceedingly destructive to the Pheasants (*PHASIANUS TORQUATUS*) when sitting; and is much hunted by the natives for its fur."—*Bengal Sporting Magazine*, N. S., II, 642 (1845).

We sadly want authentic information of many of the common animals of China; and well prepared specimens, to enable a naturalist to determine the species with the requisite precision. *Vide* No. III, p. 9, for notice of a species of Bustard inhabiting the same part of the country as the presumed Marten.

GALLINACEOUS BIRDS OF INDIA.

The well known naturalist, Charles Lucian Bonaparte, Prince of Canino and Musignano, who now directs the Paris Museum, has recently published a *tableau* of the whole gallinaceous order of birds, in the *Comptes Rendus* for May 12th of the current year. I have been looking forward with much interest to see the classification and the enumeration of species given by his Highness; but, as ill luck would have it, that and some preceding numbers of the *Comptes Rendus* were not sent here as they should have been; whilst subsequent numbers have duly arrived, and among them the very next, for May 19th. In this the Prince refers to his *Tableaux des Gallinacés*; and he informs us that “la nouvelle espèce de Perdrix grise de l'Himalaia [*i. e.* Tibet] va nous être figurée par Gould, sous le nom de PERDIX HODGSONIÆ, est le parfait représentant de la nôtre,” *i. e.* P. CINEREA of Europe. This quite accords with my own opinion expressed in No. III, p. 12.

His Highness discriminates “four very similar species, which have been confounded under the Common Francolin,” of Indian ‘Black Partridge.’

“My FRANCOLINUS VULGARIS,” he remarks, “is that of Stephens, Gould, &c., from Sicily.” Is it not also that of Barbary, if truly found there?*

“FR. ASIÆ, Bonaparte, is the Indian race, of smaller size, and barely recognisable by having the white ear-spot less extended and differently shaped.

“FR. HENRICI, Bonaparte, is a large race inhabiting Sindh, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to the late Dr. Henry Gould” (son of the well known ornithologist). This is doubtless the species inhabiting also about Kandahar; which, to judge from a female specimen before me, is decidedly distinct from that of Bengal.

“FR. TRISTRIATUS, Bonaparte: distinguished, as its name imports, by having three white bands along the sides of its head.

* Prof. Schlegel gives N. Africa amongst the *habitats*; but this bird is not included in M. Malherbe's catalogue of the birds of Algeria; nor in Capt. Drummond's list of those found in the vicinity of Tunis and Biserta. (*Ann. Mag. Nat. Hist.* 1845, xvi, 102 *et seq.*)

Received from Cyprus, together with a Partridge scarcely differing from the true GRÆCA. It was from this island principally that the Francolins of the 'moyen age' came, and to which Edwards's figure is referable.

"The FRANCOLINUS CONCENTRICUS, Gray, is not a Francolin, but a HEPBURNIA;" by which name I understand the Prince to mean the type of the Painted Francolin of S. India, FR. PICTUS, vel *Perdix Hepburnii* of Gray. The distinction from true FRANCOLINUS is slight indeed! As with numerous other sub-divisions adopted by the Prince. Yet, as before remarked, he refers the new Tibetan Partridge to restricted PERDIX, or STARNA (as I think he terms it, from the common Italian name of P. CINEREA; reserving PERDIX for the Red-legged Partridges, which undoubtedly were the birds so termed by the Greeks and Romans). It remains to enquire what is the FRANCOLINUS VULGARIS *apud* Strickland, of Asia Minor, which "occurs in the marshes of the Hermus and the Cayster, whence it is sometimes brought to market at Smyrna?"*

I remarked that the Francolins of India are not much of perchers: but a writer in the *B. S. M.* (for 1841, p. 229,) informs us that the Painted species "not unfrequently roosts in the branches of trees, and thus often puzzles the novice, who, attracted by its call, is assiduously prosecuting his search on *terra firma*, whilst his bird is comfortably perched aloft."

* A friend† assures me that the so called 'Pheasant' of the Cape colony, CLAMATOR CAPENSIS, appertaining to the group of Francolins, not unfrequently interbreeds with the domestic Fowl, like the true Pheasant in England; and that he has seen several farm-yard hybrids, the result of such intercourse. J. J., too, writes word, that "there was a hybrid belonging to the mess of the 11th N. I., at Peshawur in 1850, which I believe to have been the produce of a Turkey and a Guinea-fowl! It was considerably larger than a Guinea-fowl, and not like a common Fowl at all." He adds, "I have seen it often."

The occurrence of the 'Golden Pheasant' (CHRYSOLOPHUS PICTUS) in the province of Orenbourg was noticed in p. 16. I gathered this fact from some French work, but cannot just now cite my authority. However, on referring to the second edition of Temminck's '*Manuel d'Ornithologie Européenne*,' I find it there stated that the Golden Pheasant inhabits the northern

* *Proc. Zool. Soc.* 1836, p. 100. H. H. indicates the true affinity of PTILOPACHUS, when he states that it is a diminutive of (or 'Quail' to) his STARNA; while AMMOOPERDIX is, he thinks, a similar diminutive of PERDIX (i. e. CACCABIS); and MARGAROPERDIX of FRANCOLINUS. AMMOOPERDIX seems to me to approximate STARNA, Bonap. rather than to his PERDIX.

† Major W. S. Sherwill.

parts of Greece, as also Georgia and the Caucasus ; being likewise found in China and Japan. M. Degland informs us, that M. Gamba, French Consul at Tiflis, met with this gorgeous bird in numerous flocks on the spurs of the Caucasus which extend towards the Caspian sea ; and that now it has gone wild and multiplies in some of the German forests, as it also does at Cleremont in England. In fact it increases much faster when thus turned loose to take its chance, than when under artificial management in the aviary : a remark that doubtless applies to the generality of undomesticated game-birds.

We have probably much yet to learn concerning the distribution of the two species of *CHRYSOLOPHUS*, *PICTUS* and *AMHERSTIÆ*, in northern and middle Asia. Both were procured by Mr. Hodgson from Eastern Tibet or beyond ; and perhaps both of them (or the *AMHERSTIÆ* only) are the beautiful Pheasants of the *Ortous* noticed by M. Huc.

I observe that in Chesney's Report, No. 4, on the birds of Arabia and Mesopotamia, he notices "*PHASIANUS COLCHICUS*, and another called *Dike Busráway*." What is this ?

THE HIMALAYAN CHUKOR PARTRIDGE (*CACCABIS CHUKAR*.)

This bird, I have remarked (in No. III, 9), extends an unknown distance northward in middle Asia, certainly as far as travellers from India have yet penetrated. It is doubtless the *PERDIX SAXATILIS* of Meyendorff's '*Journey from Orenbourg to Bokhára*,' stated to be brought alive to Bokhára in winter in great numbers from the mountains surrounding Samarkánd. "*M. Fischer*," he adds, "in his catalogue, does not mention it, but only *C. RUFA* ; which seems to prove that Pallas did not distinguish one from the other." We have seen (p. 11) that Dr. Rüppell denominates the Red-legged Partridge of mount Sinai the "Himalayan variety of *P. GRÆCA* : " and the difference between *CACCABIS GRÆCA* (*v. saxatilis*), *auctorum*, and *C. CHUKAR* is very slight indeed ; the former, too, having been recently subdivided into two or three, as we shall see by the Prince of Canino's *Tableaux*. Before me are a couple of skins of *C. GRÆCA* from Italy, and a number of Himalayan specimens of *C. CHUKAR*. The chief difference in colouring is about the head and neck ; the cheeks and throat of *C. GRÆCA* being pure white, and there is no ferruginous colouring over the ears ; besides which, the crown of the male is pure dark ashly unmixed with rufous. Altogether, there is less of the ruddy tinge about the plumage generally : but these differences are very trivial ; and would only be discovered on minute comparison : and the question arises, may not such races grade into each other, perhaps from intermixture where they meet. The *Perdix Labatiei* of M. Bouteille is known to be a hybrid between the much better distinguished *C. RUFA* and *C. GRÆCA*. I observe that the bill

of *C. GRÆCA* from Italy is decidedly broader and shorter than in *C. CHUKAR*; but still is nail-like and a little elongated at tip, unlike that of *C. RUFA*. For the way they capture *C. CHUKAR* at Skardo (*Iskardo*, according to the late Sir H. Elliot, is a *Kashmirian Cockneyism*, on the *Smith* principle!), consult Dr. T. Thomson's '*Travels in W. Himálaya and Tibet*,' pp. 260 *et seq.*

TURKEYS.

I find by the papers that a cock and two hens of that extraordinarily beautiful bird, the Ocellated Turkey (*MELEAGRIS OCELLATA*) of Honduras, are now living in the Zoological Society's garden, Regent's Park. The late Lord Derby had a living female for some years at Knowsly, but could never procure a mate for it: its skin is now stuffed in the British Museum. The stuffed male in the Paris Museum, which was long unique, was formerly in Bullock's Museum, London; the sale and dispersion of which fine collection is still a subject of regret to our naturalists. The crew of a vessel who were cutting wood on the shores of the Bay of Honduras saw three of these birds, and succeeded in taking one of them alive. It was sent to the late President of the College of Physicians, Sir H. Halford; but after arriving safe in the Thames, an accident deprived it of life, and Sir Henry presented it to Mr. Bullock. I have even been told that it was killed by some blockhead, who was about to have it cooked!*

The following notice is from the *Literary Gazette* for August 30th, 1856:—

"An addition of great interest to ornithologists has been this week made, through the liberality of Her Majesty, to the collection of birds at the Zoological Gardens. A large and brilliantly coloured species of Turkey (*MELEAGRIS OCELLATA*) has been known for many years to inhabit the vicinity of Lake Peten, near the confines of the provinces of Vera Paz and Benlize, Central America; but so rare is even the skin of the bird in this country, that a stuffed specimen is valued at about forty guineas. The late Earl of Derby, who was most zealous in his endeavours to improve the breeds of birds likely to be serviceable for food" (or, rather, to procure rare and handsome species for his aviaries), "went to the expense of sending collectors out to Honduras almost solely with the view of procuring living specimens of this Turkey for his aviaries at Knowsly. For

* Some years ago, I remember hearing of the commander of a small trading vessel, who brought from Norway to Deal a number of living Capercáli as *ship's stock*; and had eaten nearly all of them off, before he learned the value of the remaining few.

nearly twenty years his lordship looked forward to the gratification of possessing this species ; but all attempts to bring it alive to England failed [save one female]. This, we are happy to announce, has at length been accomplished by Mr. Skinner, the well known collector of the orchideous plants of Guatemala ; assisted by Capt. Wilson, of the West India mail-packet, *Parana*. Mrs. Stevenson, the lady of H. M. Superintendent of Belize, possessed a fine cock Ocellated Turkey and two hens, which she was desirous of presenting to the Queen ; and Mr. Skinner undertook the delicate task of bringing them to England. By feeding them with great care by hand during the voyage, and constantly bathing the head to relieve the eyes of a mucous discharge, and through being furnished, thanks to Capt. Wilson, with plenty of room and air, the Turkeys reached England in tolerable health. Immediately on their arrival being communicated to the Queen, Her Majesty commanded them to be presented, for the gratification of the public, to the Zoological Society.* * * They are taller, thinner, and more erect than the common Turkey, with the plumage marked with iridescent Peacock-like eyes ; the legs being pink, and the head of a peculiar soft clear grey-blue, studded with bright orange warts."

The Ocellated Turkey has not the tuft of bristles on the breast, which distinguishes the two other species now known : and another peculiarity which I noticed (unless my memory deceives me strangely in the matter), in a stuffed specimen which I saw at the late Mr. Leadbeater's in London, consisted in not only the pendulous caruncle over the bill, but also all the small warts upon the neck, ramifying or being divided and subdivided towards the tip ! Now it is said to be on account of the tuft of bristles on the breast, that the Musálmans of India refuse to eat the domestic Turkey ; alleging that it partakes of the nature of the unclean beast ! The Musálmans of Egypt and even Arabia (at Jidda at least, the port of Mekka), esteem it highly ! At Cairo (or *Kahira* as the purists have it,) I have somewhere read that a dose of *ráki* (arrack) is given to a Turkey some hours before killing it, to render the flesh tender. (The French use vinegar for the same purpose.) Another reason may, however, be suggested for the aversion of the Musálmans of India for the tame Turkey ; introduced, too, as it has been in this country, not by their co-religionists the Arabs, but by Europeans. Our Indian Turkeys are of the Norfolk breed, which is the most helpless and the most degenerate of any from the wild stock : and they are generally of a black colour, with the naked wattles and caruncles of the head and neck enormously developed. Now, some years ago, I happened to have a ' King Vulture,' as it is called in India (*VULTUR* or *OTOGYPS PONTICERIANUS*), fastened to a post ; and

some tame Turkeys rather courted its society and generally kept near it. It then occurred to me, that the natives of India might fancy a certain *affinity* between the Turkey, introduced to them from England, and this common black Vulture of the country, with its bare red head and neck; and such an idea would tend to confirm their prejudice against the former. A small black American Vulture with bare red head is even denominated the 'Turkey Buzzard;' and the converse is shewn by the Australian (so called) 'Brush Turkey' having been designated, by superficial observers of its skin only, 'the New Holland Vulture!'

The true origin of the domestic Turkey (as remarked in a note to No III, p. 2,) has only very recently been discovered, in a wild species inhabiting Mexico, named by Mr. Gould *MELEAGRIS MEXICANA*. Whether such a name can stand is, I think, doubtful: surely *GALLIPAVO* should be retained for this one; and the wild N. American species be distinguished by a different specific name, it being already the *M. SYLVESTRIS* of Vieillot: *septentrionalis* would have been better. It will come to this by and bye. But how happens it that these American birds should bear the oriental name of 'Turkey'?

This question has often been asked, and I think that it can be answered satisfactorily. It is certain that the *Guinea-fowl* was commonly termed the "Turkey Hen" in former days, and hence a difficulty sometimes in knowing which bird is meant by sundry old authors. As the Portuguese discoveries along the west coast of Africa preceded those of the Spaniards in America, there is reason to infer that our British ancestors became acquainted with the Guinea-fowl prior to their knowledge of the Turkey; and the English trade being then chiefly with the Levantine countries, our ancestors may well have fancied that it came from thence. Referring to a curious old dictionary in my possession (published in 1678) for the word *Meleagris*, I find it translated "a Guinny or Turkey Hen: *Gallinæ Africanæ sive Numidicæ, Var. sive quæ vulgo Indicæ*" (*Coq d'Inde* of the French, corrupted into *Dinde* and *Dindon*!) Again, *Numidica guttata* of Martial is rendered "a Ginny or Turkey Hen." Looking also into an English and Spanish dictionary of (so late as) 1740, I find *Gallipavo* rendered "a Turkey or Guinea Cock or Hen." Well, it is known that our British forefathers originally derived the domestic Turkey from Spain; and meanwhile they are likely to have obtained a knowledge of the true *habitat* of the Guinea-fowl; and therefore may have supposed the former to be the real *Turkey-fowl*, as distinguished from the *Guinea-fowl*. The Latin-sounding name *Gallipavo* seems to be of Spanish origin, and obtains among the Spaniards to this day; but their earliest name for it

was *Pavon de las Indias*, "c'est-a-dire," as Buffon remarks, "*Paon des Indes Occidentales*"; which explains the reference to India (perpetuated in *Dindon*).

According to the Prince of Canino, "the first unquestionable description of the Turkey was written by Oviedo in 1525, in the summary of his *History of the Indies*. This bird was sent from Mexico to Spain early in the sixteenth century; from Spain it was introduced into England in 1524. Turkeys were taken to France in the reign of Francis the first, whence they spread into Germany, Italy, &c.: a few, however, had been carried to the latter country by the Spaniards some years previously. The first Turkey eaten in France appears to have been served up at the wedding-banquet of Charles the ninth, in the year 1570. Since that period they have been bred with so much care, that, in England, as we read in ancient chronicles, their rapid increase rendered them attainable at country-feasts, where they were a much esteemed dish so early as 1585. Europeans conveyed them to all their colonies [including of course those of N. America], and thus were they gradually introduced into Asia, Africa, and even Oceanica."

According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the first Turkeys that were seen in Persia were brought from Venice by some Armenian merchants. "Barbot informs us," it is added, "that very few Turkeys are to be met with in Guinea, and those only in the hands of the chiefs of the European forts; the negroes declining to breed any on account of their tenderness. He also remarks, that neither common Poultry nor Ducks are natural to Guinea, any more than the Turkey.* * * This fowl was first seen in France in the reign of Francis I, and in England in that of Henry VIII. By the date of the reigns of these monarchs, the first Turkeys must have been brought from Mexico; the conquest of which was completed A. D. 1521."

The common Turkey, according to Mr. Gosse, "is, so far as European knowledge is concerned, indigenous to the greater Antilles; having been found by the Spanish discoverers, already domesticated by the Indians; and the European domestic breed is descended from the West Indian, and not from North American parentage."† Are we to understand from this, that

* It is curious that the introduction of the Turkey into Britain should have preceded that of the Ass! For, so late as the days of Queen Bess, Hollingshed assures us that "our land doth breed no Asses." At least a former breed would seem to have been extirpated at that period: and the re-importation of the Donkey into Britain is therefore subsequent to the naturalization there of a feathered native of the New World. See Bell's 'British Quadrupeds' (which I have not at hand) for details concerning the Donkey.

† 'Birds of Jamaica,' p. 329. A correspondent from that island, in the *B. S. M.* for February 1835, speaks distinctly of wild Turkeys (in addition to wild Guinea-fowl)

the domestic race was already in the Antilles when discovered by the Spaniards? Or does Mr. Gosse attach a more comprehensive meaning to the term "West Indian?" As the late Mr. Broderip remarked, "Mexico was discovered by Grijalva in the year 1518; and we soon after find a description of the Turkey as one of the productions of the country by Gomarra and Hernandez, the latter of whom gives its Mexican name *Huezo toll*, and makes mention of the wild birds *as well as of the tame*. Oviedo, whose work was published in Toledo in 1526, describes the Turkey well, as a kind of Peacock of New Spain, *which had been carried over to the islands and the Spanish main*, and was about the houses of the Christian inhabitants. Horsbach states, that they were brought into Germany about 1530; and Barnaby Googe (1614) declares that 'those outlandish birds called giny-cocks and turkey-cocks, before the year of Our Lord 1530 were not seen with us!' But Barnaby had without doubt Horsbach's book before him when he wrote; and indeed the observations of the German author may be traced throughout the pages of the English writer on husbandry. Pierre Gilles, in his additions to Cælian (1535) gives a most accurate description of the Turkey as being then in Europe. Pierre had not at that time been further from his native country than Venice, and he says that he had seen it, and that it was brought from the New World. In 1541, we find a constitution of Archbishop Cranmer, directing that of such large fowls as Cranes, Swans, and Turkey-cocks, there should be but one dish; and we find the bird mentioned as no great rarity at the inauguration dinner of the Serjeants-at-law in 1555." But might not *Guinea-fowl* have been intended in the latter case? "Two Turkeys and four Turkey-chicks" are mentioned, which, as they were rated at only four shillings each, the same as Pheasants, while Swans and Cranes were charged ten shillings, and Capons half a crown, it seems possible that *Guinea-fowl* are here meant. Probably not, however; for "Turkeys had become so plentiful in 1573, that honest Tusser, in his 'Five hundred points of good

as being then found there; and he subsequently alludes to negroes who have pursued them: but I can hardly suppose that such wild Turkeys should have been unknown to Mr Gosse.

The 'Quail' mentioned by that correspondent, I may remark, is the small N. American Partridge or Colin, *ORTYX VIRGINIANA*, which is an introduced species, now very abundant in Jamaica. This bird is also the 'Quail' of N. York; but is known as the 'Partridge' in Virginia and the Carolinas: while the 'Partridge' of the Eastern states, and 'Pheasant' everywhere to the south and west of N. Jersey, also termed 'Grouse,' 'Heath-hen,' 'Prairie-hen', or 'Prairie-fowl,' is the American Ruffed Grouse, *BONASA UMBELLUS*; and the 'Spruce Partridge' or 'Spruce Grouse' or 'Spotted Grouse' of our trans-Atlantic cousins is the *TETRAO CANADENSIS*.

husbandry,' enumerates them among *the usual Christmas fare at a farmer's table*, and speaks of them as 'ill neighbours both to peason and to hops.*' This, so far as I am aware, is the first notice of Turkeys as ordinary Christmas fare. Early in the last century, Gay, in one of his fables, wrote—

"Man, cruel man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine:
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board!"

Which, taken literally, and doubtless even as meant, should imply a condition of prosperity (aye, and of relative abundance of Turkeys), considerably beyond the modern experience of Old England!† The Turkey certainly multiplied and spread with surprising rapidity over Europe; and the domestic race of ancient Mexico was undoubtedly introduced from Europe into the colonies in North America, where a nearly affined wild species abounded in the forests. The reverend divine, Mr. Francis Higgeson, who wrote 'a Description of New England's Plantation' in 1630, remarks of the harbour of Plymouth, that "the parsnips, carrots, and turnips are here bigger and sweeter than is ordinary to be found in England; the Turkeys are far greater than *our English Turkeys*, and exceedingly fat and sweet and fleshy." I take this quotation from the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 208, p. 560; and it may be that wild Turkeys are intended; but the reference to *English Turkeys* should indicate that the latter were never derived from the N. American "plantations," at least within the knowledge of the colonists more than two centuries ago. Again, Mynheer Van der Donk, in his 'Description of the New Netherlands' (Amsterdam, 1656), describing the state of New York as it appeared at its first settlement by Europeans, states, that "the most import-

* Vide 'Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated,' by the late E. T. Bennett (vol. ii, 'Birds,' p. 209 *et seq.*); and Beyerly's 'Recreations in Natural History,' originally published in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' for sundry other notices, to which I shall yet add one or two of interest. The Turkey, it will be remarked, is *not mentioned* in the curious document of Harry the eighth's time quoted by ALPHA, in p. 205, *ante*.

N. B. The cock Bustard (*OTIS TARDUS*) figured at p. 204, had not assumed his nuptial or breeding costume, and therefore does not exhibit the *neck-tufts* referred to by J. J. in No. II, pp. 200 and 202.

† Among the items of the bill of fare, at the banquet given to the peasantry at Moscow on the occasion of the late coronation of the Czar, I find recorded "1000 Turkeys." *Home News*, September 26th, p. 709. This speaks well for their present abundance in Russia.

ant fowl of the country is the wild Turkey. *They resemble the tame Turkey of the Netherlands!*" The Prince of Canino, in his continuation of Wilson's 'American Ornithology,' little suspecting a difference of species between the wild and tame Turkeys of North America, remarks that "the domestic are greatly inferior to the wild in size and beauty. • So far from having gained by the care of man, and the abundance of food accessible in its state of domestication, this bird has degenerated not only in Europe and Asia, but, what is certainly extraordinary, even in its native country. The domesticated Turkey of America, accustomed as it is to roam in the woods and open fields, almost without restraint, is in no respect superior to that of the European poultry-yard,"—from which it happens to be descended! Query, what like were the *domestic Turkeys* of ancient Mexico? As much altered, perhaps, by domesticity as are the Llamas and Alpacas of Peru, from their supposed wild type the Guanaco! Or as another *domestic* quadruped of South America, the insignificant little Guinea-pig (so called from having been imported in the *Guinea* slave-ships), is from any wild species of its genus, which latter is quite peculiar to S. America.

We seem to have lost, rather than gained, *varieties* of the domestic Turkey. The *crested* breed is about the most curious, and is certainly well authenticated, though now quite extinct! •Albyn (publishing in 1738) gives a coloured print of the White-crested Turkey, and says—"This Bird I saw in the Possession of Henry Cornellyson, Esq., beyond Chelmsford in Essex; it was of the Bigness of the common Turkeys, having a beautiful large white Copple on its Crown or Top of the Head" (vol. ii. 30). Prof. Temminck, in his '*Pigeons et Gallinacés*' (1813-15), remarks that the crested Turkey is "only a variety or sport of nature in the species; merely differing in having a crest of feathers sometimes white, sometimes black; and these crested Turkeys are sufficiently rare." It appears that Mademoiselle Backer formerly kept, in her magnificent menagerie near the Hague, a flock of Turkeys of a beautiful buff-yellow colour, approaching to chesnut; all having an ample crest of pure white. The two alleged species of crested Turkey described in the 'Wild Life in the interior of Central America,' by G. Byam, 43rd Light Infantry, are clearly *ORACIDÆ*; by the description given of the nest of one of them, "*placed in a clumpy thick tree, with [only] two large eggs in it.*" The *PAVONIDÆ* invariably nestle on the ground, and lay more eggs than could be accommodated in the tree-supported nest of a Curassow.

No doubt the crested Turkey was a variety analogous to the

Polish (or *polled**) Fowl, and scarcely more extraordinary : but it seems to be no longer in existence.

The tall slim form noticed of the *M. OCELLATA* is, I suspect, that of all wild Turkeys, as distinguished from the domestic

* Thus 'Friesland Fowl' for *frizzled*, *Cog frisé* of the French ; 'Muscovy Duck' for *Musk Duck* (a South American species) ; 'Japan Peafowl' for *japanned*, &c.

'Cobra de Manilla' is a familiar instance of the kind, as explained by Dr. Jerdon ; who justly remarks—"The old orthography is *monil*, which simply means a chain or necklace ; and whoever looks at the markings [of the common large Viper of India (*VIPERA ELEGANS*, vel *Russellii*), especially of the young one, must be struck with the resemblance thereof to a necklace [*i. e.* a string of beads along the middle of the back]. I need hardly remind the reader," continues Dr. Jerdon, "that both *Cobra capella* and *Cobra monil* are Portuguese names ; and I have little doubt that the latter name was given to the *VIPERA ELEGANS* by the Portuguese. It has however been forgotten, as specially applied to this Viper, and may now be considered a fable ; for every one you meet is able, on his own shewing, to point you out the *real* 'Cobra monil' as quite distinct, and what is more remarkable, no two observers describe it alike,—they only agree in its being a very small and a very deadly Snake. I may here add," he continues further, "that the *Carpet Snake*, another household word in the Madras Army, appears to me to be equally fabulous : as I have not been able to identify it among the venomous Snakes, several prettily marked innocent species having been, at different times, pointed out to me as the 'Carpet Snake'—more especially the *LYCOBON AULICUS*" (probably from its habit of entering houses as much as from its markings). My own observations agree ; and we have another *myth* of the kind in the Bengal Presidency, in the creature of imagination termed the *Bis'h Cobra*, invariably indicated as a small and highly venomous Lizard. Now a venomous Lizard is an animal unknown to naturalists ; and several very different Lizards, preserved in spirit, have been pointed out to me at the 'Bis'h Cobra' ; generally, however, the young of *MONITOR DRACENA* (*Varanus bengalensis* of some), a species of *Gho-Sámp*, as termed in Bengal (probably from the Snake-like form and mechanism of the protrusile forked tongue in this group of Lizards), and which grows to a large size, attaining to four feet and upwards. The prettily marked young of this *Gho-Sámp* have been repeatedly shewn to me as the 'Bis'h Cobra' ; and sundry other harmless Lizards, with which I happened to be equally familiar. A *Griffin*, friend Abel East, may not be so extraordinary a rarity in these parts : but I certainly have no faith whatever in a Bis'h Cobra. (See also Dr. J. Grant's paper in the *Calcutta Journal of Natural History*, vol. i, 371, which I chanced to light on, since writing the above.) *Bis'h* is the Bengáli word for venom.

Names adopted from foreign tongues, like *Cobra monil* (which is just a variation of *Coluber moniliger*), are especially liable to such corruption ; indeed, all names of which the meaning is not popularly understood : thus *Jaune dorée* becomes 'John Dory' ; a *Hernshaw* or *Heron-shaw* is transmuted into a 'land-saw,' &c. 'Mother-of-pearl' is one of the queerest : being said to derive from *Perle de Mer*, quasi *Perle de Mère*, ingeniously reversed. A singular mistranslation thereof. But suggestive, nevertheless. Tropical sea-pearls were less known in the west in former days than the produce of the common fresh-water Mussel (*UNIO MARGARITIFERUS*) ; which were the British pearls so prized of yore by the Romans, and such as are now procured from the *Motijhils* of this country (the *UNIO FAVIDENS* being the species that here supplies them). Very fine pearls are occasionally produced by both of the species referred to ; and some Welsh specimens, from the Conway, were exhibited at the late meeting of the British Association at Cheltenham.

A facetious friend suggests that 'Norway Rat' should clearly be rendered *Gnaw-away Rat* ! Perhaps so, and quite as good a derivation as 'Buffalo' from *Bœuf à l'eau* ; or 'London' from Lot's wife,—*Lúin* (salt), Hindustáni, and *Donna* (a lady), Spanish,—an ingenious illustration, which certain of your readers may remember having whilome met with.

breed; as of all Jungle-fowl (*GALLUS*), compared with the domestic races: a *game character*, which we seek in vain among the denizens of the poultry-yard. And as the British Pheasant (*PHASIANUS COLCHICUS*) and also the Francolin so termed in South Africa (*CLAMATOR CAPENSIS*) not unfrequently intermix with barn-door Fowls, it is not extraordinary that the North American wild Turkey should breed similarly with the domestic Turkey. "I have seen," remarks the Prince of Canino, "several very beautiful Turkeys from Lancaster country, Pennsylvania, and Sussex country, New Jersey, that were said to be a cross-breed between the wild cock and tame hen. This crossing often occurs in countries where wild and tame Turkeys are found: it is well known that they will readily approach each other; and such is the influence of slavery even upon the Turkey, that the robust inhabitant of the forest will drive his degenerate kinsfolk [?] from their own food, and from their females: being generally welcomed by the latter and by their owners, who well know the advantages of such a connexion. The produce of the commixture is much esteemed by epicures, uniting the luscious obesity of the one, with the wild flavour of the other."

Are such hybrids capable of reproduction, either *inter se* or with either parent stock? I raised a lot from the cock *GALLUS SONNERATHI* of S. India, and a picked domestic hen from Arakan, as like the wild hen *G. FERRUGINEUS* as could well be: but these produced eggs only, that would never hatch, whether *inter se* or crossed with domestic cock or hen! Yet I have seen three-parts-bred Fowls in England, being one-quarter Pheasant! It ought to be known, by this time, whether the N. American half-bred Turkey is, or is not, prolific: but the pure wild race of N. America should now, that it is believed to be a distinct species very fast disappearing, be more than ever sought and, if possible, preserved and multiplied, not only in captivity, but turned loose in the great forests of Europe: for it would appear to have formerly thus thriven in Ireland!

That the *OTIS TARDA* is popularly known as the 'wild Turkey' (*Dindon sauvage*) in the Levantine countries, and another species of Bustard has been so denominated by our countrymen in China, I have shewn in No. III, p. 9; also that the wild 'Peafowl' (*Pavos*) of the Dutch colonists of S. Africa are likewise Bustards; but the late W. Thompson of Belfast quotes the Irish statute, 27th. George III, which "prohibits killing moor game, heath game, grouse, pheasant, partridge, quail, land rail, and *wild Turkey*, between the 10th January and 1st of September!"—"Whether by wild Turkey the *Capercúli* or Wood Grouse is meant," remarks Mr. Thompson, "may perhaps be considered doubtful. There is no uncertainty, however, in the following instance. From the Rev. Mr. Dubourcin's 'Survey of the

county of Antrim,' published in 1812, we learn that wild Turkeys are now nearly extinct, though once in such numbers at the former place [Portmore]; the breed, *the true copper colour, with red legs.*"* From this, I think we may infer that the N. American wild Turkey had been turned out and had multiplied in Ireland! Why should it not, therefore, be added to the game of the European forests generally, just as the Pheasant has been?

Mr. W. Bloom, of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, 'as we are told by the Prince of Canino, "caught five or six wild Turkeys when very young, and succeeded in rearing them. Although sufficiently tame to feed with his domestic Turkeys, and generally associate with them, yet they always retained some of their original propensities, roosting by themselves, and higher than the tame birds, generally on the top of some tree, or of the house. They were also more readily alarmed : on the approach of a Dog, they would fly off, and seek safety in the nearest woods. Mr. Bloom remarked that the wild Turkey will thrive more and keep in better condition than the tame on the same quantity of food."

Altogether, the habits of the North American wild Turkeys would seem to be exceedingly similar to those of the wild Peafowl in India; and both have their favorite roosting-places in the forest, to which they regularly resort. Flocks of the former "have been known to resort to one spot for a succession of years, and to return after a distant emigration in search of food. Their roosting-place is generally a point of land, jutting into a river, where there are large trees." The tame Turkeys in England will always roost high upon trees, if they can get to do so, however cold the weather; and Peafowl will do the same. Indeed, I consider the genera PAVO and MELEAGRIS to be more nearly affined, than either is to any other genus of PAVONIDÆ: their distinctions are in accessory rather than in essential characters; the train of the Peacock, and crest of either sex; and the naked and carunculated head and neck of the Turkey. Of so little importance is the latter distinction, that in the three species of 'Jewar' (CERIORNIS), we find such a character confined to the male sex: and, in general, birds with naked head and neck have these parts feathered when young; witness the newly hatched Turkey or Guinea-fowl, the more than half-grown *Sáras* (GRUS ANTIGONE), and the common White Ibis of India (THRESKIORNIS MELANOCEPHALUS) until after its first cold season. Compare the newly hatched Turkey and Peafowl, or

* Thompson on the former existence of the *Capercaillie* in Ireland. *Ann. Mag. Nat. Hist.* x (1843), p. 33.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTICES.

even the adult hens; and I should say that the near affinity is manifest.

The Peafowl and Turkey should or might yield a curious hybrid, which would be worth trying for, by confining a Peacock with Turkey-hens, or *vice versâ*! The Turkeys should be of normal colouring; and it may not be generally known that such continue to improve in the brilliancy of their glosses for several years. In England they are generally killed off long before attaining to their full beauty. I have seen hybrids from the Burmese Peacock and Indian Peahen: but these unfortunately perished when only a few days old.

Some of the early notices of wild Turkeys in the North American forests are curious enough; but none of them indicates their domestication by the colonists! In a small 4to. pamphlet, entitled 'A Perfect Description of Virginia' (1649), we are informed that the colonists had, "for poultry, hens, turkeys, ducks, geese, without number;" and in the catalogue of "beasts, birds, fish, and trees," at the end of the book, we find mentioned "Wild Turkeys, some weighing sixty pound weight." What a bouncer! Old Vander Donk is more moderate, and adheres to the truth like a staid and sober Dutchman, to whom be all honour accordingly. He tells us, "these birds are common in the woods all over the country, and are found in large flocks, from twenty to forty in a flock. They are large, heavy, fat, and fine, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds each; and I have heard of one," he adds, "that weighed thirty-two pounds."

Audubon gives from 15 to 18 lbs. as the average weight of the North American wild Turkey; and mentions one in the Louisville market which weighed 36 lbs., and whose breast-tuft was upwards of a foot long. According to the Prince of Canino, birds of 30 lbs. weight are not rare, and his Highness ascertained the existence of some which weighed 40 lbs. The average weight of a wild hen appears to be about 9 lbs.; but in the strawberry season when they are so fat as to burst with the fall after being shot, they occasionally reach 13 lbs. The length of the cock bird figured by Audubon was 4 feet 1 inch, and the expanse of the wings 5 feet 8 inches.

It is a noteworthy fact, that since the establishment of the ocean steamers, wild Turkeys shot in the *backwoods* of America have been exposed for sale at one or two of the poulterer's shops in London! No doubt they were frozen during at least part of the way: and, in like manner, Capercâli and other Grouse from Norway and Scotland have been put up for sale in the markets of Philadelphia and New York!

As regards tame Turkeys, the largest sold in the London markets do not, I believe, exceed 30 lbs. in weight; but this is

when plucked and cleaned ! Some of the very largest are said to be *capons* ! They are generally from eighteen months to two or even three years old, and are not the worse on that account, if sufficiently kept.

Friend ABEL EAST, I said in No. III, p. 2, that I should recur to the subject of the domestic Turkey in the sequel : but I had more to say about it than could be conveniently compressed into an article on the "Gallinaceous birds of *India*." I have therefore treated of it here ; and, if I have not tired you, shall now proceed to offer a few remarks also upon

GUINEA-FOWL.

The domesticated species of which is another comparatively recent introduction to the poultry-yard ; and verily reclaimed by modern Europeans, which is more than can be said of the Turkey, or of any other domestic animal hitherto.* As remarked on a former occasion, the Guinea-fowl constitute a most thorough group of Partridges, in every conceivable particular. Game, too, if *gaminess* is to be tested by the fact of dogs standing to them. A well-trained dog, however, has been known to *point* at a snake.† Even in England, I have seen a large flock or covey rise from the centre of a stubble-field, in regular Partridge style ; and I should say that the voice alone of the Guinea-fowl proclaims its *perdix* affinities, to say nought of its most decided Partridge figure and gait. It is curious, however, that the well-known call of the domestic (and other?) species is uttered by the female sex only : but the disagreeable loud grating cry which these birds also utter, is common to both sexes. (How therefore about Partridge-calls, in at least some other cases?) Moreover, Guinea-fowl are *strictly monogamous*, even in the farm-yard (albeit a *faux-pas* may be committed now and then,

* Even the Canary-bird, I much suspect, was *domesticated* by the old Guánche inhabitants of the Canary Isles. *Vide* the earliest notices of this bird, especially by Portuguese writers. The common pure yellow Canaries have the pink eye of an *albino*.

How far back can *domestic* Rabbits be traced ? The long-eared varieties seem to be of modern date ; but not so the Angora or long and silky-furred race, analogous to the Angora Cat. Tame Rabbits that have returned to wildness would not seem to regain their typical colouring very soon. As Mr. Waterhouse remarks—"The Rabbit has been introduced into the Falkland Islands ; and, according to Mr. Darwin, these animals abound over large tracts of the Eastern island. Black, grey, and piebald varieties are there found mixed together ; and it is upon a black variety found in these islands that M. M. Lesson and Garnot established the supposed species, *Lepus magellanicus*. The animal does not occur, as these naturalists imagined, on the mainland, near the Strait of Magellan : a small Cavy (*CAVIA KINGII*) there found being spoken of by Magellan under the name 'Conejos' gave rise to the error."

† *Vide B. S. M.* 1835, pt. 2, 24.

the same as with Pigeons), whatever authors may assert to the contrary; and hence their eggs can never be depended upon, for hatching, unless procured from where only pairs are kept! The Mallard Duck (*ANAS BOSCHAS*) is monogamous when wild; whilst its descendants of the farm-yard have become polygamous (or indiscriminate?) Not so with the Guinea-fowl.* There are six or seven distinct species: having pretty much the same beautifully speckled plumage; but the superb *NUMIDA VULTURINA* of some part of Western Africa (the precise habitat still unknown) has long hackled feathers around the neck and fore-part of the body, of a bright blue colour with white medial stripe bordered and set off with black. This species and the *N. CRISTATA* (which is diffused from Guinea to the southern tropic) have neither the coronal bony peak nor the wattles of our modernly domesticated species, to which the specific name *MELEAGRIS* has been *transferred*, in the erroneous belief that it was the bird indicated by Aristotle and different Roman authors (which latter is clearly the *N. PTILORHYNCHA* of Eastern Africa.)† The ordinary Cape species (found also in Madagascar, *N. MITRATA*,) has the coronal bony peak, but a medial throat-wattle somewhat like that of a Turkey; and that of East Africa (Abyssinia, Sennaar, and Kordofan, *N. PTILORHYNCHA*,) has small lateral wattles, a rather small bony peak on the crown, and crest of hair-like feathers on the forehead (which is utterly wanting in *N. MELEAGRIS* of West Africa). Now, Columella clearly indicates (the two sexes of?) *N. PTILORHYNCHA*, when he asserts "*Africana Gallina est Meleagride similis, nisi quod rutilan paleam et cristam capite gerit, quæ utraque sunt in Meleagride cærulea*:"‡ and it is far more likely that the ancients were acquainted with this East African species, than with the modernly termed *N. MELEAGRIS* of W. Africa; which latter was introduced into Europe at a comparatively late period, since the traffic with West Africa was established by the Portuguese and others; and hence its name of *Guinea-fowl*, which could scarcely have been applied to a race descended to us (as some have supposed) from the ancient Romans.

* Even Jungle-fowl seem to be monogamous; or to pair, as a general rule, if not always. A tame *GALLUS SONNERATI* of mine would only notice one, of several hens that I put with him; so I separated that hen from him, and he then paired with another; upon which I restored the first, and he kept up his acquaintance with both, but still associated or *bred* with no other.

† *MELEAGRIS*, as the *generic* name adopted for the Turkeys, must not be confounded with *NUMIDA MELEAGRIS*, where it occurs as the *specific* name of the common Guinea-fowl.

‡ It may be, that *two species* with frontal crest are here indicated; perhaps that of Arabia, for one!

The illustrious Prince John of Portugal, the renowned patron of early African discovery and of Vasco de Gama, is understood to have the credit of first introducing the *Guinea-fowl* into Europe: but there were probably frequent importations of them, and many may have been carried direct from Guinea to the West Indies in the slave-ships; and some perhaps were brought by that circuitous route to Europe. In that case, the wild Guinea-fowl so common in Jamaica may have descended, in the first instance, from fresh-caught African birds; as uncontaminated by farm-yard influences as are the English Pheasants and Partridges which are now fast multiplying in New Zealand! Latham, however, describes the "White-breasted Guinea-fowl from Jamaica," which shews that there are (or were) parti-coloured individuals in the island; but the rarity of such may have caused the individual to be preserved, just as a pied Pheasant is thought more or less of a curiosity in some parts of England. Referring to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I find it stated that "Mr. Pennant contends, and seems to prove, that the Pintados had been early introduced into Britain, at least prior to the year 1277!" Unfortunately, I have not Pennant's work to refer to; as I feel not a little sceptical on the point.* In my notice of the Turkey genus, I have attempted to shew that our Guinea-fowl was the original "Turkey or Ginny Hen" of our ancestors, and suggested how the name *Turkey* came to be transferred to the other: but although it is probable that the Guinea-fowl was the earlier importation of the two, yet so late as in 1764, we find Edwards remarking that—"The Guinea Hens, which were shewn as rarities when I was a boy, are now become a common domestick fowl in England:" and he adds—"All the first that were brought over were of the wild colour (all over bluish-grey, with small white spots); but since they have been propagated here as domestick fowls, there are many of them variegated with white and their natural colour mixed; others are of a light pearl-colour, the spotting being visible; and others again are perfectly white." This amount of variation has not yet been exceeded: and it exactly corresponds with what is shewn by the British Pheasant (when unmixed with the Ring-necked Pheasant); the pale being called 'Bohemian Pheasants' by the dealers; and the white and pied are far from uncommon, though much less numerous than now among domestic Guinea-fowl. The latter have generally more or less white upon the wing-primaries, which the late Mr. Swainson strangely supposed to be a typical character, although the quantity of this white

* Query, a misprinted date?

will scarcely be found the same in two birds out of a dozen, or even on the two wings of the same bird! The species, however, which Mr. Swainson denominated *maculipennis* (by way of distinction) is referred by Mr. G. R. Gray (of the British Museum) to *N. RENDALLI* of Ogilby; a bird very like *N. MELEAGRIS*, but as small as *N. CRISTATA*; and which “appears to be the common species on the banks of the Gambia.”* I may remark that the Australian *TALEGALLA* (or ‘Brush Turkey’ of the colonists now) is styled by Edwards the “Turkey-pheasant,” and in French “Phaisan Dindon.” The names *Turkey* and *Dindon* had then been long thoroughly established; and his statement of the scarcity of the Guinea-fowl when he was a boy is certainly not a little remarkable.

There is a good and *distinctive* description of the true *Guinea-fowl* (the modernly termed *MELEAGRIS*) in Johannes Caius’s ‘*Libellus on the rarer animals and plants*’ (1570); for he notices the purple colour of the neck, which will not apply to the E. African *N. PTILORHYNCHA*. The latin names *Numida* and *Gallina Numidica* bestowed on the latter, must have arisen from a confusion of the names *Numidia* and *Nubia*; for there is no wild species of this genus in Barbary, and the Romans would have received the E. African bird *vid Nubiæ*.† *Guinea-fowl* are popularly termed *Gallinas* in Ireland, and also in the Channel Isles; and the name *Pintado* (‘*Pintade*’ in French always) was originally applied by the old Portuguese navigators to the common Spotted Petrel of the Southern Ocean, which our seamen persist in calling the ‘Cape Pigeon’ (from a fancied resemblance in its flight), as they also term the Little Awk of northern seas the ‘Greenland Dove’! But ‘Cape Sheep,’ as applied to the Penguin, is about the climax of absurdity of these misnomers; albeit referring to a fancied resemblance of the flavour of the flesh to mutton (whence, likewise, the ‘Mutton-birds,’ a species of Shearwater Petrel, in the Australian seas). How *Pintado*, which merely signifies ‘*painted*,’ came to be transferred to the Guinea-fowl, I am unaware.

That a wild species of this African genus inhabits the southern parts of Arabia, has already been shewn (in No. III,

* Another from S. Africa is mentioned by Mr. Gray by the name *CORONATA*, which species is unknown to me. He places it in *NUMIDA*; whereas the *CRISTATA* is referred by him to a genus *GUTTERA*, and the *VUTURINA* to a genus *ACRYLIUM*. The *GALLUS VARIUS* has at least as good a claim to be separated from the other Jungle-fowl; and *POLYPECTRON CHALCURIUM* from the other Pea-pheasants: separations which are doubtless recognised by the Prince of Canino.

† *Vide* my citation from W. G. Browne’s ‘*Travels in Africa*,’ &c., in No. III, p. 8; and for analogous misnomers, giving in every case a false native *habitat*, *vide* note to p. 250, *ante*.

p. 10) : if not distinct and peculiar to the country, it is probably *N. PTILORHYNCHA* ; but it awaits critical examination. The Guinea-fowl which have gone wild in Jamaica have likewise been already referred to. They are mentioned among the game of the island more than a century and a half ago, by Falconer, in his amusing ‘Researches;’ and Mr. Gosse (in his ‘Birds of Jamaica’) has recently given an interesting notice of them, and informs us how very destructive they are to various crops. “The Guinea-fowl,” he remarks, “makes itself too familiar to the settlers, by its depredations in the provision-grounds. In the cooler months of the year they come in numerous coveys from the woods, and scattering themselves in the grounds at early dawn, scratch up the yams, and cocoas. A large hole is dug by their vigorous feet in a very short time, and the tubers exposed, which are then picked away, so as to be almost destroyed and quite spoiled. A little later, when the planting season begins, they do still greater damage, by digging up and devouring the seeds, yams, and cocoa-heads, thus frustrating the hopes of the husbandman in the bud. The corn [maize] is no sooner put into the ground than it is scratched out ; and the peas are not only dug up by them, but shelled in the pod.* * * Flight cannot be protracted by them, nor is it trusted to as a means of escape, save to the extent of gaining the elevation of a tree : the body is too heavy, the wings are too short and hollow, and the sternal apparatus is too weak, for flight to be other than a painful and laborious performance.” This does not accord with my observation : nor can I perceive that the domestic Guinea-fowl is worse organized for flight than the generality of other Partridges ; and looking to the skeleton, it will be seen that the sternal crest is even considerably more developed, and the inner hind emargination of the breast-bone much more filled up, than in any other *Pavonidous* genus (so far at least as I can discover) ! There are wild Guinea-fowl (probably introduced) in the Cape de Verd Islands. In that of St. Jago, remarks Mr. C. Darwin, “near Fuentes we saw a large flock of Guinea-fowl—probably fifty or sixty in number. They were extremely wary, and could not be approached. They avoided us, like Partridges on a rainy day in September, running with their heads cocked up ; and if pursued, *they readily took to the wing.*”

I think I have been told that Guinea-fowl have gone wild in Sylhet ; and assuredly no domestic bird is more likely to return to wildness, where circumstances permit of it : but they are not a very desirable kind of game, unless for the table ; for not only are they so destructive to cultivation, but they are very difficult to flush, trusting more to their

legs for security (as remarked by Mr. Gosse), and in Europe they have been found to drive away other game; being pugnacious and tyrannical in the extreme, which in fact is merely another Partridge trait. Both in Africa and the W. Indies, they are sometimes run down with dogs; and this sort of pursuit seems to puzzle them, as if they had no idea of any creature being fleetier than themselves. In Africa they often congregate in great flocks, composed of many united coveys, which are particularly noisy at break and close of day: at night they roost upon trees, and not unfrequently perch and rest on them during the day. Indeed they seem to be the most gregarious of all *PAVONIDÆ*; and the common farm-yard birds are fond of laying out under some hedge, several hens resorting to the same nest, where extraordinary numbers of eggs are sometimes found. Of the wild Jamaica birds, too, Mr. Gosse writes—"The eggs are deposited in the midst of a dense tussock of grass, to the amount of a dozen or more; and it is said," he adds, "that occasionally the number is greatly higher; and that they are laid *stratum super stratum*, with leaves between. If this is true, probably more than one hen assists in the maternity." I am not aware, however, that different hens have been found incubating together; but should not be surprised to learn that they sometimes do so. They are certainly the most prolific of eggs of all poultry; but the young are delicate to rear in the farm-yard. The Prince of Canino remarks, of the N. American wild Turkey, that—"Several hens sometimes associate, perhaps for mutual safety, deposit their eggs in the same nest, and rear their broods together. M. Audubon once found three females sitting on forty-two eggs."

CAN A FROG SWALLOW A TURKEY?

This may seem an eccentric sort of a question, Mr. Editor; but a correspondent of the *Madras Spectator* (for September 18th, 1856,) "vouches for the truth of the following odd story;—He had a Turkey which laid seventeen eggs, and sat upon them in the company of a hen, with whom she was on friendly terms. Six of the eggs were hatched and two of the six were pure white. When they were 17 days old, the mother was going her rounds with her offspring, accompanied by her friend the hen, when one of the little ones was picked up by a large Frog. The Frog swallowed it and then jumped into a pond. When told of this marvel, our informant could not credit the statement; so to convince himself on the subject, he had the pond searched, discovered the unfortunate Frog, killed him, dissected him, and actually found the young Turkey in his inside. If Dominie Sampson had heard this story, doubtless he would have exclaimed 'prodigious'!"

The gigantic species of Frog referred to is the *RANA TIGRINA*, commonly known as the 'Golden Frog' all over India. In the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society,' vol. xxiv, 722, it is noticed that this species is "remarkable for its extraordinary habit of preying upon small birds, as was first noticed by T. Wright Esq., of Sahárunpur, and of which two instances have since come to our knowledge, one of them contributed by our late secretary." Mr. Wright's observation of this curious fact was published in the 'Calcutta Journal of Natural History,' vol. iii, p. 284, from which I proceed to quote it.—"About the end of August 1840, Mr. Wright one evening was seated on a terrace, outside of the house, and noticed one of the large yellow Rain Frogs of Hindostán quietly crouched under a piece of timber close to the terrace. There happened to be a quantity of chaff and grain strewed over the ground, which attracted a crowd of Sparrows to the spot. The movement of the birds hopping about and picking the grain, soon aroused the Frog, which evinced its interest by raising itself on the hind-legs, and vibrating the body rapidly backwards, without breaking cover from under the timber. At length one of the Sparrows came sufficiently near, when the Frog in one spring, of some four feet, threw itself most accurately on the bird, and seized it in an instant, taking the head, neck, and body, at once into its gape. It then sprang back to its cover, and was vigorously engaged in swallowing the bird, which Mr. Wright, who was attentively watching what was going on, pushed the Frog into a corner, where he was able to seize it, and after a determined resistance compelled the reptile to disgorge its prey. The Sparrow had some life remaining when drawn out."

SALMONIDÆ IN SOUTH AMERICA.

When I penned the note concerning the distribution of *SALMONIDÆ* (in No. III, p. 3), it had escaped my memory that sundry very remarkable genera of this family inhabit the great rivers of S. America; for some account of which, *vide* Sir R. Schomburgk's volume on the 'Fishes of Guiana,' published in the 'Naturalist's Library.' However, the remarks hold good with respect to the northern forms of this *family* of fishes; and also as regards the 'Old World' or major continent, without known exception.

But it is time, Mr. Editor, that I put aside my pen for the present: still I will give you one more curious instance of the derivation of a name, which I chanced to hit upon some time ago. You must have heard of

AMADUVATS.

By which appellation the small Indian Finch commonly known here as the *Lál*, or *Lál Munia*, is popularly known in

England. Lots of them are taken to London, where they may be commonly purchased of the dealers in birds: and they are even gone wild in the island of Malta! Well, these little birds are more than once familiarly referred to, as "amadavats," in Sheridan's 'School for Scandal' (Act V, Sc. I), brought out in 1771! And they actually take this name from the city of *Ahmedabád* in Guzerát! Witness the following passage from "A New Account of East India and Persia," by John Fryer, M. D., *Cantabrig.* (1698). Among other natural curiosities brought to Surát, were "milk-white Turtles from Bussorah, Cockatoos and New-ries [Lewries or Lories*], as also a Cassowar that digests iron. From *Amadavad* small birds, who, besides that they are spotted with red no bigger than measles, the principal chorister beginning, the rest in concert, make an admirable chorus." Thus the name of the place from which these little birds were brought to Surát, has become transferred to themselves; as in the more familiar instances of *Bantam* and *Canary*, and *Turkey* by mistake! While the specific name *amandava* of Linnæus, and the generic name *Amadina* of Swainson, are further derivatives from the same source! The French call these pretty little birds *Bengális*; which queer name has been adopted as the English appellation of the group by Swainson! How comes *this* about? Why the name *Bengáli*, or *Bengály*, of all others, as applied to this particular group of Finches? I suspect that it derives from the old Portuguese province of *Benguela* on the W. coast of Africa! For numerous species of the group inhabit Africa, many of which were formerly taken in the slavers to Brazil, and thence brought alive to Europe; from which it happens that not a few of them are described by the earlier ornithologists as natives of S. America! I have not the necessary books to do more than throw out the suggestion; but, if it were worth the trouble of tracing, I have little doubt that *Bengáli*, as thus applied, would prove to be as much a corruption of 'Benguela,' as *Amadavat* is of 'Ahmedabád' in Guzerát.

* Often so designated still, as *Nucklow* for Lucknow, &c.

AN ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

BY AN OXFORD MAN.

"Yes! Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of ice, with a wreath of cloud,
And a diadem of snow."

TUESDAY, 26th August, we all went up the Flegere, and on our return, I employed the rest of the day in looking at a barometer belonging to one of the guides who lives close to the hotel, in which we were staying at Chamounix.

This barometer has a most cheering effect on the spirits of all who believe in it, as, when its owner has got it tolerably high, he screws it up and keeps it there until it shews an inclination to go higher, when the same process is repeated:

Next morning, my father held a consultation with our *guide-en-chêf*, Michael Couttet, who said he thought it would do for Mont Blanc although there were still some appearances of unsettled weather. There had been moreover a fresh fall of snow on Monday, and this, we knew, could not as yet be in first rate condition for walking on.

Being in pretty hard condition we didn't think much of this, but dreaded the wind, which eventually proved our worst enemy.

After this consultation, hurried preparations for a start were instantly commenced. A barrel of vin ordinaire, and provisions for a week, were forced upon us by the landlord, who was determined that, whatever might be our fate, we should not starve. When at length he had loaded every guide and porter with as much as he could be induced to carry, we started.

Our party consisted of my father, myself, four guides, two volunteers, and five porters.

We soon left the valley and began the ascent in earnest. Before reaching the Chalet de la Para, the last human habitation, my ill-fated mule must needs slip up and slide down a water-course to the detriment of my left leg which was underneath.

Shortly afterwards he did precisely the same thing, with *my right leg* under; so being equally crippled on each side, I dismounted and hobbled on to the Pierre Pointue. It was now half past one, so we had a hard-boiled egg a piece, and some brandy and water.

From the Chalet de la Para up to this point, two Frenchmen had followed us in light clothes and patent leather boots.

They now expressed their intention of joining us, and taking our porters as guides.

To this we objected, that with their thin clothes they would be frozen to death, that evening shoes were very good things in their way, but hardly adapted for crossing glaciers in, and finally that we had not provisions enough for eight extra mouths (*i. e.*, their own two, and those of our six porters.)

This last assertion was perhaps hardly correct, but we (whether justly or otherwise will be seen) did not think they looked like walking.

However, the stouter of the two instantly overruled our objections—1st, he had been in Africa and China, *ergo*, the cold could not affect him though he was so lightly clad; 2ndly,—He had sailed all round the world, therefore, of course, he could walk across a glacier in pumps; 3rdly,—He had been Chamois hunting and had eaten Chamois cutlets, how then could he cause a scarcity of provisions?

Such arguments being of course unanswerable, we determined to see what Messieurs les Français were made of. Accordingly, my father passed the word to Couttet to put on all possible steam, and as the ascent now lay up a very steep hill covered with loose stones our friends began to tail off.

• The rotund form of the Chamois hunter grew small by degrees and beautifully less, until at length he rolled over a large stone and disappeared among some thistles.

At 2-30 we arrived at the Pierre à l'échelle, so called because every year one is placed there for the use of all parties wishing to form a nearer acquaintance with the glacier.

Here we stopped to put on our gaiters and make preparations for the ice, as so far we had kept along the rocks. Just as we were again starting, the second Frenchman struggled up, and as well as his want of breath permitted, informed us that they had tossed up whether they should proceed or return, and that the coin had decided for the latter (therein showing its wisdom.)

Before getting fairly on the glacier, we had now to run rapidly across a bare incline, down which avalanches are continually rushing. Silence is of course absolutely necessary, as a very slight vibration of the air might detach some huge block of ice or rock. We all crossed in safety, and had been some moments out of danger, when, with a deafening roar, down rushed a mighty avalanche, swept past us like lightning and flew headlong into the yawning depths of the glacier far below.

The difficult part now commenced, but as we were pretty well accustomed to travelling on ice, we did not think it necessary to attend to the suggestion of the guides that we should be tied together. The edge of a glacier is invariably the worst part, and to get off this one to the Grands Mulets our sleeping place was both difficult and dangerous.

At this point our porters left us and returned to the valley while we proceeded to cross a formidable crevasse, some 6 feet broad, the opposite side of which rose perpendicularly in a wall of ice, 7 or 8 feet higher than where we stood. Here both ladder and ropes were in requisition.

Whenever the snow had drifted across a crevasse forming a bridge, the guides lost no time, for instead of cautiously feeling the thickness and solidity with their poles, they jumped boldly on to them. Fortunately none paid a greater penalty for their rashness, than by sinking sometimes to the shoulders with their legs dangling below. Had they gone QUITE through a drop of some 200 or 300 feet would have been the agreeable result.

The instant we appeared on the "Grands Mulets" we received a salute from the guns at Chamounix. We had (as we afterwards heard) been carefully watched during our whole course by all the telescopes in the place.

It was now 6-30 P. M., and being consequently too late to melt the snow by the sun's heat, we proceeded to light a fire with the wood which we had brought.

The provisions being then exposed to view, forcibly impressed upon us, that crossing the glacier had not taken away our appetites. The guides (except Couttet) drank freely and soon began singing. We followed suit by giving them the "National Anthem," upon which they slightly confused us by informing us that it was a common Swiss song, and singing the air to words in their own Patois. The height above the sea level is here about 11,000 feet, but the rarification of the air had assuredly not affected our lungs to a sensible degree, for the noise we kicked up was awful.

At 10 o'clock we prepared to take an hour or two's repose before pushing on.

The spot on which we had established ourselves was a long narrow ledge of rock overhanging the glacier which was about 50 feet below, and from the back of which the rocks rose almost perpendicularly. The breadth was about five feet, as we turned in two abreast.

My father took the outer berth, and I crept in between him and the rock, and in a few moments was fast asleep, and as I was presently told with a grouch "snored confoundedly."

"It's all owing to the tenuity of the atmosphere," I pleaded. "Say rather to the *continuity* of your pulls at the *vin ordinaire*" was the reply.

Which of us was in the right I leave to the learned to decide.

At 1 A. M., we got up and having shaken ourselves by way of toilet, crawled down to the ice, no easy task, for as there was no moon and only one lantern; we had to trust more to luck than anything else.

As soon as we had all landed safely, we set off in single file and soon cleared the ice and entered upon a plain of deep snow into which we sank above the knees at every step. Tedium, fun, decidedly, but like all sublunary things, it came to an end; and a sharp climb brought us to the "Petit Plateau." From four o'clock the cold became more and more intense, until as we reached the second Plateau, the sun rose.

I have seen many a magnificent sunrise, but aught equal to this I never beheld. From Geneva to the Jura the colour was a deep sea green. The valley of Chamounix was still buried in night. First Mont Blanc, then the surrounding peaks were tipped with red, and in a few moments we were standing in a blaze of light.

At our feet was the "Aiguille de Midi," which from the valley appears to rival Mont Blanc in height. After remaining for a short time to gaze upon the glorious view, we, sinking deep at every step, pursued our way to the Grand Plateau.

Here we piled everything not absolutely necessary, taking on only a few prunes and raisins. We were all black in the face and panting like dogs. One of the guides fell bleeding at the nose and mouth, but in a few moments recovered, although unable to accompany us further.

* * * * *

Somethingabad, 7th May 1856.

This morning while mooning up and down the verandah, wondering how on earth I should get through the day in this dullest of dull stations, I came across my old note book in which, nearly five years ago, I had written thus much of the ascent of Mont Blanc made by my father and myself.

How little did I then imagine that in a few short years I should be grilling under an Indian sun!

When I look at my half bald head and shrivelled, yellow face, I can hardly believe that five years ago I was hobbedyhoy, proud of my "stick ups" and "tails."

In those days, the ascent of the "Monarch of Mountains" was a feat to be proud of; only some thirty parties having succeeded.

Now, a hut has been built half way up, and judging by the numbers who have reached the summit, either the difficulties have been diminished, or the number of "aspirants" has greatly increased.

However, to continue, I left our party, rather black in the face, but in excellent spirits, on the Grand Plateau, preparing for the final effort.

A little above, on the right hand, were the "Rochers rouges" where three guides were swept away by an avalanche in 1820.

Traversing the Plateau we arrived in the long narrow ravine with icy walls called the Corridor.

A long, weary two hours through the fresh fallen snow, brought us to the foot of the celebrated "Mûr de la Côte," the last grand obstacle.

Up this almost perpendicular wall of ice we cut our way step by step. The view over the sunny plains of Lombardy to the sea, was truly beautiful.

But now, alas! the elements suddenly combined against us. A terrific storm loaded with icy particles, swept over the face of this bleak precipice.

With difficulty could we keep our feet, as the wind cut us to the bone. Still, in dogged silence we cut our way up. Inch by inch we struggled on, till at length the summit was gained.

But we could not see a yard around us, nor could we keep our position, for the snow was drifting so furiously that it threatened each moment to bury us. Delay would have been death so we prepared to descend. On re-arriving at the Côte, we could see no traces of the steps we had cut in the ice, so we had to repeat the same process as in ascending, with the slight disadvantage of having to cut from above.

Once clear of this the descent was easy. Planting our feet firmly together with our poles in the air or driven into the snow behind, as a rudder, we shot down places, in a few minutes that had taken us hours to climb.

Woe to the unlucky wretch that caught his toes! Powerless would he fly down until a final plunge would land him head first in a snow drift, whence his more skilful comrades dragged him by the heels.

It seems but as yesterday that we came laughing and tumbling down, picking up one or two stragglers as we darted by.

We soon got below the storm, and with but little fatigue or difficulty once more arrived at the "Grand Mulets."

After a short rest, we re-crossed the glacier, rather a dangerous task as the ice was soft and slippery. Then, one dash across the path of the avalanche, and we were safe among the rocks.

(

But our troubles were not over, for shortly after passing the "Pierre Pointue," the rain and snow poured down in torrents; so, wet and weary, stumbling and grumbling we slipped our way down to Chamounix.

Here we found that we had been given up for lost. This had been settled *nem. con.*, but speculation was rife as to whether we had been buried alive or blown down into Italy (N. B. The southern face of Mt. Blanc is a sheer precipice.)

I fancy that some of these prophets of evil, felt rather hurt and annoyed with us, for not having fulfilled their predictions

Undoubtedly, we should have been far greater heroes, had we paid a flying visit to the peaceful inhabitants of Cormayeur. But "chaque un a son goût". We preferred a good dinner at the Hotel Royal to any aerial trip whatsoever. Next day we were as well as ever and took an excursion across the M^{er} de Glace.

And now, as I write, while a cursed hot wind (I have no tatties) alive with red hot sand insinuates itself into the room through every chink, I can almost shiver, as I think of that fearful hurricane of snow on the top of Mt. Blanc.

FISHING IN THE BEEAS.

BY LONG LANKIN.

Some of the happiest years of a sufficiently happy life have been passed in the pleasant pastime of Angling.

PALEY.

THE Punjaub boasts of six rivers, all running at pretty even distances from one another and available for fishing. But except for those having a natural liking that way, and a fair knowledge of the art, the water yields none of its treasures. Of the above rivers my sport has principally been on the Beas, and many a successful and happy day have I spent there.

For any one wishing to spend 30 days on that river, I would recommend going dāk to Hajeepore, servants, &c. being sent in advance: an excellent series of roads lead to it from all the neighbouring stations, (Hooshiarpore, Jullundur, Umritsur, Lahore, &c.) and it is only about five miles from the river. A stock of fowls and a sheep or so should be taken, as nothing save ottah is obtainable at the different encamping grounds along the river.

A village named Horah, about seven miles from Hajepore, is my favorite fishing ground; the camping place is some distance from the village and about a quarter of a mile from the river in a beautiful tope of Mangoe trees, generally known as Changaru Bagh. From this point the river is not visible, but you can hear the pleasant roar of the water, sounding much like the sea-side; and sitting on the banks of the river is equally pleasing; the descent of the water at this point is extremely rapid and for 500 yards or so the whole surface is foam and waves. At nearly the head of the rapids is a lovely pool about 200 yards from the bank formed by a rock just spattered with spray, and on each side of which the stream flies by. The pool is covered with white creamy bubbles and a fly* judiciously thrown across sweeps naturally along its outer edge, and is the most successful cast I know on the river. One pleasant evening in March last between 3 P. M. and sunset, I landed six mahseer there and lost five others with the tackle. "The fish landed varied from 7 to 11 lbs." Directly you strike the fish, you must pull him to the inner side of the pool, for if he starts across the river before you can coax him down stream, farewell to your tackle, as the rocks would cut the best line ever twisted; of course this is unavoidable occasionally and was the cause of my losing the five fish above mentioned. Each fish has to be taken about 80 yards down stream where there is a favorable landing place. As usual where there is a sudden descent of the river there are a lot of punchuks close by and dring men† are obtainable. A trip on a charpoy tied on drings to a small rock about a mile down stream is well worth while. Many a dandy Jim have I landed from that same spot both spinning and with fly; a large desolate looking tree stands on the high bank of the opposite side, and is a capital landmark for the place. A gun in the hands of a smart cooly is always a useful addition on this river, as flights of wild duck are continually streaking up and down and make an excellent addition to the larder. The next encamping ground is Tilwarrah, about four miles up stream, the river en route splitting into three or four channels and again meeting at this point. The encamping ground is bad and the fishing indifferent though a few fine ones may occasionally be taken at a small rapid near the opposite bank and about a quarter of a mile down.

There are a good many shallows about this place, and wild duck may be shot in the mornings and evenings, the neighbouring fields have a very fair sprinkling of black partridge and

* A variegated one with a golden pheasant feather tail.

† Men who ply on the river on inflated cow skins.

hares. There is a Zemindar's ferry at this place crossing which the next ground is Sifala commonly known as Muchee Bown, (distance 3 miles) and an excellent camping ground. At this spot the fish are regularly fed by the natives and a beautiful sight it is to see real monitas crowding in like a flock of sheep to take ottah from your hand. I never caught one at this place, though such things have been done; the dring men at this place, which belongs to the Goolair Rajah, are very numerous, and the two fishing spots are a mile up or a mile down stream; .at the down stream spot the best chance is with the minnow, spinning it Thames' fashion with a short rod of twelve feet, flinging out thirty yards of line or so, and drawing it in through comparatively slack water. In October 1855 I landed a 54lb. fish from this spot, and have his head to show to sceptics, his length was four feet seven inches. Out of this reach in March 1856 I landed 44 fish all large, fishing it only in the evenings, as in the mornings I went up stream. At the up stream ground there is a small Island of shingle opposite some very peculiar rocks called from their appearance "Huttee ke putta," and they certainly most closely resemble the four quarters of several Elephants in line. From the Island several magnificent fish may be taken as also from the Elephant rocks themselves; lots of blue pigeons about the crumbling banks in the neighbourhood. The next ground is a place called the Bowle on the opposite bank of the river and about three miles up. A most beautiful spot and lovely fly, fishing, the water runs here with terrific force, and forms a succession of eddies for some hundred yards down. The last evening I spent there I was rewarded with five fine fish, besides losing one or two others from the tackle being chafed. Ottah for the servants has to be obtained from a village two miles off.

The next ground is Takoor Dwarah some six miles off and then a long stretch to Gopepore Dhera from whence you can go to Kangra or Hooshearpore, it being between those places, or return again over the old ground, going down on drings and enjoying as fine scenery as is to be seen anywhere. One of the great attractions of this river is the fact that its banks are clear of jungle, and health is gained, instead of lost, by the exposure angling entails. In March and October the two best months of the year for the sport, the sun is innocuous, and mornings and evenings have a breeze that comes as regular as clock work, the mornings from the east and the evenings from the west. So much for the technicalities, now for the romance.

One fine morning last March, I was landing a Mahseer of about 17 lb., from the shingle island opposite the elephant rocks, the water at the time being as clear as crystal, and watching what

I imagined was a peculiar shadow from the fish. When pulling him a little nearer to the surface, I discovered the shadow to be a monstrous mahseer which followed the hooked fellow as regularly as clock-work: the water was very deep close up to the shingle, and telling my man to look alive with the gaff, I ran the fish sharp up to the bank and the next instant the gaff had been ashore strange to say the big fellow nearly rushed ashore at the same time, his head coming out of water; he then sank out of sight but fancying him still in the neighbourhood, I flung out for the chance and hooked him the very first cast (spinning): the rapid at this point only runs with any strength for about 80 or 100 yards and that distance he went down stream at a pace that would have done credit to a racer, with the heavy strain of a new line apparently not checking him in the least: I had now to run my best along the bank, when just as the brass of the wheel was coming into view he sailed round like a steamer into the heavy back water, when after a breathe up he came at a slashing pace to close where I was standing; it was precious hard work to keep the line taught although the water as abovementioned was clear as crystal, for nearly an hour he never came in sight merely taking a heavy rush every now and then and afterwards lying sulky in the deep back water; the heavy strain on him now began to tell and he came to the surface like a cork lashing the water right and left, the last flicker of the spermaceti; my man began to handle the gaff and he was floating to within reach, when the right of the gaff hook, woke him up, and down he went never to return, for the check of the wheel had got hitched and after pulling the rod up to my hand into the water the line which I thought would have held a whale, went; oh, the agony of that moment! if the fount hadn't been dry, I believe I should have boohoo'd right out as Sam Slick says. Never again do I expect to hook such a monster. How big do you think he was Classy? two maunds pukka! Within ten miles of Hajeeapore the Dupooa Jheel gives us as fine duck and snipe shooting as heart could wish, so that if the river gets muddy from rain you can vary the sport while the water is clearing which it usually does in two or three days. A friend of mine "Lodgings to let" and self bagged 58½ couple snipe and three ducks in one afternoon there, and rarely ever got less. Pleasant times to thee oh! Blue Beca\$, and a farewell at present from your sincere admirer.

SPORT IN HURRIANAH.

By J. J.

BEARING in mind the truth of the old proverb, "That there is nothing new under the sun," it would seem somewhat useless writing about such common sport as there is to be found hereabouts.

But Hurrianah is such a different style of country from India generally, at least as far as I have seen it, and the usual way of carrying on sport is so different, that probably a slight sketch may not prove tiresome.

You must understand that Hurrianah is essentially a dry country, not a desert but (except in the neighbourhood of the canal,) just the next door neighbour to it.

Probably a single fact will be sufficient to shew that it is not a moist country, and it is thus that I was seventeen months in Hurrianah before I saw a snipe. Moreover, as there are certain cantankerous individuals who will believe nothing but figures here you have day and date, *viz.* on the 28th October 1853 the following is an extract from my Delhi almanac. "Went out coursing, only saw one hare owing to the crops: also saw a snipe!!!"

In fact there are no wheels in Hurrianah, and no water almost, except the canal and in the village tanks.

The country is sandy, with ranges of sand hills stretching for miles across various parts of it.

If the year is favorable the sand hills are covered with fields of bajra and mote, but as a general rule scanty patches in the hollows only are sown.

In the low ground the usual Indian crops suiting the soil are found.

So much for the cultivated country, but, as owing to the dryness of the atmosphere grazing is very scanty, in certain parts of the country grazing lands are found, called bheers.

Where sand hills are plentiful, the cattle graze on them, where there are no sand hills, there a bheer will be found. The largest bheer is that attached to the Company's cattle farm, and this contains I don't like to say how many thousand acres in grass.

I have heard, that it is some sixty miles round and can believe that the distance is not very much exaggerated.

This bheer of course is covered with jungle, and with more or less grass, according to the quantity of rain that has fallen.

You will therefore understand the two kinds of country found here, viz. cultivated with sand hills, and grass lands called bheers. The Hissar bheer is the type of the latter, all the other bheers here being small patches, comparatively speaking.

The game found in the Hissar bheer consists of nylghai, antelope, chikara, and heaps of wild pig. There are also lots of wolves. hyenas, porcupine, and several leopards have been killed in it.

I say nothing of jackals, wild cats, hares, &c., which are exceedingly plentiful. During the cold weather, I believe bustard are always to be found in the bheer, and in particular years florikan are most plentiful.

There are also likh (in the rains) black and grey partridge, quail and rock pigeons.

So much for the country and the game, but the mode of shooting must be described, and also a few remarks made regarding the inhabitants.

And naturally we take the humans first. They are of course, to take the usual castes, Mussulmen and Hindoos, but of the former a particular class are found here, called 'Rangas being the descendants of *forcibly* converted Hindoos of generations long ago gone to dust and oblivion.

But I have mentioned the Hindoos with reference specially to a particular class Vishnooes or Bishnooes as they are indifferently called.

These people never destroy life of any sort or description intentionally, consequently no sort of shooting, or killing game could take place within the boundary of their villages, and to this day no native shikaree dare kill any deer, &c., They have some queer customs, one is that they do not burn their dead "according to the custom of their country" (did you see by the bye the curious fact mentioned, I think in the *Illustrated London News*, viz. that a *Mahomedan* sailor, who was drowned in the Thames, had been buried "according to the customs of his country") but bury them in a sitting posture in a door way where men and cattle go out and in.

They also had in former days a custom (though I believe it now has been given up) of having in every Vishnooes village an individual who acted the part of "Parish Bull."

I have mentioned the Vishnooes, because within their village boundaries the game was 'always plentiful, and as tame as possible, and I have been almost ashamed to fire at black bucks, that literally were like sheep.

The Bishnooes do not always live in villages by themselves, but you frequently find villages half Rangas the other half

Vishnooes, or clusters of the latter in a village of jats, chumars, &c.

But wherever the Vishnooes live there you will find game plentiful and not wild.

Having therefore strong objections to killing, the Vishnooes, in former days, used to prevent even sahibs' from shooting, and your old contributor GUNGA was pelted by the inhabitants of a village of Vishnooes who trying the same game only last year with a friend and myself, found that now-a-days they could not do such things, at least with comfort, as some half dozen of the ringleaders whom we and our servants identified, had leisure to recover their equanimity in jail. Even villages only half Vishnooes used to kick up rows, and about the time that Doongur Sing was cutting his capers, a village (where I have often since shot black bucks) objected to a party of Irregular Cavalry pitching there, on account of the killing of goats and the shooting of game.

Even to this day although they will say nothing to a sahib, yet if you leave your servants behind and they should chance to have a deer, if the Vishnooes did not take the deer from them and thrash them, they would be almost certain to give them heaps of abuse.

I recollect perfectly well the first time I went to shoot near a village called Dhausoo where there are about 30 Vishnooes houses. I was stalking a black buck and some does and was thinking all was right, when some Vishnooes saw my spare camel with my men carrying my gun, &c.: directly they did so, they set to work to howl frantically, and of course spoiled my shot, or rather the shot I hoped for. I contented myself with merely blessing them a little internally and went on with my stalk, which ended a good while after by the black buck being shot through the body. He did not fall but left the herd and went to take refuge in a small patch of jungle close to the village, and on my following him on my camel, the whole of the Vishnooes got on to the top of their houses and howled most furiously. This made the buck restless and I could not get a good shot. At last I had a snap shot as he bolted out of some bushes and missed, and on his going into an open plain he was chased by another buck clean out of sight and I never saw him again: I was of course in a most confounded rage, and accordingly rode straight up to the Vishnooe part of the village, and after letting off all the Hindoostanee *galie* I was master of, told them that if ever I shot a deer near their village again and they made a row that I would bring it and wash it in their tank. The Mussulman behind me on the camel chuckled hugely at this, and though I shot deer

several times afterwards close by, there never was any row made again.

But after being shot at a few times, they of course get just as wild as deer generally are. I beg specially to remark that in these parts I never fired at does; if I had my bag might have been big enough any day and every day.

So much for the country and its inhabitants and now for a few words on the mode of carrying on your sport.

The animal especially adapted to Hurrianah is the camel, and you require two.

Your first, or No. 1, is your own riding camel, and to be a good shooting camel, it is requisite that he have several qualifications.

In the first place, for your own comfort, you will naturally try to get one with easy paces, both in the front and hind seat of the saddle.

In the next place he must be quiet and not a tearing brute that won't be guided, and moreover he must not be a "speaker," and probably this last qualification is one of the most difficult to get.

Great speed is not so essential, though if you can add that to the other merits, so much the better.

From five to six miles an hour is about the usual speed of a camel, going across a tolerably smooth country. On the road of course you can make him go more. But when you have arrived at your shooting ground you will rarely exceed four miles an hour, if you do that.

It takes a good deal of trouble to get a really good shooting camel, for although riding ones may be plentiful, yet they are not always good for shooting purposes.

You can buy at all prices from say 80 to 300 rupees, but a good useful camel with saddle, &c, may be set down as costing rupees 150. The saddle with the sundries costing about rupees 20.

On your riding camel you place your shooting apparatus, and in the field your camelman or shikari rides behind you. The No. 2 is for carrying your game, and his number explains his style in that he is a second rater. He must not be a common loading camel, for such an animal would always be lagging behind.

Of course you can carry all sorts of small game on your own beast, but when you come to have a couple of black bucks, it is too much to add to the weight of two men, and besides it is apt to make your camel unsteady.

As a general rule there is no trouble in getting a camel to stand fire, and with very little teaching he will allow you to fire off his back.

My sign to my camel to stand still was merely a common chirp something like the noise made in kissing a pretty girl, though by Jove you might practice the camel chirp considerably more frequently than the other in this part of the world.

After a very little trouble your camel will stand perfectly still directly you give the signal, and practice will enable you to shoot off his back. But at first you will almost invariably fire too high.

As there is no shooting worth speaking of within ten miles my usual plan used to be, to send off my camels about 4 A. M., to go six or eight miles on the road, and then follow them myself in my dog cart. By this arrangement a couple of hours more sleep was got, and a pottering ride in the dark saved also.

It also allowed the camels to go on quietly with one man on each. On my spare camel I invariably carried my breakfast, &c., and also generally a small mussuck is carried for your men.

The history of a day's sport in each of the two kinds of ground, will be the best plan of explaining matters, and we will therefore suppose that we intend going to the neighbourhood of say the village of Mungalie, the inhabitants of this village being about half Vishnooes, the rest Rangas.

The first time I went to this village, was on an exploring trip to find it, and I went to the wrong side at first, so that it was late before the ground was found. The deer on the Vishnooe side of the village, were positively almost as tame as sheep, and my first trial was an utter failure, for I made two consecutive misses of the easiest possible shots at black bucks not a hundred yards off; but I did better afterwards and went home with a brace of bucks on the spare camel.

On another occasion I went with a friend to this place, he being the shooter. The Captain, as we will call him, had bagged four black bucks before 11 A. M., and we then left for home for the simple reason that if he had shot more we must have left them on the ground, and we left a wounded one behind in a khet.

But at this rate we shall never get over our day's shooting. So here's for a start.

Mungalie is fifteen miles off, therefore the camels start at 4 A. M., to go to a place six miles off, there being no road beyond.

This place is Bhugana (you needn't mind about the spelling of these names) and close by the place where the camels are waiting, there is a tank, surrounded by peepul trees. Here there may be some duck or perchance some green pigeons in the trees, and whilst the camels are being gathered up, we may shoot a duck or so, provided there is light enough, which is very doubtful.

Generally speaking, we got to Bhagana by dawn, so mounted the camels at once, passing the village on to a plain with a few khets near, and seeing as a general rule about half a dozen foxes at least, and probably twice as many hares. By sunrise we are some four or five miles farther on the road, and we come across a gram 'khet or two, where the first year of our discovery of Mungalie, florikan were always seen. But we made it an invariable rule never to stop on the road on these occasions.

So on we go across a hard open plain seeing a few chikara and perhaps a small herd of antelope. But in a village close by there is a native shikarie, so there is little use in stopping for them, as they are (the old simile will do very well) as wild as deer. Shortly after this, there is a great temptation in the shape of half a dozen peachicks, with some old ones, all pecking about a bajra stack. But we resist manfully having still some three miles to go.

Almost immediately after this we past through a sort of division between two ranges of sandhills, and get fairly into the valley of Mungalie. Here, almost, invariably we see one or two what we call hill foxes, though desert would be the more correct name. They are longer than the common fox, redder generally in colour and have white tips to their tails. But as we don't shoot them nothing more need be said of them now.

And now we are close upon our shooting ground, and accordingly we get off our camels and make all our preparations by loading rifles, taking off upper coats, &c., &c. The camels also have time to empty themselves, which they must be allowed to do regularly.

Here is a description of the ground from where we stand:—

We came along close under a range of sandhills to our left. This extends onwards for at least two miles in a pretty straight line, and then another range joins it. This again stretches away round in front and is broken into various vallies and villages, and goes on across country further than I have ever been. To the right again the ground is all open as far as the eye can reach.

Behind is another range of sandhills, so that, practically speaking, Mungalie lays in a valley surrounded on three sides by ranges of sandhills, the fourth side being open.

Mungalie itself is to our right part with an open plain to the left and another beyond. The Vishnooe side of the village is the left, so we go on to the open ground and find there a herd of about 20 antelope, with two good black bucks some ghoras (which I suppose you know are bucks not yet black) and the

rest does and fawns. When we get pretty near, the Captain dismounts and J. J. drives the camel.

In this way of stalking the shooter walks about opposite the forelegs of the camel, on the offside from the deer, and the driver gives notice when near. The usual plan is to go round or make in some particular direction so as to cut off the herd, if they are on the move. In this case we went twice completely round the herd, the first attempt at firing being baulked by the buck being precisely in a line with some men and the next time with some cattle.

Shortly after a clear space was got, and the buck was shot through the hind quarter, as he had moved just as the trigger was being pulled.

After being put on the spare camel, we went on towards the open plain beyond the village, and as we were going we came across some florikans in a patch of that grass called heims chubbu. But as there were black bucks in sight laying down on the plain, and as besides it was early in the day they were left alone, as we knew they would not be disturbed, and it was past their feeding time.

This plain was of a kind very common in Hurrianah. The soil is hard and kunkury, dark in colour, and almost totally destitute of vegetation.

Black bucks are very fond of lying on it during the cold weather, but on the day I mention no shot was got, because there were only two or three, evidently old staggers; of these there were two, that I knew perfectly well. One had one of his horns broken across at about its middle, and the other was a very fine buck, who always lay in one particular place and was very wary. Probably, if there had been no others there, we might have taken some trouble to get him; as it was he went away without our trying.

And whilst speaking of this plain I will mention what occurred on another occasion early in the year.

A fine black buck had been wounded on this plain, and after a time went into a standing bagra khet, we following him on the camel. We put him up twice quite close, but owing to the height of the crop, and the difficulty of turning the camel in it, got no shot, so drove him out of the khet. I must tell you that the fields here are generally surrounded by fences of dead thorny bushes, and that, therefore, a wounded deer can only get inside where the fence is broken down. The buck was walking alongside one of these fences, when we suddenly saw an animal rise from the plain and go towards him. Immediately after this my friend called out, look! look! I did so, and there was a single jackal attacking the buck, rushing at him incessantly.

The buck with his head down charged the jackal, I think twice, when his heart failed him and he turned and made off, as hard as he could. He jumped into the field over the fence, went straight across it, (it was low cotton) out at the other side, and as far as we could see the jackal was in full pursuit. We could not get the camel across the field so went round, and took up the track towards a small field of bagra, probably nearly a mile from where the chase commenced. Into this we knew they had gone, but could of course get no information from the Vishnooe who was watching it, though as he was on a machaun, and the field was small, he must have seen the buck. After looking all about we had given up, and were moving away when the Captain by the merest chance looked back and saw some animal crouch suddenly. So we turned back, saw a jackal sneak away and found the buck quite dead, laying behind a small mound on the edge of the field. The jackal had not had time to do more than merely tear a little skin off the belly.

The buck was mortally wounded and probably would never have got up again after having once lain down.

There were plenty of marks of bites about the buck shewing that the jackal must have made repeated attempts to pull him down.

But what surprised me was the fact of a single jackal having courage to attack an animal like a black buck! However, I must say that both of us, though at first very much disgusted when we thought the buck was lost, yet could not help thinking it worth seeing, the way the jackal charged and routed him. When the attack took place we were on the camel, perhaps 300 yards off, and we saw it of course quite distinctly.

I do not think the jackal gave tongue when it attacked, but it charged straight with tail on end and all the hair sticking out like a bottle brush.

I had on a former occasion lost a black buck wounded on the same plain. In that case, the buck had a broken hind leg and bled freely, but he was attacked by two jackals who, I have no doubt, pulled him down; but I could not afford time to follow them, for it was very late, I had a long way to go and they went from home.

However to go on with our day's sport.

Having failed in getting a shot on the plain, we made for the sandhills and came on a large herd, but they were turning so we gave up following. I ought to mention that the Captain went on foot after this herd, whilst I kept behind moving in a proper direction. In doing so, I came upon a fine buck down, and the stalk having failed I took my companion rou:

to get at this buck. He was lying so that it was impossible to get at his forequarters, so he went away wounded over the sandhills, and we shortly found him lying down again in an awkward place, as one spring would carry him over the sandhills.

But whilst we were trying to get at him, he was disturbed by some chikara, and made off, but stopping on the top of the hill, the Captain took a long shot and knocked him over as dead as mutton,—or Julius Cæsar if you like it better.

The spare camels having come up, whilst our men were cleaning the buck and putting him on the camel we sat down on the sandhill and had our breakfast.

When finished, we mounted and made our way on a sort of exploring trip, towards a Vishnooe village, where we knew there were plenty of deer, but where nobody had ever shot before. We came across the large herd again but did not disturb them, and by and bye we got out of the hills and went towards the village where we saw some five or six solitary bucks and one very fine fellow with a small harem of about a dozen. This black coated gentleman seemed to think himself perfectly safe, being so to speak in his own ground, so he quietly brought up the rear of his small flock and when he came past us at a distance of about 80 yards, was killed dead at the first shot.

Knowing we were on Vishnooe ground our spare camels were close up and our men immediately proceeded to load buck No. 3.

Directly the shot was fired we heard a hullo, and in a few minutes we saw men running towards us. Thinking it a good plan to have as they say in Scotland "the first word of flying" we went towards the first man and asked him what he wanted. This man was very respectful, said he knew he could not stop sahib from shooting deer, and we thought the Vishnooes were going to submit to what they could not prevent, when suddenly about a dozen joined, headed by an energetic individual who immediately commenced a harangue, saying that ever so long ago they had prevented a sahib (your old correspondent GUNGA) from shooting, and they would prevent, us &c. &c., so we told them that directly we returned to the station we would see what the Collector sahib would say, and that we would easily recognize some of them, though they would not tell their names. By this time the deer was loaded and we contented ourselves by pointing out that next day inquiry would be made as to who the man with only one eye, and another who had lost a front tooth were, and that having found them out we might find out also who the noisy individual was.

We then mounted our camels and came away thinking it rather lucky they had only talked, for as there were about

thirty to four they might have done more, and it isn't likely we would have submitted quietly to being thrashed.

However we left them all behind and went back towards the sandhills, where the shikarie, who was with us, was allowed to have a shot, and wounded a chikara.

We were a long way out of the Vishnooe village boundaries so telling him to get his wounded deer and come on, the Captain and myself left them, and proceeded over the hills to polish off the florikan.

We had been long out of sight of our men and had got at least a mile into the plains when hearing a noise we stopped, and immediately afterwards saw our men coming over the hill, followed by about a hundred people of sorts, mostly on foot but several on camels and one on a horse, so of course we went back and the mob having seen sahibs come, stopped and finally went back over the hills. We found that just as they were about to cut the throat of the chikara, all these people came, abused them like anything and would not allow them to take the deer. They did not offer to touch them, it being probably because the shikaree had his gun, and they knew perfectly well he was likely to shew fight.

Now whatever right they might have had to prevent us shooting the black buck, they had none in this case, for we were far out of their boundaries and the animal they shot actually on ground belonging to Rangars.

As it was, no damage was done, but I may as well finish the business off hand. Not long after this, we met a bunya going to the Vishnooe village, so we quietly asked him if he knew the one eyed man and the man who had lost a tooth, and he hearing nothing of the row, told us their names at once. So we made a formal complaint to the Magistrate and between us we recognised and swore to I think six of the ringleaders including the orator and the two others. They all allowed that the chikara was taken from our men out of their village boundaries, so six were imprisoned and some more bound down to keep the peace.

They got off on appeal but not because they were not guilty, but on account of its being a first offence, I think. I could not help laughing at the miserable appearance the orator made on the occasion: if he had not been so very bumptious, in all probability we should not have recognised him, for he was a very insignificant individual to look at. I think they are not likely to do it again.

This affair being over, we proceeded towards the florikan, and in due course the whole of them were polished off. With a camel and on a sunshiny day florikan are very easily killed,

by any one who knows how to go about it. The day's sport might be said to be over, but on our way home we almost invariably got some addition to our bag.

There were two routes to go home by; the cart being either ordered to remain where we left it, or told to go, or be taken to another village three miles off, and on a good road.

On both roads we would probably find deer, generally chikara.

We usually returned by the old route. Going home this way we got a large rock pigeon or two, perhaps a florikan, and almost to a certainty peachicks. Hares also were plentiful.

But the last time we were there, and indeed on the day of the row, we came by the left road. Deer we saw a good many of, but we had as many as we could manage to carry without overloading the camel, so we let them alone for another day.

When some miles on our way home, we passed a village with several largish tanks. From these we got some duck, and might have got more, but had no time to waste.

So we went on, when in cutting across some fields I suddenly called out florikan. But the Captain said bustard and a second look told me he was right. The bird was in a small patch of open ground amongst grass and byer bushes, and as it was getting late we thought it doubtful of it would sit. We therefore went away behind a stack some distance off to change the shot and put in a cartridge.

Whilst doing this we had very great trouble in preventing a perverse old woman from walking straight up to the bird.

However we did manage, and with the Captain on foot I proceeded to stalk. We knew perfectly well that if once startled we would have no chance of getting a second trial, so instead of trying the gradually diminishing circle plan, which would have been a slow one, I proceeded to go a sort of half circle only, so that when I had got that far, the bird was perhaps some fifty yards off.

Fortunately the bird was a raw one, and having walked about twenty yards squatted in a small bush. So I got the Captain on the near side of the camel, and went on until within perhaps about fifteen yards. I on the camel could see the bird as plainly as possible, but my friend could not, owing to its being in grass. So not to lose time I made a noise and up it got and was knocked over when at a proper distance. It was a small hen in tolerable plumage.

By the time we got to the buggy it was getting late, and it was past sunset when we reached home.

It is not to be supposed that Bags like this would be made often, and indeed this was the only time I ever saw a bustard going to this beat, but florikan were seen almost always and

until we had been frequently at the village three or four black buck might be got with little trouble. But the shooting is very limited as to time, because if it is a late season the crops are on the ground till the end of November, and moreover from being full of people if you went before that time it was very dangerous work firing, and more than once I had narrow escapes of shooting natives in their khets.

Turn now to the Hissar bheer. This day's sport ought properly speaking to have come first, for it took place more than two years previously, and in the month of February.

Before starting on a journey, the reader ought to know his company, so we will try a little portrait painting as far as words go.

The sportsmen are two in number, and we take the senior first as in duty bound. Here, therefore, let me present to your notice my friend. His name is of little moment, but as it is stupid work dealing always with blanks, we may as well call him Sam, and you may, if you like, prefix Sly to it, for a knowing hand he is.

Sam is very tall and very thin. He wears no coat, but has a dyed flannel shirt outside, with a shooting belt round his waist containing his shooting materials.

As for your correspondent, J. J., he is nothing particular as to height, length, or any thing else, his general appearance (barring the long leather gaiters) is that of what an artillery man at Peshawur used to call the Guides in mudlarks, for from his hat to the aforesaid gaiters, he is dressed in mud colored clothing, somewhat the worse for a deal of hard work. He has no belt round his waist, preferring a plan of his own for carrying his bullets, &c. &c.

Camels in this case are useless, for you cannot get near a deer with them in the khet, but they are with us of course, in case we should see bustard or florikan and to watch wounded bucks.

There are only two ways of getting at the deer in this bheer, viz., by stalking them on foot, or if they are in the large open plain by going behind a cart drawn by bullocks, commonly called a bhylie hereabouts.

We are prepared for both kinds, so whilst the cart with the camels, &c., are on the road out to where we expect shooting, and to which we drive in a dog cart, let me try if I cannot give you some idea of the kind of country we are bound for.

Therefore take your stand with me, in the verandah of my friend Sam's house.

This is built upon the bastion of an old fort, and if history or tradition is correct, on the corner bastion of what was in days

of yore the zenana. Popular rumour has it, that from this very spot there is an underground passage to Hansie, moreover, that the ghost of a saint haunts the place where a square room now stands.

With regard to the first rumour, I say nothing, except that if true, it would take something more than a farthing rush-light to light you through it, for it must be fourteen miles long at least.

As for the ghost, it is to be hoped, he was not of the Mahomedan religion (when in the body), for my friend used the room as a godown, and generally had besides various liquors, a side of bacon and sundry pig's faces hanging up in it. It was generally believed, moreover, that some unfortunate in chains, was shut up below, for they (the chains) were heard to rattle about midnight.

However, I had either no luck or slept too sound, for though I passed a good many nights there, at various times, I can't say that I was ever disturbed by the chains rattling.

But this is too bad, for if my memory does not fail me, I left the readers standing in the verandah.

The verandah being something like forty feet above the level of the bheer, we can have a capital view from it. Looking to the left, the horizon is bounded by a dark belt of trees, extending far beyond vision. This is the canal, and on this side of it some old mosques, &c. are seen. To our left front is a long clear space, where cultivation is carried on, but at present the only thing growing in it is lucerne for the cattle.

Beyond this as far as your eye can reach you have nothing but jungle, with here and there open plains. This extends all round in front, and though you cannot see it for the square room already mentioned, to the right also. Behind us from the other side of the house is the city of Hissar.

Within a few hundred yards of the house there are sundry mounds with some very heavy patches of jungle. Beyond, two or three very ancient mosques and an Eedgah are visible, whilst on the very verge of the horizon to your front, (if the day is clear) you see what looks like a village with mounds close by. The village is in fact the farm buildings and the mounds are huge stacks of grass.

Here and there you catch glimpses of the road, some of these patches of jungle or as we call them here jhors, are so thick and matted together with creepers and thorny shrubs that not even an elephant could get through them. They are full of pigs, but in repeated attempts with coolies, dogs, &c. &c., we could make nothing of them though some of them were quite small.

At the season of the year when this day's sport took place the kareel bushes were all in flower and were covered with rose coloured minas in hundreds.

We drove out in the dog cart and at about five miles from home, found our men ready. We stopped at this place because we had to cross a deep cut, used in former days to carry water to fill the tank at the farm. It is now dry and we go over it at a ghaut, and immediately find ourselves on what is called the sully plain. This is a large open space probably two miles long and varying much in breadth but being less than a mile broad. It is bounded by jungle on all sides and to the right of where we now are, there are several small patches of jungle like clumps of trees. But the plain itself is almost entirely without bucks and the grass, except in one or two places, is not more than a few inches high.

The plain is covered with antelope, and it being pretty early in the morning they are moving about a good deal.

I hope your readers will not suppose that I am exaggerating when it is mentioned that probably 1,500 antelope are within view.

These consist principally of does but there are a hundred black bucks visible at least with the herd, and the whole plain near by is studded with solitary bucks to the number of perhaps fifty.

Repeated attempts have convinced both of us, that all hope of stalking these without the bhylic, would be utterly useless, so having loaded our rifles, we ordered our camels to keep behind, and the bucks being only a little way off, we walked behind the cart, towards three or four good bucks.

There was some discussion as to who should fire the first shot, Sam insisting that he as host ought to do the polite. But J. J. had a rifle he had only recently got, was a worse rifle shot than Sam at any time, and moreover had a superstition that luck would be on our side if the first game fired at was bagged. Accordingly he declined the proffered civility. The first buck we might have had a shot at was not a good one, luckily for him, so he was not disturbed, but almost immediately afterwards a noble fellow walked straight across in front of the bhylic. Sam missed the first shot, the buck being nearer than he thought but he rolled him over with the second barrel. A lot of the other bucks went off at the shots, and several coming past in our direction I had a double shot, hit one through the belly, but made a shocking miss at another, which frightened at the firing, got regularly panic stricken and ran past us within about thirty yards.

Sam's buck fell dead within about one hundred yards, but mine went on, and at last disappeared in one of the small johrs.

My own shekarie or rather camel man was not with us that day, so we sent a man of Sam's to see that he did not leave the johr, and in the mean time we went on towards some more bucks a little farther in the plain.

J. J. had the next shot at a very fine buck standing not a hundred yards off, and made two awful misses, abusing the new rifle as a matter of course. After this Sam had a long shot and broke the foreleg of a buck, but he got into very heavy jungle and was lost.

The plain by this time was cleared of course, so we turned back to get my wounded buck and then have breakfast.

We had not gone far when we met the man coming back, saying he could not see the buck at all. Now if I had thought for a single moment I would never have sent this man, because directly one deer was shot not a bit of trouble would he take, thinking that of course he would get a bit of the first.

However he was not my servant so I contented myself by telling him that he certainly should have none of this one, and that moreover if any more were shot, we would not have their throat cut, so that he being a Mussulman, wouldn't be much the better for them. It was greatly my own fault then, for he had on a previous occasion played me precisely the same trick, but I had forgot about it. As part of the buck's intestines were hanging out of the wound, of course he was as good as dead, but though we looked most carefully for him we could not find him. My impression was that master Goomaine in looking for him put him up and being too lazy to look after a buck not shot by his own sahib, quietly came away back again. Whilst looking for this buck amongst some jungle I put up a noble boar with some sows and squeakers, and we also saw two blue bulls, but could not get a shot, though we tried for a long time. We were on our camels looking for the buck, and they are such awkward beasts in turning when there is any thing amongst their feet, that though the nylghau got up near us, yet being on our right sides, we could not get the camels round in time to fire, and the bulls immediately went into the open plain, where all our attempts at stalking them failed. So we gave it up as a bad job and went and had our breakfast, consoling ourselves for our bad luck, with a bottle of beer instead of tea. Our luck had certainly been very bad, for whilst Sam bagged one buck and lost another, I had missed two shots, the one I did hit got away.

We rested for about a couple of hours at breakfast time, and as we meant to return to Sully, left the dog cart there with the buck. We had only gone a very little distance when we came upon a large herd, but I suspect they were part of that we had seen on the plain in the morning, for they kept moving

off very fast, and though we both had shots and believed we hit, the wounded, if there were any, disappeared with the herd.

We next saw a buck go into a johr, and sending the camel men to drive him out, went one to each side. He broke to Sam's side and he made a capital shot, hitting him through the neck as he bolted. Very shortly after this J. J. distinguished himself again, by missing a buck a double shot, as he was walking away quietly broadside on. He bemoaned his fate and wished heartily he had back his old Sam Smith, heavy as it was, instead of his present Kennedy, which seemed to decline to hit anything. But the fault was not the rifle's, for shortly after this, seeing a buck, not wild, Sam took the Kennedy, and after a little stalking, hit him through the foreshoulder. At this time J. J. had taken his gun to try to get a shot at a wild cat, so on the wounded buck going into a johr, he said he would kill him as the gun had B. B. in. So in he went on foot, with the camel men on each side, Sam being ready on the other side. The first thing J. J. did was to put up a sulky brute of a boar, who seemed a little inclined to dispute the possession of the place; however, he at last bolted, and immediately afterwards the buck went off straight towards Sam, whose shot we heard immediately. When I got outside, the buck was on the ground about fifty yards off, but when we went near, he got up and commenced running round and round, getting stronger every minute, so as Sam's rifle was empty and mine not, then I made a run and knocked him over with the B. B., but was obliged to fire both barrels. On examination we found that the last bullet had passed straight across the back of the head about an inch or so behind the horns. It had gone just under the skin, so as no damage was done beyond stunning the buck for a little, if I had not killed him with the shot, we, no doubt, would have had more trouble to get him.

About this time we were bothered by two brutes of pariahs, so we set to work to try and have a shot at them. Sam and I had changed rifles, he giving me his, which was a Sam Smith, like my old one, but much lighter. We could not get a shot at the dogs, but when coming back I stumbled upon a chikara buck, and made a capital shot at him, killing him dead where he stood in the shade of a bush.

Shortly after this we came upon a herd of antelope, about one hundred in number, but a stern chase is proverbially a long chase and this was no exception. At last they got in amongst a lot of bushes and we agreed to make a rush for a shot, I going to the right as they seemed to be bearing in that direction. Just as I got to a piece of jungle I heard Sam fire and immediately the herd came rushing in a mob within about

twenty to thirty yards, but they were going at such a pace and there were so many bushes, it was difficult to get a clear shot at a buck, so that though I firmly believe I did not hit one with my second barrel, when the herd had passed nothing was left on the ground. Sam, of course, had better luck, for just as he got up to the jungle, the rear of the herd, consisting of about a dozen bucks, was all in a heap about eighty yards off, so he took a chance shot and killed probably the best buck in the herd, for his horns were close on twenty-four inches long. So here was he, with four black bucks, whilst J. J., who had had just shots several times, had only one chikara! I think it must have been this same herd we came across a little after in grass, and Sam taking a long shot, to try my rifle, killed the doe he aimed at, she being the only one of the herd offering a fair shot.

It was getting towards evening, so we turned towards Sully, and when not far from it, J. J. did at last distinguish himself. We came on a small herd of about a dozen does, with one very fine black buck and two choras, so I went off alone to try my buck, but they were moving away to their feeding ground and nothing but a run could get a shot. So as they got into a belt of jungle, I made a rush to cut them off and, the buck being last, succeeded. My first shot hit him in the hind quarters and the second killed him dead. I was glad of this success, and though I say it who shouldn't, the shots were good ones and as I had had a run and the buck was going full speed when both barrels were fired, I think I may say that if J. J. had had this rifle instead of his own during the day, probably his bag would have been a better one. Being near Sully I did not re-load, but on getting to our dog cart Sam said that one of the barrels of my rifle was still loaded, so I took it with me in the cart, as I never liked trusting my servants with a loaded gun to bring home.

When we got half way home, on a small plain to our left, we saw six or eight black bucks feeding; but as bad luck would have it, though I had my powder flask we had no bullets to fit my rifle, Sam having made those he had over to my man, and his rifle was a different bore from mine. In feeling about my various pockets, hoping there might be a stray bullet, I got my charges with B. B. in it, so loaded the second barrel with this and then Sam drove towards the bucks, I walking behind, until the nearest buck was covered by a large bush, when I let the cart go on away from the bucks and crept quietly up to the bush. From this the buck was probably one hundred and twenty yards off, but as it was getting dusk, the distance was uncertain.

However, I made a good shot and knocked him over. He was struggling and rolling on the ground, and I had got within about twenty yards of him and Sam in the dog cart was driving up, when suddenly he got to his feet, and I forgetting all about the B. B. and knowing I had had only one bullet, never thought of firing at him, though at that distance I most probably would have killed him. At all events he went into the jungle and was lost, and as we were going home, an unfortunate jackal presenting himself at about twenty yards distance, I tried the B. B. on him, firing from the cart, and I don't think he even gave a kick.

Sam's bag was, therefore, four black bucks and one doe, and he lost one black buck with broken leg. Mine one black buck and one chikara and two wounded bucks lost.

The horns of Sam's bucks measured eighteen, twenty-three and twenty-four, and mine were though short by far the handsomest of the lot, being beautifully twisted, close together and thick.

In success, this day also was an exception to most days, but it has been exceeded far last year; nine black bucks were hit in one day and six bagged by one sportsman.

But in all bheers, wounded bucks will constantly be lost, especially if there is much grass, and on two occasions I never got any of the deer I had hit; though on the last occasion I am positive two black bucks never got up after lying down, but when once they got amongst the jungle it was impossible to find them.

Bustard and florikan shooting in the bheer will be spoken of in another paper which I mean to write, if A. E. think it worth printing.

Before closing this I would like to say something of the numbers of antelope in this bheer. To many men in India it may seem preposterous to talk of herds of antelope numbering thousands, and I am perfectly well aware that certainly on one occasion I was set down as a most unconscionable liar when I said that I had seen a herd of probably something like 10,000 antelopes. Nevertheless unbelief will never alter facts and I still hold to my opinion.

As for herds of from 1,500 to double the number, dozens of people have been such over and over again in the Hissar bheer, and, as a general rule, there are two large herds there at all seasons. But at one particular season of the year, almost all the deer in the neighbourhood are collected in the Hissar bheer. This is towards the end of the autumn when the crops are just about being cut. At this season the crops are watched day and night, and as a natural consequence the deer cannot rest in

them, for although a Vishnooe will not shoot deer he does not mind frightening them, whilst in many villages shikaries shoot them regularly at night. Therefore, unless where there are uncultivated sand-hills or a large open plain, hardly any deer are found near villages until after the crops are off the ground; and as in the Hissar bheer they are undisturbed, the whole deer of the country almost are congregated there: this I found out by having looked all over the country in vain about November for deer, where later in the season they were plentiful.

On two occasions in particular, the number of deer in the herds was so enormous that, used as I had been to see them in hundreds, I was perfectly astounded.

It is of course useless trying to guess at deer in herds of such size, but after comparing various herds which were supposed to contain over 1,500 with those seen on these two occasions, I still am of opinion that there could not have been fewer than probably 10,000 antelopes.

I am not the only man who has seen these enormous herds; and I know that on one occasion two sportsmen were shooting there, and one being at one end and one at the other, of one of these herds, they fired repeatedly without hearing each other's shots.

This was before I came to this part of the country at all and one of the sportsman I have never even seen.

Later on in the year these get all separated, spreading all over the country as the crops are cut. Yet generally speaking there are always two or three large herds and many small ones whilst solitary bucks are extremely plentiful.

Moreover year after year the jungle all over the country is being broken up, and even within the few years that I have been here the change is very great.

Not above fifteen years ago there was first rate pig-sticking within a very few miles of this, and in many places where now you hardly find a deer, nyghau were quite plentiful and always to be found; whereas now during the great part of the year you could not get a wild pig within some fifteen miles and blue bulls are only found hereabouts on rare occasions.

Even antelope are not very plentiful near this and year by year as the jungle is cleared away, they will become more scarce in the cultivated country and will of course be driven more and more to the bheers.

Their numbers must, of course, be kept down by the fawns &c. being destroyed by wolves, jackals, &c., but the destruction to crops must be enormous where herds of the numbers alluded to exist, for the few shot and destroyed can hardly go for much.

However, a great many are destroyed by native shikaries shooting them at night when there is any moon, and many villages employ shikaries for the express purpose.

The shikarie stops in a pit dug by the edge of the field on the side from which the deer generally come, and of course takes good care not to waste his bullet, but waits till it is next to impossible to miss.

But this paper is too long.

SPORTING HINTS TO MY NEPHEW.

BY JOHN STEADY.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—As I see by the *Gazette* that you are appointed to a Behar station, I wish to give you a little advice, which I hope you will not take amiss, my object being so to pilot you, that that which might become a snare and only make you ridiculous may on the contrary conduce to your health and happiness, keep you from more injurious pursuits and gain you that consideration, which success in any line is sure to procure.

I take it for granted that if you are within 50 miles of Sonepore, you will (if not already bit) soon be attacked by the racing fever, so contagious in that part of the world, and which if you take it in a mild form will do you no harm.

First then while you are drawing a small salary do not attempt to become an owner of race horses; you will be unable to purchase, any but third raters, which will entail the same expense as if they were all “Babylonians,” and never getting any return for your outlay, you will only keep yourself in perpetual worry and difficulties.

Content yourself with owning a good hack or two that can do their half or three quarters in creditable time, and you will have no expenses, plenty of amusement, and will generally pick up a rupee or two at every meeting; indeed I am not sure that with the lotteries they do not answer better as a speculation than a better stamp of horse.

Now as to riding.

Your father's son and coming from your county, it is a matter of course that you can ride and have ridden well to hounds from the time when you climbed over the ragged hedges and struggled

through the bullfinches on your 12 hand pony, to your last season in England when you had rather have been brought home on a hurdle than not have been one of the first half dozen over the last fence into the field where "tear him and eat him" was the *requiem* of the "stoutest fox that ever led you a dance of forty minutes without a check."

But you must not from these precedents argue that you are by nature a jockey, for "cross country" and the flat are very different; you may be an excellent performer over the one yet make a shocking mess over it on the other and "vice versa." and it will take years of patient practice before you can become that *rara avis* in pigskin, an accomplished gentleman rider.

I take it for granted that at the first race meeting you attend you will appear in an unexceptionable get up (suspiciously new) and announce yourself as able and willing to take the best mounts that are to be had; and as no one but you and I are in the secret, if you attend to the following hints, it may perhaps escape detection, that this is positively your first appearance as a jock.

Do not make the mistake so common with young aspirants generally, that to stand up in your stirrups, hold on by the head round the course and at the finish plump down in your saddle loose your horse's head, work your arms like a wind-mill and otherwise conduct yourself like a maniac is all that is necessary in riding a race.

During the training season as you are a light weight you will probably be asked to ride horses in their gallops; take as much of this as you can get; besides ensuring your being up before sunrise drinking in the pure morning air and hardening your muscles, you will be acquiring practice and knowledge which those who only ride during a meeting can never pick up.

A racer's gallop is a very different thing from that of most horses; accustom yourself then to yield to the swing of his stride feeling his mouth and allowing your hands to give and take, of course applying the proper resistance when needed; watch other horses galloping in your company and compare carefully the different rates of speed, and thus when you come to real business you will be better able to judge of the pace, one of the most important points in riding, and one in which gentlemen jockies from the little practice they generally have are necessarily the most deficient.

In finishing ask yourself what is the meaning of that rotatory motion which jockeys give to their arms, for you do not suppose it is done without an object. You do not see a jockey do it when he has won a race easy, then why does he do it at all? To look at most gentlemen riders you would suppose that it was the effect of wild excitement and that it could not be avoided.

When a jockey sits down to finish in a contested race every limb is necessarily put in motion; he has to stimulate his horse to exertion too often with both whip and spur, in which case one arm and both his legs are in violent action. Now put yourself astride of a chair and try and see how steady your bridle hand will be, and remember that in a race you would be going at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile in less than a minute, and you will then easily understand that to keep a steady hold on your horse's mouth and support him in the extraordinary exertion he is making, it is necessary to accommodate your hand both to the motion of your horse and your body; and this when properly done is exactly effected by that working of the arms which when adopted by young amateurs exactly resembles exaggerated coffee-grinding.

How you are to act during a race must depend entirely on your horse, the distance, and your competitors, and can only be learnt by experience; keep yourself perfectly cool and ready to take advantage of any thing like a mistake on the part of your rivals.

And now I will suppose that you have ridden your first race creditably for a young un; don't come grinning up to the weighing stand and jump off directly, but sit quietly on your horse till you have permission to dismount, see that your saddle, bridle and clothes are carefully removed, and take them yourself to the scales. I have known more than one winner distanced by 'being lead away with the whole or part of his traps before his rider' was weighed.

And now above all things, my dear boy, don't jaw either during or after the race; chaff during, or wrangling after, never did any good.

If you have any complaint to make of crossing or foul riding, state the fact firmly but quietly to the Stewards, and when they are gentlemen you will always have justice done you. Whereas if you come up to them blowing like a grampus and slanging like a bargee it is not in nature not to be prejudiced against your case before it is heard.

If you take these remarks in good part, you shall hear again soon from your affectionate uncle.

SEVEN HOURS ON GUARD OVER A BLIND TUSKER.

BY VELVET FOOT.

ALLOW me to introduce you my dear Hairs to Tusker No. II. He is not dead as you perceive,* but he is as good as dead, for he is *stone blind*! and moreover, that *mistake* in the centre of his trunk has paralysed it so that he cannot feel his way. I would put the poor brute out of his misery this moment, only I have not a grain of powder within ten miles of me.

Toonacoodoo, 12th Nov. 1855.

Yes my dear Dick, there is an *event* to relate as you will conclude by the above, and I will proceed to the report at once, leaving three of your letters to be answered afterwards if I have time!

Thursday 8th.—Soon after despatching the letter to you I got my kit under weigh, and started myself at about half past two for Teakrey, feeling very feverish and ill (just the change of the moon) and not expecting to get any thing but fever. I only loaded Mrs. Lang keeping the remainder of my battery fresh for the morrow. When within about four miles of my ground, I saw *something* on the path that looked as if a cheetah had only just that moment crossed, looked keenly into the forest below me, and about eighty or ninety paces off in some grass saw something red, it moved; by Jove it looks too large for a cheetah's head, it must be a tiger! Up went Mrs. Lang to the shoulder—"now steady Lang put the pill into his brain"—bang! three wild dogs sprang out of the grass, one of them going very queer; went down to the spot, hunted about, no blood—proceeded a little way in the direction they had gone, when I saw one of them walking slowly up the slope crossing in front of me. On seeing me he stopped, broad side on. I had only the left barrel of Mrs. Lang which you abuse so. I up with it and over went Mr. Dog; the ball had gone through both shoulders just above the elbow. No, if I recollect right, it entered a little below, he being above me and came out where the scratched out mark is on the other side. My first shot had taken him in the side of the chest

* Referring to a marginal sketch (and there are several of them) which we are unable to give.—A. E.

coming out on the same side. I have no time to draw it correctly as I must get on to more important events. He was an old dog, exactly four feet from nose to tip of tail—(the tail itself being a foot)—and twenty-one inches at the shoulder: his skin was entirely spoilt, for he had got a wound along one side of his back seven inches long and from two to three inches broad; at first I thought it was a graze of the bullet, but on inspection found it to be a day or two old, it was evidently the gore of a deer's antlers! So you see they do not get their dinners without a fight for it sometimes. I cut off his brush and went on my way feeling better. I had not gone on one hundred yards, when a noise from one of the kharders made me spring off. *Beans* and seize Mrs. Lang—what is it, there! there! a bison!—He was then emerging from behind a clump of bamboos. Oh! such a lovely shot, fifty yards off, and broad side on! I had then just got hold of the rifle, before I could cock it and take aim, he had made a sudden turn to the left and the bulge of his body shut out his shoulder. I ought not to have fired, but he was such a big bull that I could not resist; he had not seen us and was walking; the moment I fired he plunged into the air as I have drawn him, and thundered away. I felt perfectly positive he was hit, but, no blood could I find; within two hundred yards we mired him from behind a bamboo clump, where he seemed to have been standing very uneasy from the appearance of constant shifting of the feet, but *no blood*; followed on, and about fifty yards further saw a pig looking at me round a tree, so was not certain whether it was a boar or sow; thought the latter, took a very deliberate pot at the point of the shoulder, heard no reply, but thought Mrs. Pig went away; rum sure enough, fifty yards on she (an old sow) was as dead as a *louse's egg*, the ball hitting exactly where I aimed, and lodging down in the skin of the loin on the other side—well done Mrs. Lang! As it was getting late, I did not go any further after the bison, saw nothing more, did not arrive at the hut till after dark, found a whole lot of cart men conveying timber located there. Of course, it being a *free country*, and the huts having been built by them for their own use. My servants had turned them out of one and made it all comfortable for me!

Friday 9th.—Breakfasted at day light, and then started to look for elephants—had my full battery, Sal, Ross, Lang and Westley Richards. After some time hit upon a last night's track—there were many tracks about, and after a burst of about twenty minutes, my hounds came to fault and separated in all directions; they could not hit it off any where, and I think were going to give it up altogether, when a *Teakrey* hound gave

a whimper ; of course there was a rush—no, my *elephant hounds* do not rush—a stealing up to the spot, and there was *some thing* that was *slightly warm* in the centre. Yoiks for'ard! yoiks for'ard! and away we went—a curious way we have of hunting—I do not know what Charles would say to it—one hound leads, *then* the huntsman, and the *pack* follows after! All of a sudden the leading hound turned round and nearly butted his head into my stomach, I stepped to the front expecting to see Mrs. Elephant stopping the way—instead of, which, in a little open spot, about thirty yards in front of me there was a bear very busy with nose in the ground, so I up with the rifle and the report was answered with a loud oh, oh, wh, wh-oooh, and while the comical individual appeared to be trying to *eat itself*, I pitched in the contents of the other barrel; at the same moment I saw another bear a little way to my left, standing upon its hind legs, with a look that said as plainly as words,—hulloa what's the row? Seizing Sal I replied by planting a 4 ounce right in the white bar of the chest; by Jove wasn't, there a row in the tap then? Such a oh, ohing from both of them; the ground sloped down to a stream just beyond the little open space, both bears disappeared down this; catching hold of another gun I ran forward and saw one bear walking about just below me in great distress, tucked it up with a shot, but it struggled on to the water. I thought it was going to die there, but after tumbling back once or twice it got on the other bank, where I stopped further progress with the other barrel; it proved to be a very old she bear. I never saw such an old looking head; she gave several loud roars before she died, which were each time answered by most melancholy moans from the other bear, a little way up the hill across the stream. I loaded and taking Lang, not wishing to expend any more projectiles, went to where the sound had come from, saw Bruin making tracks up the hill, but a minie from the second barrel of Lang rolled him over as neat as paint,—bravo, Mrs. Lang! This proved also to be a she bear, evidently the old lady's daughter, but as near full grown as possible, in fact I think her skin is the largest. (I had forgot the measuring tape to-day.) Her's is a most lovely skin, I hope I shall be able to save it; such a glossy black and so thick! Well; feeling at least three inches taller, I went on with the elephant track, certainly feeling rather afraid that this little interlude had given him or her a hint that there was something going on out of the common in the forest, but the shot at the bears was too tempting an opportunity to pass over. Previous to this, before we had hit on the elephant track, a *bison* (cow) had stood looking at us up on the opposite bank of a stream we being on the other, such a delicious shot;

I knocked her over two or three times in my mind's eye by aiming at her with my left fore finger, before she had made us out to her satisfaction. Well, but let us get on with the elephant: after following the track for about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, we came on unmistakable evidence that he was not far ahead, presently we heard him cracking bamboos and then I saw his great black legs moving through the clumps, I crept forward with Sal and waited for him to appear beyond a clump some fifteen yards or so from me; to my delight, as his head appeared, I saw he was a tusker. I took a steady aim between the eye and the ear, and down he went, but from the way he fell keeping his hind legs perpendicular.

I saw he would be up again in a moment. Otty quickly gave me Mrs. Ross and running up to him I tried to put a projectile in the deadly spot behind the ear—failed, it did not even stagger him, neither did the other barrel; that stupid ass *eagerness* knocking *coolness* down at this moment rushed into my brain shouting quick, quick, fire any how, any where, you will loose the elephant, if you don't! Seizing Lang, I rushed after the *huttie*, the four ounce had flabbergasted him a good deal, so that I was soon up to him again: I tried the behind ear shot; I did not obey implicitly that fool eagerness, but still his power over me was considerable: both barrels were fired without his even staggering, but he turned towards me, the gun was put into my hand and I fired both barrels aiming for the centre of his head between the eyes. At least I know I tried to plant one ball there, but I cannot remember every shot in the scrimmage as every failure made me more eager and consequently more unsteady. I knew the second shot of the gun did not stop him, so I cut my stick, loaded Sal and rushed forward again as the elephant appeared to be making tracks right away. Overtook him and again tried the ear, not liking to go in front of him without a reserve gun: the shot I think staggered him, but failed again: loaded Sal and again failed at the ear shot; no more of Sals bullets out with me, so loaded Ross with projectiles and the gun; in loading the second barrel of the gun found there was barely enough powder for the charge! I had only brought out my rifle powder horn from Toonacoodoo thinking it would be enough, forgetting that the heavy charges required for elephants would soon empty it! Well, now I felt that, I must kill him with these four shots as I had no more left, so went in him front of him with Ross; waited till he was within fifteen paces of me, and taking a steady aim for between the eyes—pulled, the gun missed fire! Did not I cut like a lamplighter, keeping the other barrel as a reserve in case of emergency. As he did not charge I returned and gave him the

contents of the other barrel, but I forget where, then took the gun and expended another shot without dropping him. I ought to have previously mentioned that I again went up to him with the rifle before I took the gun, and getting above him aimed for where you killed your first tusker and again the rifle missed fire! I knew then that dirt must have got into the barrel. I consider these two miss fires uncommonly what Geoff would call *hairy*! Well, after firing the right barrel of the gun I was reduced to one single shot; all my coolness had I *think* returned and I determined to drop him; he was so bad now that he could not go out of a walk; seeing that one eye was closed I ran up on the blind side of him and getting a little in front aimed for between the eye and the ear. I do not think I could have been twelve yards from him; down he went to the shot, falling fairly on his side this time: for a moment I thought the victory mine, but only for a moment, the next I saw him begin to move, and slowly he recovered his legs giving me time to have put three or four shots into his head if I had had them; I looked on in blank despair as he slowly walked away. It was not above half past nine, if so late, so I sat down and wrote off to R— for powder, and despatched one khaider to Toonacoodoo and another to get people to take in the bears to Teakrey, O— and the best Teakrey khaider remaining with one. I now set to work to get the dirt out of the bottom of the barrel of Mrs. Ross: the only way I could do it was by jarring the barrel against a tree and hitting it with a stick until the mud came up to the nipples and being dry mud it was easily picked out; when it got there hammer, hammer, pick, pick, this went on for what appeared to me to be hours. Sent the khaider once to see where the elephant was; he reported that he was standing not far off; at last to my intense joy the powder began to appear, making quite sure that all was right, I put a cap on and again prepared for battle. The elephant had moved up the hill a considerable distance, but hearing him ahead, I ran forward and getting in front of him waited for him to approach; he was forcing his way through some bushes interlaced with creepers and I waited for him on the other side; I was quite cool and determined to drop him: as his great head appeared through the bushes, certainly not more, if so much, as ten yards from me I saw as I thought the great lump between his eyes, and taking steady aim, fired at it; to my surprise he made a tremendous rush *forward* on receiving the shot, and I made as desperate a one to the right; he passed straight on, went bang against a tree; then against another. I made signs to O— that I felt certain he must be blind; we followed him and saw him go bang against every thing; to see him knock down trees and crush the bamboos was wonderful! I got

in front of him and saw that he was perfectly blind, one eye closed and the other *shot out* !

Tuesday, 13th November.—I had got thus far yesterday when it was time to go out and take a short walk with the dogs. O— came in the evening to report that an elephant had been seen away out by that hill you have in the left of the sketch from the West rocks, so I had an early breakfast and started off this morning to look for him ; found the track where he had been last seen, and came to where two others had found him, but alas there were marks of chains, they were three elephants that I have hired for work at the top of the slip ! On our way home we tried hard to find bruin but the jungle is so dry and noisy, that there is a very poor chance of seeing game. My carts have arrived at the foot of the ghaut, I have despatched a good part of my kit to-day the rest goes to-morrow, and I am off on Thursday morning. Its time I should be moving fever has been very busy with the natives, nearly all my servants have suffered, the old butler has been very bad indeed, and though the fever has left him, he is evidently mad which makes things very pleasant to me. But let me get on with the elephant : my mind is at present thinking as much about packing up as that adventure, however, I will open the journal and proceed. One eye closed and the other shot out, it was somewhere about 10 o'clock, I determined to stand guard over him all day, and an extraordinary day's guard it was ! I found I had mistaken the lump of the trunk immediately between the tusks for the lump between the eyes ! there was the shot exactly in the middle of that lump ! the tusks being hidden by the creepers and bushes and his head raised high up at the time, caused the mistake, but the effect was important, for it had entirely paralysed his trunk so that he could not feel his way, he had no tail whatever, every particle appeared to have been eaten away by a cancer, and there was a hollow where his tail ought to have been containing white matter looking stuff. This tailless behind of his appeared to give him much trouble by itching, and in spite of the numerous wounds in his head he several times calmly scratched it against trees ! As hour after hour I watched that blind elephant, the excitement being over, I longed for one more shot to put him out of his misery, and almost wished I had missed him ! At times I approached within six or eight paces of him ; once I was within three yards of his head having a tree close at hand, and on another occasion I stood within reach of his tail, if he had had one : he constantly rested his head on his tusks, at other times he would try to force his way through a clump of bamboos, but though they cracked and split and bent he never once succeeded, his rage at times was very

great, he would knock a tree down, trample it under foot, and then kick it backwards and forwards; he tried to break a large sapling with his trunk but its strength was gone; at times he would rest his head against a tree or cram it into a bamboo clump or hold it high in the air, his tusks resting on a branch or stem of a tree. I sat and sketched him in all these different positions, the poor brute appeared to be suffering great pain; sometimes he would give a kick out with his hind leg that had I been there to receive it would have sent me into the middle of the year 1856 at once. His paralysed trunk appeared to distress him greatly, he constantly put one of his forefeet upon it and raising his head extended it to the utmost—then he would kick mud into it with his forefoot evidently wanting to blow the mud into his mouth, but the trunk would not act, at one time we tried to drive him towards the bungalow, he went a short distance but there stopped and kicked out fiercely with his hind legs every time he heard our voices. We then left him alone till the afternoon, he had not left the hill on which we found him, in fact had only gone a few hundred yards, for on my last shot he went back to the original ground, but towards the afternoon he had arrived on the crest of the hill which was free from bamboos; these alone appeared to stop him, trees he knocked down or went round, but bamboos he could not muster for he was no sooner out of one than he ran against another. Oh! it was grand to see him knock down a good sized tree, smash creepers as thick as cables, or charge against the bamboos till they split open with the report of musketry. When he got on this comparatively open ridge, it being late in the afternoon, the Teakrey khaider proposed that we should drive him back into the bamboos as he might wander a long way on the crest of the hill at night; to do this I took the khaider up the hill some distance from him, and we all three commenced shouting, he bolted right off where we wanted him to go at first, but coming against a tree he stopped, and after one or two kicks at the sound he suddenly turned round and charged right at us; he did this several times, so I changed my plans by going towards the bamboos and making him charge us in that direction, this answered for a short time; on he came at a slow walk, every now and then raising one of his fore feet in the air and feeling in front of him as a man would with his hand, of course he only did this because he found his trunk useless for the purpose; suddenly he would strike against a fallen decayed tree; in every instance, and during the day there were many, he always first crushed his fancied enemy with his forefeet and then gave it such kicks that I could not help thinking to myself—what a stunner you would be old boy at football

Finding he would not follow us any further, we took to pelting him with sticks and stones, his rage was something awful when I threw the first stone at him, he charged round and round in a circle trumpeting in a shrill scream. After pelting him for some time and finding it no use I stopt it; at last he got on the edge of a very steep ditch down into a ravine and appeared to be taken with a shivering fit; thinking a sudden onslaught with sticks and stones would cause him to open round again and topple down the hill, we again attacked him but he charged right up at us and got on open ground again: the last assault we made on him was when he had charged a bamboo clump which was down a steep slope and he appeared to be quite out of the centre of gravity so that if we could only force him through he must topple over, it was really most absurd seeing him with nothing but his hind quarter out of the bamboos kicking at us in the most ridiculous manner every time we struck him, at the same time pushing most strenuously against the bamboos; at last he began to back out and we to retire, and finding it no good I would not allow him to be thrown at any more; he began now to shew signs of weakness in trying to kick the earth into his trunk; the blows were quite feeble his breathing became harder and I saw now there was no fear of his getting away in the night, so we left him. On the way home three spotted deer *laughed at me*, but I am glad to say they were all does.

Saturday 10th.—As you may suppose I was up pretty early this morning to look for the elephant: we found him dead in a little dip a few yards from where we had left him. I saw yesterday most of the shots, there were six on the side uppermost not counting the trunk one, the right side was up, my first shot was on that side and is I think the lower one of those two I have marked in the 1st sketch. They ought both to be rather lower than they are drawn, half an inch would have cleared that bone and killed him; the other shot appeared to have cleared the bone but I suppose the angle was wrong; there were three other shots behind that ear, but one, if not two of them had scraped along his shoulder before entering, one appeared exactly in the right place, another of these was much too low and must I think have broken the socket of the lower jaw. I noticed that all day he never once shut his mouth and water continued to run from it the whole time. I made him by the foot measurement 9 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ at the shoulder, which is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches shorter than No 1; his tusks were uneven one being much shorter than the other; the shortest was uppermost, it was exactly the same in circumference as the others, 17 inches. I omitted to measure the length thinking at the time that it was much shorter than No. 1, but in coming home and looking at those, I begin to

think that even the shortest is as long as they are. We had a look for fresh tracks but could find none, lots of old ones; got in at eleven; as the hut leaks I determined to go in to-day especially as the weather looks stormy. Started at one o'clock looked up the ground where I had fired at the bison and further on turned into the forest for a long beat, saw a spotted deer and heard a bison low; home at dusk. This winds up my *shikar* in the Annimullies. I went out alone in the forest on Monday with a sneaking hope to add to the bag but such meanness never pays, I took Mrs. Lang as she behaved so well last week, but just like the female mind when you particularly want it to be good, its just to other way: saw a jungle sheep; it was toddling along across some distance in front; the mud was bad, and suddenly it got the wind of me came tearing down the hill: thinking it had seen me, I took a running shot; it immediately stopped near a tree, or I should say close beyond a tree, fired the other barrel hit the tree very hard, the little brute stood half a minute longer and then mizzled, I felt awfully riled at Mrs. Lang, but perhaps I ought to make allowances for the double elephant charges she was loaded with. To-day as I have told you was blank. I should like very much just to go and look for that big stag to-morrow morning, but I shall never get the things away if I do so, I must be content. An elephant and a brace of bears is not a bad wind up, is it?

• My bag stands thus:—

Two elephants, two bears, twelve bison, seven samber, four cheetal, five jungle sheep, one pig, eight jungle fowl, (two ball shots,) total forty-one.

Blooded—but lost, one elephant, *thirteen bison* one samber, two cheetal, two jungle sheep, total nineteen.

Pretty certain that I hit but no blood:—*five bison*, one pig, total six.

I shall send you on a future occasion, the number of days out No. blank-No.-1-shot at an animal, and so on. Another letter of your's arrived this evening, dated 7th, this will be four unanswered, and such lots as I have to say on those said seven letters, but life at present is a complicated burden and I can write no more to night; *when* the sketches are to be filled in I know not. Good night. I am going to smoke a cheroot, as if two cheroots a day did harm. Have one old fellow, a little hand knocks it on one side and says—No! *Vide la liberté*—don't know how to spell it, never mind, good night.

Wednesday 14th.—I find it will be impossible to send this letter off before I arrive at Coimbatore, and it will not much matter as I shall be there certainly as soon, if not sooner, than my post would. You may add one more to the total of bagged.

Last night I went to bed with the determination of not going out this morning, but to attend to packing up. Rangoon crowded earlier than usual, I am sure, this morning, but I turned round in my bed and said no I won't go, but in my morning's dream, visions of *that* sambar flitted before my eyes, with Day you talk of never losing a chance and here you are in bed. Maty coming in with "Ottly done come Sar" clenched it: up I jumped and determined to go and call upon the *Singwalla* once more. Shortly after entering the jungle we came on the couch of a large bull bison, an old gentleman whose broad foot I had often seen, and to whom I had long wished to be introduced. We struck on his spooz and carried it on; he had gone down to the old bandy road which is now overgrown, and in turning a corner we caught sight of him feeding on the road. I crept up to within forty paces before he looked at me, Ross was loaded with elephant charges, three and half drachms and projectiles: I put one into the shoulder, and the other behind as he bolted; we heard him blowing a little way off the road, so I reloaded and went down to him, he was very pugnacious and on my firing at him he charged bang at me. There is nothing certain to aim at when a bison charges, so I was discreet and retired, loaded and went down very carefully, as while I was loading I heard Mr. B. amusing himself by charging bamboo clumps: he had taken up a position in very thick bamboo jungle, snorted and tossed his head as I crept down to him, but strange to say bolted before I could find a good place to aim at. He did not go far, still remaining in the bamboos, and when I knelt down I could see him looking at me very vicious: being able to distinguish his shoulder I took a thirty yards' shot at it, and away he went, but soon laid down; went up, and tried to brain him but failed; he got up but almost immediately laid down again, when a shot in the point of the shoulders sent him staggering backwards down the hill in a most curious manner, until he fell to rise no more. All this occurred within a mile of the bungalow: he was a very old bull, but I could not make him more than six feet one inch, nine feet in girth,* and ten in length from nose to insertion of tail. His horns were very massive but old and blunted at the points. I cannot draw at night, so its no use trying: when he was younger he must have had a splendid pair of horns as the spread was so good; his breadth of body was four and half inches or rather more than less. I found out to-day how it was I picked up that piece of the 'minie bullet the day I had the shot at the hind. I had only minies out to-day, and to my astonishment on

* I measured half his girth.

going up to the dead bison I saw a piece of led a sticking in his skin; on picking it out, I found it to be the lower ring of the minie; about two inches below where the solid part had gone in another shot there was exactly the same thing, only the ring had fallen out leaving a circular cut in the skin; the hollow must be too deep and the rim too thin, so that the bullet divides in two on leaving the barrels. I thought my rifles leaded a good deal lately, and this accounts for it; I think by filing down the mould, or rather the bolt that you insert to make the hollow I shall be able to turn out a good projectile yet. Not a bad finish this morning's work, was it? But I cannot write any more now as I must see to the few things I have remaining in the hut being ready to start with me in the morning.

Saturday 17th.—Here I am at Coimbatore. I arrived this morning a little after sun-rise, double that burden on my back—bend the knees to the ground and you will when have some idea of the afflicted one. I got off on Thursday morning in tolerable good time. I ought to have remained behind the barkee of kit and driven it on before me, but foolishly after seeing it start went on ahead, having my eye on the chance of a dapple buck at the foot of the ghaut: found the butler still there; (foot of ghaut) I had sent him on the day before, and a gharry was there ready to take him on at once to Coimbatore, but the fools had listened to a mad man and let him stop till I came down; he was awfully mad laughing, shouting, crying, and talking incessantly; got him into the cart and packed him off: took a turn in the jungle while the kit was coming up, went further than I intended, jungle very dry and noisy; saw nothing and only one fresh track of a bison: returned to the slip or ghaut at past 11 and found the brutes of coolies with the meat safe had only just arrived. Mat got out some biscuit for me, sent him on ahead; cook had gone on some time before, and I followed with the meat safe. On the road met the tappaul peon with your last note reporting the last shooting of the "Hairy One" at Nungenpool; enjoyed it, and sympathised with you as I rode along. Did not get to Aunamully till past 2. My box which contained my money would not unlock; broke the key in the attempt; obliged to borrow money from the *Mohher*, or head man. Started at near sun down for Poluchee, eight miles; had written to S—— the road officer there, to say I was coming to dine with him—had not received an answer, which was strange; however, there was no chance of getting my kit up in time for dinner, so I trusted in Providence, and hurried on; lost my way. Got in a little before eight; the bungalow, or more properly hut, all dark; called out "Boy" in desperation, and to my great delight was answered Sār!

Capt. S—— at home? No Sār, that Capt. not live here now. Whose boy are you? Another Captain's, Sār. Where's your master? Master gone in district, not be back for four days. Can you get me some curry and rice? Yes, Sār, every thing done got here—beer, wine, brandy, all things my master left here. I felt inclined to hug the boy, but didn't—he gave me a capital curry and rice; a bed had been left a bed on which I slept, so I managed to rough it pretty well. The boy told me that S—— was coming here to breakfast to-morrow morning on his way to Coimbatore. Yesterday morning S—— arrived and we breakfasted together, he going on to Coimbatore afterwards and I remaining to get my kit off, and starting in the evening per country cart, and here I am. I breakfasted with S—— this morning and the kit came in at noon. Distressed to find one of the little bantam chicks dead, but my afflictions were not over on arriving here, for I found A—— had gone to the hills on sick certificate some time ago, and the house actually swarming with fleas; that house we went to look at of H.'s on the hills, nothing to it, so I have been at work, taking up the mats and scratching myself all day; but this must be sent off. I will answer your five letters! in a day or two, when I am a little more settled. You must make allowances if the sketches are rather under done, as I have not time to fill them in properly. I forgot one affliction: on looking at the bear skins at Poluchee, I found them both utterly spoilt—it was a damp wet night, the night after I shot them, and I suppose that was the ruin of the skins—it is very difficult to preserve a bear's skin even in the very driest weather, so I could hardly expect to save these. I tell you all my afflictions, because they will amuse you, tho' considerably at my own expense, for want of proper management, &c. &c. but I should not be D. H., if I managed things all serenely, should I? You shall hear from me in a day or two, till then—allons.

ROUGH NOTES FROM MY SHIKAR BOOK FOR 1856.

• • BY SITFAST.

HERE we go of a dark night, stumbling every second step and wondering when we shall get our dinner; only been about six hours in the saddle and had nothing to eat since morning—pleasant very! Going through a village we ask a Bengalee to show us the road in the most polite language; the unmannerly

beast slams his door in our faces, (by way of answer) and bars it; human nature, (especially tired and hungry human nature) cannot stand this sort of thing, so dismounting we give our friend a practical lesson, that tricks upon travellers do not always succeed. At last at half past ten we arrived at the little bungalow which was to be our hunting quarter, and soon forgot our troubles, though to tell you the truth ABEL, I was too tired to sleep, (I dare say you have experienced the same feeling.) Next morning (Her Majesty's birth-day) we sallied forth with a goodly array of spears; two of us self and B. being fairly mounted, and the third of our party, young S. on an untried galloway; in fact he had come with us more to see the fun and take his chance of a shot at buffalo, than with the idea of pig sticking.

Had a burst after a young three year old boar and killed; self first spear: whilst standing over him our eyes were gladdened by the sight of three buffaloes rising out of a jheel; they stood in the maidan watching our proceedings. We stole away quietly and, once out of sight, galloped home for the guns. On returning we found them all lying down in the water, so easily got near and gave them a volley as they rose. However none fell, though one looked very sick. Mounting our nags we gave chase; as punishment for my sins, I suppose, I had selected a galloway kindly lent me by a friend, instead of sticking to my own nags who are staunch with either gun or spear, and the consequence was that I was miserably sold; for every time I got alongside and slackened, or rather tried to slacken, speed for a shot, this perverse brute put down his ugly head and pulled like a fiend. All this time friend B. was loading and firing and got some very pretty charges, while S. was engaged somewhere in the rear in single combat with his pony, who would *not* cross a small ditch. After about two miles we came to a nullah and I thought to myself, now or never and so jumping off my nag I ran to the bank and put two bullets into the buffalo as he went slowly up the opposite side which was steep and slippery. I then went in the nullah to try the depth and finding it fordable, helped B. across, and then went back to catch my tat. By the time I got up again, I found B. had brought him down, a fine young bull. Little did you know, oh Poacher! when you lent me that tat, how sorely I should be tempted to shoot the brute.

After this we rode homewards killing three pigs on our way. B. two first spears and self one; all of them smallish boars—total one buffalo and four pigs before breakfast.

About 12 M. a thunderstorm came on and cooled the air nicely, but made the ground so wet that we did not go out in the afternoon.

On the 25th started at 6 a. m. and beat a long time for pigs without any luck; at last got a fellow out in the open and killed, after a good sharp burst of three quarters of a mile—self first spear, missed twice, but owing to the bay being so well in hand, circled round a third time and got the spear before the others came up. Then started a fine boar, who nearly got away by dodging in amongst bushes and villages; however, by perseverance we pushed him through into the open again, and were running him hard, self leading, when he ran towards a group of natives who were cutting jungle—I holloed out to them to take care, but they stupidly stared at me and did not see the pig who burst in amongst them, knocked one poor fellow over into a dry nullah, about ten feet deep, and following him, stood ripping him in the most savage way. I did not know what to do, as I could not get at the pig, and was afraid of pinning the man if I threw my spear; however, determined to risk it, I threw my spear which just grazed the pig's back and struck harmlessly in the mud; this, fortunately, took off his attention, and leaving the man he turned his fury on the spear, which he chewed up into splinters; looking round I saw B. and young S. who had lost sight of us, and galloping to them got young S's. spear and with B. followed up the pig who had now come out of the nullah and was making straight for the river; determined to kill him, and knowing that he must escape if he reached the river, we put on all steam and killed him in the mud at the water's edge. B. first spear—returning we found the wounded man alive, but awfully cut, and I fear he must have died but we could not ascertain, as his friends took him away to his home in another district. We gave him as many rupees as we could muster at the time.

Soon after this we found another boar and killed after a good run, B. first spear again—this fellow was killed in rather difficult ground, amongst bushes and small trees. My spear broke off short in piggy's ribs, and I lost the head a few minutes after by stupidly putting it in my coat pocket, when of course it cut its way through the flannel. After this, one more run, self first spear, and then home, total four pigs. In the evening crossed the H. river and took up our quarters in the little bungalow at N.; our nags had to swim the river but they got over without accident.

We here met a most civil darogah, who sent out in all directions to get khubber of buffaloes; unfortunately none were to be seen or heard of in the neighbourhood. This was most aggravating, as we fully counted on getting some at this place. Consoling ourselves with a good swim in a clear tank, we

turned in for the night, determined to have a look for buffaloes with our own eyes. Accordingly, cock-crow found us in our saddles, with our rifles, and a due proportion of spears, in case the shooting failed. We passed two monstrous boars luxuriating in a jheel, and searched for a long time without seeing hoof or horn. Giving it up as a failure, we proceeded to circumvent our friends, the pigs; by judicious manangement we induced the largest to break in the right direction and then had a glorious spurt. B. had the start and kept the lead for a good bit, but having the inside of a turn, I got the charge, and a splendid charge it was. I struck him in the eye, and felt the spear jarr against the socket, but he would not be stopped and passed so close that I thought my horse was cut—had it been any nag but my active bay, I think he must have been hurt. Piggy then went fiercely at B. and after five or six noble charges, died game, without a groan. This was the finest boar which we saw this trip. We went home, had breakfast and then moved off, bag and baggage, to our former ground; on the way killed a pig, B. first spear; this was one of those lurching brutes, dodging into bushes and trying to get off without fighting.

Arrived at the H. river we found the tide running out like a mill-race, so had to cool our heels for two mortal hours, till the water went down and even then had great difficulty in getting the nags over; did not get to our old bungalow till noon—very hot work riding under a May sun. In the afternoon went out for the last time; found a clipping boar at once, and had a very sharp gallop over good ground and killed, self first spear; found another and after a good run slipped my spear into his shoulder as he was jumping at me, and it came out under his tail and projected at least a foot, this of course whipped the spear out of my hand and the villain broke it with his teeth, then B. came up and his horse being unsteady he missed his spear, and the boar got his stirrup iron in his mouth and bent it up like wire, tearing the stirrup leather out of the spring clip of the saddle; fortunately B's. foot was not hurt. Another spear did for the boar, who, however, had the satisfaction of breaking the best spear I ever had. One more run, when B. got the spear, and then home. Thus ended a jolly trip, one buffalo and thirteen pigs in three mornings and one afternoon, between two of us, for young S. had no nags; however, he enjoyed himself and will go better prepared next time. We should have had a better bag but we were short of horses, and the ground was very much flooded, which took it out of them. Spears were thus divided, B. six and the ending of the buffalo and self seven. If this simple story is of any use to the book which all sportsmen

should support, it will have fully answered the wishes of the writer.

P. S.—The ground, &c., has been already so well described by MEGNA, that I will not attempt “to gild the lily.” I hope he will soon give us another instalment of his Moonings. I am now done with Bengal and half batta, but shall be happy to write you a line or two anent Shikar, from our next station, if you wish it.

☞ Those who say Aye, say Aye; those who say No say No,—the Ayees have it.

A. E.

RIDING DOWN A BUSTARD.

BY J. J.

IN the part of the old county I come from, the saying goes—“That facts are chields that winna ding and daurna be disputed!” Accordingly in future I suppose I must not call riding down a bustard a fiction. Nevertheless and notwithstanding N. T. had better not draw a general inference from a single fact, or even two, as I hope to shew him presently.

On the arrival of No. IV, we had a committee on the subject at the billiard room. One of the members had heard of this before, but knew no particulars.

The conclusion we came to was, that before we could admit that it was a fair case of riding down a bustard some further details were necessary.

I conclude it was not fired at when its companion was killed; if it was, the business may be considered settled at once.

As far as we could make out, the chase seemed to have lasted about half an hour, and we therefore would like to know if this guess is correct, also what distance the bird may be supposed to have flown, and above all, if injured or sick in any way?

There are at least four of us here who have seen, literally, hundreds of bustards; but as none of us ever tried to ride one down, we cannot, of course, speak from experience in the matter.

But we have all of us seen them fly such distances, and with such speed, that we believe the Loodianah bird was sick or hurt.

Though the bustard is a heavy bird and rises with difficulty from the ground, yet when fairly on the wing, its flight is not

slow, and even birds severely wounded, will fly for miles if they can get off the ground.

Of this I can give two instances in particular, from my own experience, and I select these two, simply because the first one bears upon the case at Loodianah, and the next because I can say with certainty something of the distance.

The first case occurred at Tundiale, (the first march out of Loodianah,) about the middle of April.

I had slipped a brace of dogs at a fox, which going into a barley field was lost, and while looking for it I came upon a hen bustard. My gun was new, but the only shot I had of any size was No. 3. The consequence was, that though by walking behind my horse I got pretty close, yet the bird did not fall. She was hit by both barrels, the first in particular knocking out a heap of feathers, and causing the bird to give that explosive call mentioned in No. II. Seeing that it was not likely to fall, I got on my horse and galloping as hard as possible tried to keep the bird in sight, but though I was mounted on as good and game a little Arab as ever ran before a tail I was beaten hollow, the bird never even trying to settle as far as I could keep it in sight.

The next time was at one of our coursing meetings, when there were eight bustards and I stalked them behind my camel, getting within about forty to fifty yards.

• I picked out a large cock for the first barrel and brought him down. • Seeing he was apparently safe I fired the second barrel (with a cartridge) and I suspect missed.

What was my astonishment on turning round to find No. 1 on the wing and sailing away as if not hurt. He passed over a village some three miles off and was supposed to have gone to a bheer at least three miles beyond this. At all events he most certainly passed over the village at a pace that would have made the Flying Dutchman's tail shake.

It is true that one fact is generally supposed to be equal to any given amount of fiction, and also that what has been done once ought to be done again, yet if my ambition had been set upon being Pope something or other of Pious memory, I fear me, that notwithstanding NOSING TOM's good wishes, my chance is but a hazy one. •

But none of us here found our opinions upon any particular occasion of a bustard making a long flight. We do it on our general knowledge of the habits of the bird, having all of us seen them over and over again go clean out of sight without ever making an attempt to settle.

And it must be borne in mind, that I am not alluding to birds flying out of sight and reach of a man on foot, but that all our

sport here after large game is carried on on camels, and that not only can we see much more readily than a man on foot, but a few miles more or less in a day's sport is of no consequence whatever, generally speaking,

Now that the question has been mooted we may perhaps have some more remarks on it. In the meantime allow me to draw your correspondent's attention to the following facts.

On the 16th October 1854, a greyhound bitch pup of mine caught a likh, and during that autumn, she and her sister each caught a quail, and in every case the birds were fairly on the wing.

In the case of the likh, four or five of my dogs were with me in a bheer, where the grass was about knee deep, and, it being early in the morning, very wet with dew.

They were all scenting about a tuft of grass, when the likh got up right in the middle of them. The bird was wet and had some difficulty in getting up, but it was probably four or five feet from the ground, when the bitch made a spring and caught it by the foot, and killed it immediately.

I had ridden up to see what they were hunting for, and was not five yards off when the bird was caught. So I got off and brought it home in my pocket.

The quails were both caught in the same way, by the dogs making a spring at them after they had risen from the grass.

So, if one fact or even two, will do to draw a conclusion from, we might say that likh and quail can be caught on the wing by greyhounds.

I have to thank NOSING TOM for telling me how to cook bustard. One of the modes he mentions I have tried long ago, and when it is properly carried out it is good and no mistake. With regard to florikan, what would N. T. say to a part of the country where eighty were bagged by one gun in eight consecutive days, the largest bag in one day having been eighteen.

Florikan being thus plentiful, and bustard frequenting the same country, will he allow that we have plenty of opportunities of knowing about bustard?

With regard to another article by T. C. A., he may take my word for it, that bustard in this country don't run, except when going to rise, when they take a few quick steps to get a start.

I hope he has had an opportunity of noting whether they have neck tufts in the Rains.

I have never seen a florikan in the hot weather, but the finest and best plumaged one I have ever seen, was shot by myself in the Euzofzaie country in the month of February, and I have seen bustard in full feather here in the cold weather, and others in indifferent plumage in the Rains. Their time of moulting I suspect depends a good deal on the age of the bird.

ELEPHANT CATCHING IN THE PATULLEE DHOON.

BY SILANEE.

DEAR SIR,—In case any of your readers might wish for a description of a mode of catching wild elephants, which has been recently adopted, I take the liberty of sending you the following short account of an expedition made by me, for the purpose of beholding this kind of shikar. Early in March last, I started in search of Captain Filgeer, who was at that time engaged catching wild elephants for the Government, and after various wanderings, including losing myself one night in the Sal forest, I finally discovered the above mentioned individual near the eastern terminus of the Sewalik range. I must here be allowed to remark, that if any person wishes to practise the Red Indian art of finding his way through a dense wilderness, the Sal forest at the foot of the hills on a dark night will afford a fine opportunity, but a prudent man would make preparations for finding himself in the morning, at the back of beyond, or some equally well defined locality, of course barring tigers, breaking his neck by tumbling into elephant pits, &c., &c. Filgeer having brought down a number of elephants which had lately been caught, we proceeded to deposit these same in a fine tope of mangoe trees, near the village of Sonatpore. The comforts of these beasts having been provided for, and their happiness ensured, so far as shade, water, and plenty of food can confer elephantine happiness, and the spies reporting a kind of wild hattis, to be in the neighbourhood, it was resolved to attempt their capture, but without much hope of success, as chasing them seldom answers in the plains. We had about fifteen elephants in all, each of which being provided with a small post, on which was placed a coil of stout rope, and one or two phandets, we proceeded silently in Indian file through the forest. These phandets or noosers are dirty rascals, but rather affect the Adonis, tying back their hair with ribands, and altogether the scene reminded me somewhat of a circus at home, where you may remember those romantic youths who do the Arab of the desert, or the horseman of the wild, with flowing locks and a sort of half feminine costume: well! the Arabs of the desert in this instance, having as they supposed, got the herd between them and the hills, suddenly formed line and rapidly advanced in that direction. There was every sign of wild elephants having very

recently moved off, but we were not blessed with the sight of any, however, like the Alchymists of old, though not attaining the grand object of our endeavours, we yet did some good; for during the following night, the herd made off into the hills, in the direction we had intended to follow, thereby increasing the chance of future capture, and it is very probable that our intrusion into their domains, had suggested this sudden march. Before making this attempt, Filgeer had hinted that the less noise the more likelihood of success, so I did not dream of firing at the numerous cheetul, pigs, &c., which appeared, but it was rather tantalizing to see groups of them standing near at hand, having apparently acquired a supreme contempt for us, and I dare say were mentally taking sights at men who could not produce one single bang; nay! I saw one old stag, kick up his behind with a flourish, as if reference to that part of his person were the only notice to be taken of such a set of muffs. I was reduced to taking imaginary shots, and I assure you Mr. Editor, I never before or since fired with such continued precision. The next day we entered the lower hills, and arriving at the village of Simmul Chour while breakfast was being prepared, Filgeer and I were mooning about, meditating, as hungry men will do, on the approaching delights of coffee, eggs, bread and butter, &c., when behold! we suddenly came upon a wild elephant, a huge beast! Now don't be impatient; I must stay a moment to make another remark. The first sight of a wild elephant disappointed me, he looked so uncommonly like a tame one, though his size was certainly great, and he had taken the trouble to bedaub himself all over with mud, just as you used to plaster your hair with pomatum, when you were a hobbledohoy, and fancied it rendered you painfully fascinating. Well! we were fascinated for a moment, when the monster slowly turned round towards us, and then bore down in our direction whereupon we Lilliputians vanished. The rascal then entered a narrow ravine, which was known to have no other outlet, and Filgeer proposed that we should dig an ayie or pitfall at this entrance, but just as we were bringing the tools for this great work of art, we perceived my lord, the big elephant stalking forth again, he then went on his way and we saw him no more. Perhaps you'll be asking why did we not bring the tame elephants to collar him? I asked this, and was told that our elephants were in bad condition, having been hard worked for many weeks: that none of them had sufficient size or strength to cope with this wild fellow, who would show fight, and the result would probably have been the deaths of elephants, perhaps of men. After this little business, we went on to the village of Kinna Nowlee, where elephants were re-

ported to be, but an attempt we made failed, I believe owing to some noise having been made before the beasts were encompassed; however, in a day or two, we tried again in a place near the Patullee Dhoon, and I'll just describe the process. The spies becoming aware of the presence of elephants in a certain ravine, we proceeded to the lower end of it, and drew up a line of tame *hatis* across the entrance, then about two hundred hill men, with matchlocks, (from which powder only was to be fired) were divided into two parties, and sent up each side of the ravine, with injunctions to silence and concealment, the latter easy enough, but you know how difficult silence is to natives; however, Filgeer seemed to have his brave army in good order, and comparatively they did not kick up a row. Some remained at intervals on the flanks of the ravine, while others with their head man attained the further end which was announced by a prolonged whistle; whereupon arose one universal howl, yell, screech, hoot, ha, ha, and yah, yah, yah, in fact, a sort of war whoop, which would have delighted the heart of the last of the Mohicans; nevertheless, it did not seem to delight the elephants, for we frequently heard them crashing about, and after one or two attempts to break through the screechers, and being driven back by sheer disgust at the infernal noise, and banging of guns, they boldly came down at us, but turned out to be only two in number, a female about nine feet high, and a good sized butcha. There were two elephants in front of us, but on the approach of the wild ones, they turned tail, and not moving off quickly enough, the wild female curled up her trunk and came at one of them with a screech, and gave him such a considerable dig in the ribs, as sent him off at double quick time: the wild one now came right at the elephant on which Filgeer and I were seated, which though uneasy, stood firm, and we saluted the outrageous lady with sundry charges of shot and small pistol balls about the face, this caused her to hesitate, and we promptly followed up the treatment, she slowly turned and retreated, and getting into difficult ground, was mobbed by our elephants, and she and her child secured; there were some little difficulties in getting them home, as the two frequently stopped to remonstrate with their escort of tame elephants, but the latter administered such gentle hints, as finally landed the pair in camp. The elephants having in this case, charged us so soon after being disturbed, was contrary to their usual custom, as they generally vibrate for some time between the line of tame elephants and the beaters, this is to be desired as running up and down the ravine they become exhausted, and can then be secured with comparative safety to themselves and others. You will understand that the

beaters keep approaching the line of tame elephants, and thereby contracting the space yet left to the wild ones. Now comes the crisis, and a very ticklish crisis it is; should the wild fellows charge your line, *some* will be almost certain to escape, so you must catch what you can, making sure of those once seized upon, but should the wild ones sulk, you quietly advance the line of tame elephants, always trying to preserve the line completely across the ravine, and you mob the rascals as you come upon them, either singly, or two or three at a time; in each case, directly an elephant has been mobbed, you must throw two or three phands over his head, these remain attached to tame elephants, or fastened to trees; also, you must quickly tie his hind legs, afterwards when you wish to remove him to camp, you can slacken this rope a little, to enable him to walk along by short steps. Filgeer tells me that he had much trouble at one time, and it was very disheartening, when, after enclosing a herd, his men let them out again, either through fear or want of discipline; of course there's some danger, especially to those on foot, who the elephants seem to think are the fellows that ought to be chevied, and the tame elephants, their immediate enemies, who must be charged and struggled with; but they don't appear to think of picking off those who are perched on the tame elephants, and who, if they only knew it, are the persons who throw those embarrassing nooses and urge on the elephants they ride. I trust this will give you a general idea of the system pursued, though, as you may imagine, a variety of incident attends each captive. Leaving the two captives at this camp, we marched down the Patullee Dhoon, passing by the bazar of Sirra-kee-row, and turning to the north followed the course of the Mundala river, finally arriving at Chamulcherria: here elephants were again reported by some of Filgeer's spies, and having made pretty much the same *bundabust* as that last described, four wild elephants approached our line, but alas! I have now to relate a severe blow and some discomfiture; perhaps, owing to our recent success, we were too eager and confident; whatever the cause, no sooner had the wild elephants after seeing our line, retreated, than a grand rush was made after them, and the whole thing converted into a chase, when of course, the wild ones had the best of it. Filgeer and I remained behind our elephant, and after a while, perceived a large female coming towards us, pursued, but at some distance, by a party of four people; twice we got in front of this beast and so bothered and delayed her with charges of shot, &c. as to afford time for the tame elephant to come up, and had the phandets done their duty, no doubt she might have been secured, but these gentry whose trade is elephant catching, showed symptoms

of that peculiar condition of the mind, commonly known as funk, but though taunting and urging on each other, no Douglas was found to bell the cat, in other words, no one would approach sufficiently near to throw the phand with effect; the wild one, on recovering her wind, went, to my amazement, clean over the tops of the hills, travelling up and down places more suited to cats or monkeys and escaped, as she deserved too, after showing such incredible agility. On returning to the original ravine, we found a great crowd and hubbub, and began to congratulate ourselves on having at least caught one elephant, when *exit ridiculus mus*, in the shape of an exceedingly small butcha; this specimen of the rising generation was very wrathful and doing his best to upset everybody, however, as he was of very little value, it was doubtful whether he'd live, and would have made such a horrid row in camp, as to have frightened away any wild elephants that might be in the neighbourhood, he was let go, and trotted off in the direction taken by his mother, grumbling his dissatisfaction at the indignity which had been offered him. It certainly is exciting, being in the crush of a number of elephants, though you feel yourself very small indeed, and it is advisable to hold on tight, as of all the times you could pick out for falling off your pad this is the *very* worst, for once down amongst those gigantic feet and your condition could only be portrayed to the mind, by the word *squashed*—pressed, squeezed, or crushed, are all too mild, nothing but *squashed*, will do it. No more elephants being reported, I left Filgeer; on my road down, I stayed one night at Kinna Nowlec: shortly after turning in, a man came to say that elephants were about; I went to look, and found four or five just outside camp, they were standing idling about in the moonlight, occasionally picking at the branches and making believe to eat. I thought the scene might have looked well on canvas, and your humble servant shivering in his shirt behind a tree would have made a noble fore-ground; having no means of catching, I thought it better not to disturb them. At this place I picked up the two captives, and took them down to Sonatpore; the elder behaved well, but the younger appeared to be an elephant of low tastes, and would have preferred remaining in a state of barbarism, the only symptoms of a dawning civilization, were that in going along the road he performed a sort of polka at intervals, to his own music. Shortly after I left Filgeer he bagged at one haul nine elephants, and he tells me that on this occasion the beasts became savage and took to chasing the men who were on foot, several of whom were obliged to drop down considerable falls to escape them, luckily none were hurt; shortly afterwards, Filgeer got four more elephants, and that closed the campaign. You will be

surprised when I tell you that this officer has, during the last season, caught upwards of fifty elephants; now considering that he had no elephants trained to the work, had to originate the mode of capture I have attempted to describe, was opposed by several influential natives, and had some kind friends foretelling his failure, I suppose, by way of keeping up his heart, I think you will agree with me, that under these adverse circumstances, great credit is due to him for his success. I am told that men had been employed for many years, by native potentates, to catch elephants in the jungles skirting the hills, but the numbers caught seldom exceeded five or six in a season, and mostly very small, and his Highness being satisfied with this, there was nothing to quicken the inventive powers of these men, or to stimulate their cunning to such stratagems as would render the habits of the wild elephants themselves conducive to their own capture: had the idea of hunting them in the hills ever occurred to the natives, they would surely have practised it, as the ravines there form a sort of natural enclosure or trap, and the elephants seldom attempt to escape over the hill tops, unless injudiciously chevied. This elephant-catching business is no sinecure, for exclusive of the trouble attendant on a large establishment of jungles, considerable anxiety accompanies the chase itself; suppose you have almost surrounded a herd, somebody makes a mistake, or there may be a Mr. Winkle amongst the matchlock men, whose gun *will* go off at the wrong time in spite of him, and away go the elephants for miles: as in nearly every kind of sport you must expect horrid disappointments occasionally, you remember what Burn's says of the best laid plans of mice or men. It is supposed, that the country lying between the Ganges and Kosilah, contains between two and three hundred wild elephants, and it might be unwise to hunt them to extermination, thereby killing the goose, &c., whether some excluded portion of the country could be set apart for them, forming a sort of elephantine Eden, or what plans are intended, I am unable to say, but doubtless some means will be adopted to preserve at least a nucleus of these valuable animals, which are considered of a superior breed, having great powers of endurance, and being generally very hardy.

At present, they appear to roam about the lower hills, occasionally visiting the Sal forest in the plains, the people at the foot of the range told me that they frequently saw them during the rains on the slopes of the hills, looking at a distance like large buffaloes. When these beasts have been caught, though there's no cutting of throats, or twisting of necks, yet it's rather melancholy work removing them, as they seem to bewail their fate in being led away from their green jungles, where they

had such a merry time of it, and I certainly felt gratified when the little fellow was let go; probably those employed in their capture look on the matter from the catch'em and keep'em point of view, but like the rest of the world, I felt disposed to deal generously with what did not belong to me. As to shooting wild elephants, being the guest of those employed to catch them, I was not expected to perform with the rifle, and though fond of sport I felt no desire to operate on these beasts, except when they render themselves a nuisance: shooting elephants has always appeared to me unsatisfactory, moreover the great inducement to those who admire the sport are here wanting, viz. danger to be incurred and skill exercised, as from the nature of the ground in these hills, a footman of moderate activity would be very safe, and would have little difficulty in approaching within shot, and tuskers seem to be very scarce. During my stay at Sonatpore I saw a female elephant that had been re-caught, about six weeks before, being an old runaway. They said she gave more trouble than an entirely wild one, however she appeared to be gradually accommodating herself to the regulations of society, but I did not envy the position of the coolie who rode her down to water every day; just suppose yourself, Mr. Editor, being carried off bodily, by a runaway elephant into some remote wilderness, what would become of the great *Sporting Review*? The wild females appear to be nearly always in an interesting condition, or are accompanied by a small calf, frequently both these pleasing adjuncts are found; there was at Sonatpore one of these little wretches about a fortnight old, born in camp; he was hardly so big as an Indian donkey, and rather groggy on his legs; his great delight was to get any one to play with him, you were required to hold out your hand for him to butt against, just as you have seen natives play with a goat, and when tired with his exertions he used to lie flat down on his side and go to sleep.

Filgeer has a few men who trace the wild elephants sometimes for days together, and when they find the beasts in favorable ground, they send him word: one of these spies told me that on a certain occasion he was watching a herd of elephants, when a tiger attempted to seize one of two or three butchas; on this the *hattis* formed themselves into a body, placing the calves in the middle; the old tiger kept sidling about, watching for an opportunity, but whenever he approached, the *hattis* rushed at him, and he rapidly retired, at last the elephants moved off, keeping their formation; this may not be all gospel, but Filgeer did not think there was anything wildly improbable in the story. I believe it requires about five or six months to tame these

elephants; when first caught they make such strenuous efforts as to tighten the ropes on their hind legs, thereby producing a raw, and the flies bully them dreadfully in consequence; this is partially remedied by some *dewaie*, which looks nasty and smells worse; these sores afford an opportunity of making advances; one man takes a long branch, and does a little fly flapping, the beast feels gratified, and permits the delicate attention, then another man comes with some *goor* in his hands, and presents a piece from a respectful distance, the elephant puts it in his mouth, but before proceeding to chew, he steadily regards the donor, as if asking whether it be honor 'bright, or it's being tried to sell him a bargain; but finding it all right, he eats that, and holds out his trunk for more: by these and such like arts they gradually make friends.

Now after all this long yarn about elephants, perhaps you might like some mention of the general sport, and style of country, how Filgeer and I hit this beast, missed that, didn't get the other, and all the rest of it; and may be, if they do not create me Governor General, or the cholera does not give a step to those rascals, my juniors, you may be afflicted with another visitation from me.

SOMETHING CONNECTED WITH SPORT.

BY T. C. A.

"I cannot think but thought
On thought springs up, illimitably, round,
As a great forest sows itself; but here—
There is no ground nor light enough to live.

BAILEY'S FESTUS.

DEAR ABEL EAST,—You were good enough to give my "Apology for a Sporting Article," a local habitation in your *Review*. The *Delhi Gazette* has received No. 48, and on coming across my article says, regarding my statement about the price of bustards:—"If the statement be correct, and we have no right to doubt it, that bustards sell at two and four annas each, they must be plentiful in Bundlekund." This is coming to a very hasty conclusion. I have written to the *Delhi* on the point, because I would not intentionally mislead one of your readers for the world. I have written as follows:—"As

the view you have taken about my statement about the price (and therefore the abundance) of bustards here might be the cause of misleading your readers, allow me to set you right at once.

"We have not had an offer of one this year.

"There are one or two men who seem to live by netting birds, and monkeys, which they bring round for sale, anything is *fish* to them, so long as it gets into their nets. Last year, several bustards were brought round *alive*, with their eyes sewn up—and sold for two and four annas each, and I was present at the eating of two of them—and enjoyed them much. The men who net them of course do not know their value—or they would not sell them so cheap. An officer in my regiment gave *one rupee for a mullet* (the only one of the year in 1854) and last year the same man sold me an only one for four annas (though he wanted a *dib*). If one person gave more than the "nirik" we should have things very dear here, or worse, we who generally buy from those that come round would be sold, because they would get more elsewhere.

"I am very anxious to get a bustard this year, to give J. J. of the *Sporting Review*, the information he wants.

"I think in justice to me, you should make *a note* of what I have just written to you, as people may run away with the idea that we are the *bloated* aristocracy of the land, eating bustards by the hundreds, and grinding down the noses of the poor bird catchers—Bus!"

There, I hope I have been explicit enough.

Touching the subject of the mullet aforesaid—let me enlighten your readers about this fish—as far as the late Duke of Portland was concerned. In a *brochure* called "The Art of Dining"—I find as follows:—"The late Duke of Portland was in the habit of going to Weymouth during the summer months, for the sake of the *red mullet* which formerly abounded there. The largest used to be had for 3*d.* or 4*d.* a piece, but he has been known to give *two guineas for one weighing a pound and a half*. His grace's custom was to put all the livers together, into a butter-boat, to avoid the chances of inequality; very properly considering that to be helped to a mullet in the condition of an East Indian nabob, would be too severe a shock for the nerves or spirits of any man. The mullet have now nearly deserted Weymouth, for the coast of Cornwall, whither we recommend the connoisseur to repair in the dog-days, taking care to pay his respect to the *Dories* of Plymouth on the way—and he will have the pleasure of following the example of Quin."

The mullet is called—*mulet* in French:

Mullus in Latin, and *μύλλος* in Greek—and belongs to the genus—*Mugil*. It is thus described in another work. "The

lips are membranaceous, the inferior one carinated inward; it has no teeth, and the body is of a whitish colour. This fish frequents the shore, and roots in the sand like a hog." It is called, in Forbes's Dictionary by the following names—*parhin-ariwari*;—*pathar-chatta*;—*lapchi*;—*bo, ali*.

In Spain it is called—"albur, mugil—cesalos, yen algunas partes de Espana llaman al dicho pescado, lissa."

Albura means whiteness in Spanish,—and *mugil* evidently names the species to which it belongs.

Again, I must return to bustards. The little book I referred to above, has this about

Fisher, of Duke Street, St. James's—the best poulterer in London.

"He recently sent a fine bustard to Windsor, *price 7½ guineas.*" It would be wicked if I neglected to quote from the same source, the receipt for "sauce for wild ducks," when roasted.

1	salt spoon salt,
$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$	cayenne,
1	dessert spoon lemon juice,
1	" " pounded sugar,
1	" " ketchup,
2	" " harvey,
3	" " port wine,

to be well mixed, heated, and poured over the bird, it having been previously sliced, so that the sauce may mix with its own gravy. The duck must not be too much roasted, and must be put in the dish without any thing."

Commend me to a good *pin-tail* roasted and treated as above, and if there is a better dish, let me hear of it, and when found, I'll warrant you, I will be very careful in taking Cap'en Cuttle's advice "to make a note of it."

One of the nicest dishes a man can have is a good *Ortolan* curry; and the best way to treat quails, is to put them into an empty jam jar, and serve them up, hot, after having boiled down a dozen of them for gravy, adding butter, pepper, &c. &c. The grey partridge, fit for nothing else, makes excellent gravy, and when you wish to economise your quails, it would be advisable to bag a brace or two of these birds, to turn into soup.

Last year I almost *quacked*—I consumed so many ducks and teals, and as for snipes, the name is a caution. I believe the whole race of ducks and snipes is extinct. It was a case of ducks and teal and snipe for breakfast—ditto for tiffin—and ditto for dinner. I can call to mind many a jolly evening at Hansi, where a sociable set of men sat down to a dinner as above, washing down the dainty luxuries with the creamy Bass or Allsopp. In another month or so, I look forward, like

the greediest of Sybarites, and naughtiest of Olivers—for more. My unities of tongue and stomach crave more—that is to say, if Emerson is right, when he says:—"The unities of each organ are so many little organs homogeneous with their compound; the unities of the tongue are little tongues; those of the stomach, little stomachs; those of the heart, are little hearts." This extract will be found in his lecture on "Swedenborg"—a lecture well worth an attentive perusal, as all the books of Swedenborg himself deserve. Emerson tells us however that his printed works *alone*—amount to about fifty stout octavos, of which about one half, are of a scientific nature. It would require us to be two or three Southseys rolled into one, to digest so much pabulum—from one author's brain.

And now, I ask your patience, whilst I turn to an article, exceedingly interesting, and of a sporting character, inasmuch as it treats of birds that were eaten in the sixteenth century. It will be found at page 7 of volume 14 of *Household Words* (the number for last July) and is entitled "Bird History."

In it, we are told that a French Physician named Peter Belon, left France in 1547, being 28 years of age at the time, and travelled through Germany, Bohemia, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, and Asia Minor, and returned in three years to Paris. He had made Natural History a study—and being ashamed of the ignorance of his countrymen on this head he published the knowledge he had acquired. His book on Ornithology was printed in 1555, &c., &c. He considers fowls' eggs are the best, and believes that they "are supposed by many in France to assist greatly in prolonging life." He also gives the preference to long eggs—which are better than round eggs.

In McCulloch's, Commercial Dictionary—it appears that France exports something like 60,000,000 eggs annually—and these at 4 a dozen shows a trade amounting to £83,000 per annum—and when all costs have been put upon them, their sale probably yields at 10d. a dozen, £213,000.

The duty on them, in 1829, amounted to £22,189.

But to return to our *undas*. He is a great admirer of poached eggs (œufs pochés)—but plain boiled eggs (time 3½ minutes) he prefers to roasted ones.

He says that the young of vultures used to be eaten in Crete—near Voplèsmeni, and that they are very good. He most naively informs us that the inhabitants think "the old birds are not good to eat, because they feed on carrion;" but it is quite a mistake, for "falconers say the hawk, vulture and falcon are excellent meat, and being roasted or boiled, like poultry, are found to be well-tasted and tender." As the reviewer in *Household Words* adds, let me say—"Fancy a tender vulture!"

He gives a *carte* of French luxuries, which I extract.

"Pilgrim capons; lions made of the white meat of pullets; wild boar venison with chestnuts; diamond-pointed jelly; goslings dressed with malvoisie; feet (whose feet?) with infernal sauce (*pieds à la sauce l'infer*); counterfeit sea-hog; laurelled quails; partridges with capers; veal sausages; hop salad; chestnut butterflies; golden backed woodcock pasties; oscheel pasties; plumed peacocks; tipsy cake (*gâteaux jospeux*); little cabbages all hot (*petits chony touschauds*) and pomegranate salad."

I must refer you and your readers to the article for more of the same quaint bird literature. I began with Bailey's Festus—and will end with him by saying—

"Worthy Books

Arc not companions, *they are solitudes*

We lose ourselves in them—and all our cares."

THE SONEPORE MEETING, 1856.

BY PEGASUS.

AGAIN it is my pleasing task to record an excellent meeting at Sonapore, with a fuller attendance of Europeans than has been known for years. The first piece of business that took place was the age-ing and measuring of horses, galloways and ponies, which came off in the enclosure at 4 P. M. on Novr. 5th, and produced a considerable gathering and greeting of old friends who had parted at the same place last year. All the maidens who had not been aged in previous years were of course brought up, and several others besides, among the number some very promising Capes, belonging to Major Holmes, of the Irregulars. There was some doubt as to the age of Raebuck, his mouth being that of either a 5 or a 6 years old, but eventually a majority of the Stewards decided (and correctly according to the breeder's certificate,) that he was to run as a 5 year old. Autocrat, a C. B. was another instance of a deceptive mouth, for though undoubtedly a 3 years old last February or March, his mouth made him 4. If his owner had the breeder's certificate, it would have been as well to have shewn it instead of having the horse aged, an option always allowed, and which would, in this case, have satisfied the Stewards.

From the unusually heavy rains and inundation, the course had been more or less under water, until within a fortnight of the Races. It was consequently very heavy indeed, so much so, that it was thought the result of many of the events would be as much affected by it as was that of the Epsom Derby this year by a similar state of things. Had it not been for the unflagging energy of Mr. G——n, the clerk of the course, the running would have come off in something very like a jheel (!), but by cutting drains, &c., it was made as good as was possible under the circumstances. Two or three days before the Races we had a copious shower, which made the tents a little uncomfortable for the time, and had its due effect on the running. As for the entrances, Mr. Monghyr had Babylonian and Legerdemain, Rejected and Grace Lee, Platers; and Hippona, King Coil, Kousoo, Isabella, Miss Eglantine, The Worser and Laird of Cockpen, C. B., maidens of the Monghyr stud; and a maiden Arab called Luck's All. Mr. Cloud had the English mare Diana; three Capes, Cossack (Plater), Raebuck and Moonbeam; and two Arabs, Chancery and Gauntlet. Mr. Arthur had two C. Bs., Helen a Plater, and Autocrat a maiden, with the Arab Hotspur, late Mootaic. Mr. Irregular had two maiden Capes, Maydew and Psyche. Mr. Catapult had Mercury; Mr. Burke Pompey; Mr. Rollins Delusion; and Mr. Westport Boomerang. This looks well on paper, but alas! for the ills that horseflesh is heir to! several of these were absent on the day they were wanted. Hippona, a half sister to Grace Lee, and whose appearance I commended last year, came to grief at the end of October, so did Autocrat, a very handsome colt, but to my eye more suited for a park hack than a race horse. Pompey got a severe attack of illness which placed him *hors de combat*, Psyche got a bad cough, and Delusion was put out of work in September, I believe. Mr. Monghyr did not wish, nor would it have been advisable, to run more than one of his maidens, and so altogether the list was sadly reduced.

On Wednesday, the 5th, we had the first ordinary; for the Arab Derby, the three entered were declared to start, and Mr. Cloud's two to run on their merits. Gauntlet was not in good order, and the "talents" thinking that nothing but wonderful good fortune could take Luck's All first past the post, Chancery was the favorite.

In a 50 G. M. lottery,

Chancery sold for	11 G. Ms.
Luck's All ,,	6 ,,
Gauntlet ,,	4 ,,

It was thus plain that any one buying the three would have pocketed 29 G. Ms. ! For the Irregular Cup the opened enve-

lopes announced Raebuck, Moonbeam, Maydew and King Coil as starters. Mr. Cloud did not declare his intentions as to how his two were to run, so they were put in as "Mr. Cloud's stable" in the Lottery.

In a 50 G. M. lottery,

Raebuck and Moonbeam sold for 21 G. Ms.

King Coil " 15 "

Maydew " 5 "

For the Chumparun Cup, only Babylonian and Diana were to show.

In a 36 G. Ms. lottery,

Babylonian sold for 22 G. Ms.

Diana " 13 "

There was then a lottery for the maiden hacks for which I did not wait.

Thursday, November 6th.—The first event came off at half past seven, and afforded as fine a race as ever was seen between the three Arabs, there not being a clear neck between the lot. When the jockies weighed for the Irregular Cup it was discovered that Moonbeam would carry 13lbs. and Maydew 6lbs. over weight! Of this not the slightest announcement was made at the ordinary, and I must again repeat what I said on this subject in 1853, *viz.* that there *ought* to have been, for the backers of the two mares were quite justified in saying they were "up a tree." The result of the race was a second victory for Mr. Cloud whose luck was steady throughout the day. Maydew was ridden or rather (if I may be allowed to coin a word) mis-ridden by a groom who had never previously figured in the racing pigskin, and a fine mess he made of it; but for this, in the opinion of the jockies who rode in the race, the beautiful cup would have remained in the hands of its generous giver. King Coil who was a great favourite with some, was no where at the finish, and some money was won by those who were judges of what a race-horse should be like, by betting against him, a few of the Dinapore Division having fancied him strongly. The Chumparun Cup gave us a very unsatisfactory match between Babylonian and Diana, for they went about as fast as a lady takes her evening ride, until they turned into the straight and then they raced to the chair. Diana who had a little the best of it all the way defeating the "crack" amidst the shouts of the Chuprah folk. I call it unsatisfactory as it was a mere trial of speed for a quarter of a mile. The result astonished the public not a little, and if the Chuprah stable had been as confident *before* as they were elated *after* the race they would have landed a good stake. To give any idea of this and of the real good luck that attends some chosen children of Dame

Fortune, I may mention that during the race a gentleman was going from place to place loudly vociferating his wish to lay odds on Babylonian, but was not once taken up. It will be recollected that the prices for which horses sold in the lottery—22 and 13 G. Ms. respectively—was a good criterion of the favour in which they were held, nevertheless we heard “5 to 3 on Babylonian” offered; no takers, “2 to 1 on Babylonian,” no takers; “5 to 2 on Babylonian;” no takers!

Here are the details of the racing, it being borne in mind that the state of the ground fully accounts for the very bad timing:

The Arab Derby R. C. Sonepore weight for age.

Mr Cloud's	g a h	<i>Chancery,</i>	6 years,	9st 11b	(Curran,)..	1
	b a h	<i>Gauntlet,</i>	6 years,	9st 11b	(Folkes,)..	2
Mr Monghyr's	b a h	<i>Luck's All,</i>	aged	9st 0lb	(Irving,)..	3

A capital start was effected, Chancery taking the lead with Luck's All at his quarters to the first corner where the bay went up to him, and the two ran thus at a slow pace the greater part of the way, Gauntlet being several lengths in the rear of both; near the half mile he began to close up, and Folkes not very judiciously making up his distance through the heaviest part of the course, the three came round the last corner together. Soon after Luck's all was in and trouble for an instant Gauntlet got his head in front; half way up the distance condition and pluck enabled Luck's All to come again, and a magnificent contest ensued between the three. Chancery being pronounced the winner by half a head, and a head only separating the second and third. Time 3m. 30s.

The Irregular Cup value 500 Rs. given by an Amateur for all colonial and C. B. maidens—C. Bs. allowed 5lbs. R. C. Sonepore weight for age.

Mr Cloud's	ch c h	<i>Raebuck,</i>	5 yrs, 8st 12lbs	(Folkes,) I
Mr Irregular's	br bay c f	<i>Maydew,</i>	4 yrs, 8st 11b (deld 6lbs)	(George,) 2
Mr Cloud's	ch c f	<i>Moonbeam,</i>	4 yrs, 8st 11b (deld 13lbs)	(Curran,) 3
Mr Monghyr's	b c b g	<i>King Coil,</i>	5 yrs, 8st 4lbs	(Irving,) 4

King Coil made the running, Maydew and Moonbeam close together next and Folkes waiting as usual with Raebuck. In this order they continued all the way round to the last corner when Raebuck joined the others. The race seemed in doubt until they came to the rails, when King Coil gave way and soon after Moonbeam retired also, on which Maydew went past her on the outside, but was unable to get nearer than a length and a half of Raebuck who won easily. Time 3m. 27½s. During the race 5 to 4 was betted on King Coil and Moonbeam against the other two!

The Chumparun Cup for all horses. R. C. Weight for age, penalties and allowances, &c.

Mr Cloud's	ch e m	<i>Diana,</i>	aged 10st 7lb	(Curran,)	1
Mr Monghyr's	b e h	<i>Babylonian</i>	„ 10st 10lb	(Irving,)	2

Betting at starting 5 to 3 on Babylonian offered and during the race 2 to 1 and 5 to 2.

Diana jumped off with the lead but both disliking the state of the ground they merely cantered to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from which point to the quarter they indulged the spectators with a hand-gallop after which the race commenced, at one time Babylonian got to the mares girth, but was unable to do more and Curran calling on Diana opposite the stand she won cleverly by a length. Time 3. 33 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Maiden Hack Race followed and was won by Mr. Pit-corthie's black filly (owner) beating Rosebud 2nd, Penelope 3rd, and three others, the weights were 9-11 each, except one Arab who carried 9-7, the distance $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, the time one minute.

At the ordinary on Friday, it was formally announced that the Modenarain Cup was to be a walk over for Mr. Cloud's stable, though this was pretty well known before, from the fact of Hippona, Pompey, and Autocrat, being "out of the coach." There was a rumour during the day that Mr. Cloud, pleased with his good fortune, would in order to make a race allow any number of maidens to run, provided they paid an entrance of 15 G Ms., this, however, did not, unfortunately for the public, turn out to be the case. For the 15 G M purse, Boomerang, Annette, Chancery and Hotspur were to run, the old horse having changed hands that morning owing principally to the new purchaser thinking he could win this race in a canter while his former owner intended to reserve him for the Welter.

In a 50 G. M., lottery,

Boomerang sold for.....	12 G. Ms.
Annette „	7 „
Chancery „	7 „
Hotspur „	5

Here again it would have been profitable to have bought the four. For the Monghyr Cup, Grace Lee and Helen had to settle it between them, and the lottery created great interest, but it was impossible to ascertain their prices from it, as the party who drew Helen bought Grace Lee for 17 G. Ms. and then having only himself to pay put an end to the business by bidding 50 G Ms for Helen; the betting however was even. and I heard among others a bet of 50 G Ms laid. Several were declared to start for the Hacks among them that old frequenter of Sonepore Edward Morgan.

Saturday November 8.—This was perhaps the least interesting day of the meeting, the only event exciting much interest being

the Monghyr Cup. After Raebuck had done the needful in the way of a walk over, we had the mile race which gave us an interesting struggle between old Boomerang and Chancery at the startling difference of 25lbs., the Arab just managing to keep Mr. Cloud's colours flying by a neck. It appeared to me that if Boomerang had been kept close behind the leading horse the result would have been different, for it is well known that it is in that position that the old horse runs with a will; he was ridden too without either whip or spurs; of course he never required the former but a tickle with the latter might have roused him close to the post. Mr. Pitcorthie said that the Arab was beaten at the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, and that if he had gone in front he would not have been caught again. Annette did not show in the race, and Hotspur proved his temper to have become worse by bolting off the course as soon as the word was given.

The Monghyr Cup reduced to a match from want of entrances was contested pretty severely by the two daughters of Crassus, the old mare pulling through by three parts of a length. As Grace Lee had been for some time palpably queer about the "understandings" and exhibited symptoms of stiffness, &c. when commencing her exercise Folkes's orders were to rush from the post hard in the hope that the old mare would not be able to get well into her stride until Helen had got so far ahead as to be beyond catching, the plan however was unsuccessful, for the mare held her own from the first. The start for the hacks was as bad as it could be. Hero (10-4) and the winner (9-13) getting off on better terms than the rest, the former was allowed to run himself out through the heavy ground and Nell Gwynne coming to the front a little below the rails won easily by a length and a half in $58\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Rosebud who had been very fractious at the post coming out strong at the finish and obtaining second honors. Hero and Edward Morgan (9-13) next some way behind, the latter was some 50 yards behind at the moment of starting.

A purse of 15 G. M. for all horses. 1 mile. Welter weights.

Mr Cloud's	g a h	Chancery,	aged	8st 7lb	(Mr Hudson,)	1
Mr Arthur's	g aust g	Boomerang,	"	10st 4lb	(Mr Pitcorthie,)	2
Mr Monghyr's	b aust m	Annette,	"	10st 4lb	(Mr Stocks,)	3
Mr Arthur's	brn a g	Hotspur,	"	8st 11lb	(Owner,)	dist.

Betting at starting 6 to 4 against Boomerang, 3 to 1 against Chancery.

On the word being given Hotspur, with whom Mr. Arthur declared to win, extinguished his chance effectually by bolting at the road, in the meantime Chancery cut out the work followed pretty closely by Annette, Boomerang being pulled back and laying a long way behind. There was no change of position

until they got to the heavy ground on the home side of the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post, where Annette, compounded and dropping back to Boomerang, set the old horse (who had got disgusted and left off galloping) going again; he ran up to Chancery at the last corner and laid with him till opposite the stand where he made his effort, but the Arab having still some go left in him, won with difficulty by a neck. Annette a bad third.—Time 2m. 3s.

The Monghyr Cup presented by A. Wallace, Esq. for C. B. got by Stallions of the Monghyr horse breeding establishment. Penalties and allowances, R. C. Weight for age.

Mr Monghyr's	ch c b m	Grace Lee,	aged 9st 7lbs (Irving)	1
Mr Arthur's..	ch c b f	Helen,	4 yrs 8st 8lbs (decl'd 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs) (Folkes)	2

Betting at starting even.

Helen rushed off as hard as she could for the first quarter, when finding the pace had not produced the anticipated effect, Folkes steadied her; on this Grace Lee came up gradually and passed Helen, taking as commanding a lead as Helen had held before, and it was still further increased by a pull taken at the filly through the deep ground. When they turned into the straight running, Helen joined her majestic half sister, and they ran a fast race home, Helen came with a rush a few strides from the post, but could not do it, Grace Lee winning, not without difficulty, by $\frac{3}{4}$ of a length.—Time 3m. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. On returning to scale, the old mares sides were rather a contrast to those of Helen who is always ridden without either whip or spur.

The Hack race was won by Nell Gwynne as described above.

After a quiet Sunday, there was a bit of a bye day on Monday, in the shape of an extempore handicap for hacks who ran for a tankard given by Mr. Cloud. The winner was a game little C. B. mare called Juliet, who carried 10st. 7lbs.; Hero was crushed by 12st. 7lbs. and ran second; five or six others started.

In the evening there was the usual ordinary and a very full attendance. The Civilians Cup, which in a pecuniary point of view was the best stake of the whole meeting, was to call forth the efforts of Diana, Raebuck, Grace Lee and Helen. Mr. Cloud declaring to win with Raebuck; the following prices, however, will show that the public thought Raebuck could not and that Diana would be obliged to win.

In 50 G. Ms. Lottery,

Diana sold for	18 G. Ms.
Raebuck „	10 „
Grace Lee „	7 „
Helen „	6 „

Diana was backed at evens against the field, and Grace Lee at ditto *versus* Raebuck.

I had nearly forgotten to state that a question was raised as to whether the extra weight clause was for winners of the meeting according to the regular terms of the Civilians cup, or for winners any where and in any seasons. Upon the matter being referred to the Stewards, they decided that it was to be as it had been for many years, in short that winners of the meeting only were to carry the three or five pounds extra. The terms of the race were "winners once to carry three pounds extra, twice or oftener five pounds extra." Thus the words "at this meeting" were omitted, probably by carelessness in copying out the terms of the race. Though there were some objectors, and the omission was a mistake which ought not to occur again, I think the Stewards were right in deciding as they did, as the other clauses in the terms of the race were sufficient to shew that the penalties were for winners of the meeting only. "Maidens allowed seven pounds, maidens on the day of the race ten pounds surely if "winners once to carry three pounds extra, twice or oftener 5lbs. extra" did not apply to winners of the meeting, the terms would have been "maidens allowed ten pounds" (at once) "maidens on the day of the race thirteen pounds" &c.

For the Welter a first appearance on the Sonepore stage was announced in the shape of Cossack, a Cape winner; he had to encounter Legerdemain and Boomerang; Legerdemain's condition, and manifest improvement since last year made him the favourite, but the backers of the Chuprah stable were very "sweet" on Cossack while old Boomerang being a beaten horse had few admirers.

In a 50 G. M. lottery,

Legerdemain sold for.....	19	G. Ms.
Cossack, ,, 	17	,,
Boomerang, ,, 	7	,,

An objection was made to Boomerang's starting from a quarter where it should never have come from (the stable who trained him) grounded on the nomination not having been received until the 2nd of October. The Secretary however informed the Stewards that the letter containing the entrance had been in Patna on the 30th of September, and in Chuprah by the 1st October, but was not delivered on that day. Moreover the date of the letter showed that ample time had been allowed for it to reach Chuprah, and the Stewards unanimously decided that the entrance was to hold good.

There was then a lottery for the Arab hacks and then—bed. Tuesday, November 11th, gave us a very good day's racing. The ball opened with the great race for the Civilians cup which was remarkable for a close struggle, and a bad break down; when the latter occurred Grace Lee was going very well and

strong and would have beaten all but the English mare, and here let me remark that a very erroneous idea of the race has been published in the newspapers viz., that Grace Lee was beaten before she broke down; those who had glasses saw plainly that her chance was a good one until she "went" so badly that Peter jumped off, and led her to the stable without passing the post. For the rest Diana pulled very hard all up the straight running and Helen looking dangerous to Raebuck's chance of winning, Curran let the old mare go, and on Raebuck defeating Helen close to the post, he evidently lost his head (indeed Barker says he had to remind Curran that Raebuck was to win), did not pull Diana until too late and when he did instead of leaning back, and bringing his back to it he jerked his mare, the consequence was that it was a dead beat between Mr. Cloud's two; lucky it was no worse, or the backers of Raebuck would have been out of sorts, however, "all's well that ends well, and Raebuck walked over for the second heat. The Welter was carried off very easily by Legerdemain steadily ridden by Mr. Stocks; during the race Boomerang was observed to display various eccentricities, rushing forward and then stopping again &c., the explanation of which turned out to be that Mr. Pitcorthis broke a stirrup leather when they had only gone half a mile and consequently could not hold his horse. Whether he would have won or not had it not been for this unlucky *contretemps* is useless to speculate on here, but the rider of Cossack says that Boomerang would certainly have polished off his "mount." The Arab hacks gave us a pretty race between Rector and Jacob Faithful at 10-7 each, the latter running the longest obtained the judge's *flat* by the shortest of heads. After this that pretty galloway Chocolate (whose beauty is half spoiled by the loss of an eye) receiving a stone from Bruno showed his capability of giving the latter a stone or more by winning by many lengths and terminated the sports of the morning.

The Civilians Cup for all horses, 1½ mile. Weight for age, penalties and allowances.

Mr Cloud's ..	ch c h	Raebuck,	5 years	9st 3lbs	(Barker)	+ 1
————— ..	ch e m	Diana,	aged	10st 10lbs	(Curran)	+
Mr Arthur's ..	ch cb f	Helen,	4 years	8st 4lbs	(decl'd 4½ lbs)	(Folkes) 3
Mr Monghyr's	ch c b m	Grace Lee,		9st 6lbs	(Irving)	dist.

Diana getting well on her legs made strong running for half a mile keeping considerably a head of the others of whom Grace Lee was next, and the rest some lengths behind her. * * * * *

* * * * * Grace gradually overhauled the English mare, and at the mile post deprived her of the lead; when they had gone another half mile the other two closed up, and the four were pretty well together going through the heavy ground. Just

before turning the last corner Grace Lee who at the time looked as well as any thing in the race bar Diana, broke down badly and was pulled up. The others ran a splendid race to the winning post, and Helen being likely to give trouble to Raebuck, Curran was obliged to be "handy," and then forgetting himself, and not pulling Diana back in time, it was as much as he could do to prevent her winning and to make it a dead heat between her and Raebuck. Helen who persevered to the end and ran most gamely was only a short length from the two. Grace Lee did not pass the post. Time 3m. 41s. Raebuck walked over for the 2nd heat.

The Sonepore Welter of 20 G. Ms. for all horses 1½ mile Welter weights.

Mr Monghyr's	b e g	<i>Legerdemain</i> , 11st 4lbs	(Mr. Stocks)	1
Mr Cloud's	ch c h	<i>Cossack</i> , 10st 10lbs	(Mr. Herwald)	2
Mr Arthur's	graust g	<i>Boomerang</i> , 10st 7lbs	(Mr. Pitcorthie)	3

Betting at starting. Even on Legerdemain.

Boomerang pulling hard made running for half the distance, then taking it easy, Legerdemain came along side of him on which he set off again, this was repeated once or twice to the astonishment of the spectators, at the two mile post they all joined issue and came together to near the commencement of the rails where Legerdemain came to the front, and remained there to the end winning in a canter by two lengths, Cossack 2nd Boomerang a good third. Mr. Pitcorthie's stirrup leather broke when they had gone half a mile which accounts for Boomerang's oddities. Time 3m. 10s.; last ¾, 1-34.

Then came the Arab hacks and Galloways, and the third day was concluded.

On Wednesday evening the room was crammed to excess, the principal interest being centred in the Sonepore Cup, and what would go for it. To the disappointment of the legion Babylonian was not to come to the post and the competitors were to be Diana, Mercury and Helen.

In a 50 G. M. lottery,

Diana, sold for.....	30 G. Ms.
Mercury, „	29 „
Helen, „	2 „

Another private 100 G. M. lottery took place when the regular business was over, but was fictitious as to sale of the horses as a griff who drew Diana offered to sell her for 10 G. M. (!) to the owner of Mercury, who jumped at such a chance of making a safe book.

For the Dumraon Handicap four were entered, two being from the Chuprah stable and Raebuck being considered quite able to win by his party, who also wished to spare Moonbeam's maiden,

the mare was drawn. It will be seen that the scale of weights was high, but it was necessary in order to let a European jockey ride Helen; the lottery for this race was chiefly remarkable for the competition for Raebuck who was eventually disposed of for 34 G. Ms. To what extent the biddings would have gone is impossible to say had not one of the bidders had his mouth stopped by a few faithful friends. The price obtained was no test of the estimation of the horse's chance for the race, in as much as even betting Raebuck and Legerdemain was going on at the time.

In a 50 G. M. lottery,

Raebuck, sold for..... 34 G. Ms.

Legerdemain, „ 16 „

Helen, „ 6 „

Thursday, November 13th.—Mr. Arthur having put Helen in both races claimed the privilege of naming the order in which the races were to be run. The handicap came off first and produced a most excellent race, doing credit to the Stewards handicapping; it was doubtful to the last moment whether the English or the Cape horse would carry off the prize, a vigorous effort on part of Peter Irving landing the former by $\frac{3}{4}$ of a length. The hack handicap followed and was won by Edward Morgan carrying 10st. 7lbs. thus turning the tables on Nell Gwynne who got as bad a start on this race as the old “one eye” did on the 2nd day. The great event followed in which Diana accomplished the first *good* performance she ever did in her life. Helen was started more to save Mercury than under any idea she could win, and it was a wonder to many why Mr. Arthur allowed his well known fondness for his mare to be got over for the sake of any horse in the universe. The mare prefers feather weights I think, and considering her previous severe race, her performance for the two miles was not only better than any thing she has done yet but a feather in her cap. During the race three to two was betted once or twice on Mercury, offers to “do it again” were not accepted. Diana's triumph was hailed by her admirers as loudly as on the last occasion. The Planter's cup, another piece of private generosity, came next, in which Penelope spilt her rider, occasioned two false starts and finally refused to go at all; the winner was Gossack. A poney race of which the first heat came off before the race for the Planter's cup wound up the proceedings and was won cleverly by Kiss-me-quick who is likely to have it all her own way now that Jenab-i-ali has “retired from the turf.”

The Dumraon Cup. Handicap for all horses. R. C.

Mr Monghyr's..	b e g	<i>Legerdemain,</i>	1st 11lbs	(Irving	1
Mr Cloud's....	ch c h	<i>Raebuck,</i>	9st 12lbs	(Curran)	2
Mr Arthur's ..	ch c b f	<i>Helen,</i>	8st 12lbs	(Folkes	3

Moonbeam (9-2) declared forfeit.

Raebuck led all the way closely followed by Helen who was in turn closely attended by Legerdemain, on turning into the straight running they all closed up and a sheet would have covered the three as they set to work; opposite the stand Helen had lost a little ground and the other two were still neck and neck; four strides from the post Peter called on Legerdemain for a final effort and popped him in first by three parts of a length. Time 3m. 20s.

The Sonepore Cup for all horses, two miles, weight for age &c.

Mr. Cloud's	ch e m	<i>Diana,</i>	10st 7lbs	(Curran,)	1
Mr. Catapult's	gr aust g	<i>Mercury,</i>	9st 0lbs	(Folkes,)	2
Mr. Arthur's	ch.c b f	<i>Helen,</i>	7st 11lbs	(Abdul,)	3

Betting at starting even between Diana and Mercury and during the race three to two on Mercury.

Diana in defiance of the steady weight of 10-7 showed the way at a good pace for more than half a mile after which Curran taking a pull, Helen followed by Diana at some distance took up the running and carried it on to the two mile post, all this time Mercury being two or three lengths in the rear. At the two mile post the "cracks" ran up together, overhauled and passed Helen and ran a severe race in, Diana's superior condition enabling her to win by a length with very little to spare; Helen a good third. Time 4 min.

•The Planters' Cup presented by Mr. Pitcorthie to be run for by horses &c., the property of Tirhoot Planters. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. G. R. Welter weights, &c.

Mr Cloud's.....	ch c h	<i>Cossack,</i>	11st 4lbs	(Mr Fraser)	1
Mr Becher's.....	gr aust g	<i>Hero,</i>	11st 1lb	(Mr Pratt)	2
Mr ——'s.....	b c b m	<i>Penelope,</i>	9st 11lbs	(Mr Aleck) dist.	

Penelope was so fractious about starting and so determined not to approach the post that after two attempts they were obliged to start without her, when they did, Hero ran out the first half mile in 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ and thinking he had done enough retired, leaving Cossack to gallop in by himself. Time 1m. 30s.

On Friday, the 14th.—There was plenty of work for the Stewards in the way of handicapping, and *apropos* of this, there was a doubt raised as to whether Cossack should be in the winners or the losers; his owner represented that he had been beaten in the Welter and that the Planters Cup could not be considered as any thing but a scratch affair and not to be included among the legitimate races of the meeting in as much as hacks ran for it and it would be rather hard to make them subscribe to the forced handicap for winners; on the other hand the Planters Cup was advertised by the Secretary with the October nominations as another race on the fourth day and the winner thereof could not

escape the winners handicap any more than could Grace Lee for winning the Monghyr cup. With regard to the hacks, they may run for any race but if they win any but a hack race they become liable to the forfeit for the winners handicap. The Stewards understanding that no one objected to Mr. Cloud's notions put Cossack in the losers and as Diana won the winners and Mr. Cloud had no wish to start Cossack for the losers when it came to the point it did not signify and the Stewards' decision on the matter was not required; had Legerdemain however been the victor in the winners Mr. Monghyr was determined to claim Cossack's forfeit as a winner, and from what I heard I am in a position to state that in that case the Stewards would have decided that Cossack was a winner. It is of some importance to record this as there is at this moment a dispute as to whether the horse will have to carry 7lbs. or 10lbs. as a Sonepore winner once or twice, when he goes to Mozufferpore. The handicaps were highly approved of by all the owners of horses, but as two stables only had winners Diana and Legerdemain had the first race to themselves. In a 50 G. M. lottery a fortunate ticket holder drew both horses so there was an end of it at once, but the prestige of Mr. Cloud's stable encouraged the "Dianas" to offer 5 to 4 which was taken once or twice. For the losers handicap Babylonian had many admirers and was backed against the field at evens, 15 to 5 was laid against Moonbeam, whose owner backed her at 15 to 10 against Boomerang.

In a 50 G. M. lottery,

Babylonian sold for,	19 G. Ms.
Moonbeam, ,,	10 ,,
Boomerang, ,,	4 ,,

Saturday Nov., 15th.—The last legitimate day gave us some capital racing, the two principal events being additional handicapping triumphs for the Stewards. In the winners Diana, though she added another to her list of victories, exhibited symptoms of staleness and from the way she ran it was evident that she was getting tired of racing. It was stated that one of the Stewards wanted to take 2lbs. off Legerdemain, had this been done, trifling though the difference may be, it would have told in a two mile race, and would have been very near a dead heat. The race for the losers was run slowly at first but fast for the last mile. Babylonian won it but had to be "persuaded" to do so and had not Moonbeam carried 7½lbs. extra (of which as usual no declaration was made at the ordinary) it might have been a win by a head the other way.—For the Hack handicap Juliet 9st 0lbs. beat Chocolate 8st 8lbs. and 4 others. Edward Morgan did not come to the post; Nell Gwynne was as fractions as usual, and the patience of the spectators as well as of that of

the silk jackets in the sun was nearly exhausted. Eventually the mare began to come up, when the starter very strangely let the others go instead of waiting 5 seconds longer and Nell being 70 yards behind at the time was unable to make up her ground.

For the Consolation Stakes of 10 G. Ms., Hero 9-11, Nell Gwynne 9-4, Hotspur 8-11, came out and wonderful to relate the two latter started without the slightest objection; the Arab led the greater part of the way and he and Nell gave the spectators a very pretty race by way of a finale which—principally through Mr. Herwalds' patient riding—terminated in favor of the mare by a short head, and thus ended the regular Sonepore races.

The Winners handicap, 2 miles.

Mr Cloud's.....	ch e m	<i>Diana,</i>	10st 7lbs	(Curran)	1
Mr Monghyr's ..	b e g	<i>Legerdmain,</i>	9st 2lbs	(Irving)	2

The following declared forfeit—Grace Lee 8-9, Ræbuck 8-1, Chancery 7-2.

Diana being to the outside cut out the work for the first five hundred yards, she was then passed by Legerdmain who carried on the running to within half a mile from home when Diana headed him and the pace became first rate. Half way up the distance Legerdmain collared the mare and looked very like winning, Diana however would not succumb and just managed to win by $\frac{1}{2}$ a length—Time 4 minutes. On returning to scale Mr. Monghyr (contrary to the wishes of his jockey who said "it made no difference as to winning the race") claimed a cross which Peter said took place when Diana headed him at the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile; the Stewards interrogated both jockeys on the spot, and finding that as there was unfortunately no third horse in the race, it was merely one man's statement against that of another and further that no one from the stand had seen any thing of the kind, announced that in their opinion the cross had not been established so they awarded the race to Diana, a very proper decision too in my opinion, for I was combining duty to the Review with pleasure to myself by looking at the race with a glass throughout and could see nothing like a cross which impeded progress, that alone being a cross by the Sonepore rule.

The Losers Handicap R. C.

Mr Monghyr's	b e h	<i>Babylonian,</i>	10st 7lbs	(Irving)	1
Mr Cloud's...	ch c f	<i>Moonbeam,</i>	8st 3lbs	(decl'd $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs)	(Curran) 2
Mr Arthur's..	gr aust g	<i>Boomerang,</i>	8st 10lbs	(decl'd $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs)	3

The following did not start. Mercury 10-0, Annette 9-0, Cossack 9-0, Maydew 8-6, Helen 8-3, Gauntlet 7-12, Luck's All 7-8, King Coil 7-3.

Betting at starting 6 to 5 on Babylonian.

Babylonian led at a slow canter, Boomerang second, Moonbeam third: at the mile post they all got together and appearing to have simultaneously resolved that they were not going at racing pace proceeded to "make it so," the two old ones running to the last corner together where Boomerang dropped off. At this moment Moonbeam came from the rear, and raced in with Babylonian, the latter beating the mare by $\frac{3}{4}$ of a length and looking as if he could not have done very much more. Time 3-25; last mile 1-54 $\frac{1}{2}$.

An extra day's sport was got up on the morning of Monday the 17th though half the visitors had left on Saturday—among others your humble servant, who is consequently indebted to the kindness of a friend—whose judgment can be relied on,—for the following account of the racing.

The first race was a Bachelors' purse of not less than 40 G. Ms. a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile handicap.

Mr Monghyr's..	b e g	<i>Legerdemain,</i>	9st 8lbs	(Irving)	1
Mr Catapult's..	gr aust g	<i>Mercury,</i>	9st 4lbs	(Folkes)	2
Mr Cloud's....	ch c h	<i>Raebuck,</i>	8st 12lbs	(Curran)	3

A good start, Raebuck taking the lead, Legerdemain next, and Mercury "*peechy peechy* behind" as is the wont of T. Folkes whose tactics were however reversed in spite of himself by his stirrup leather and curb chain breaking when they passed the stand for the first time, which misfortunes Mercury availed himself of to rush to the front, nearly taking Legerdemain with him and making the running until he had run himself clean out. Raebuck in the meantime was last, in which position he remained until they came round the last corner all together; soon after Legerdemain quitted his opponents and remained in front to the end, winning by a clear length, Mercury beating Raebuck by 3 more. Time R. C. 3-9; whole distance 3. 27. There seems little doubt that Mercury would have won had it not been for the confounded stirrup leather and curb going.

The Ladies Purse of 30 G. Ms. $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile followed, for which Cossack at 10-7, Boomerang and Annette 10-4. Nell Gwynne 9-11 were entered. Nell positively declined to start and the race lay between Cossack and Boomerang, the former winning by a neck. Time 1m. 25s.

In a half mile handicap Juliet 10-0 beat Nero 10-7, Modesty 10-4, and Bippo 9-10 in 58 seconds.

We certainly had most excellent racing, and I cannot agree with YE TURFITE, who in his rough notes in the October number says "the Behar spirit of racing has gone from us;" we certainly have not as many first rate stables as we used to have, but that is because money is scarcer than it used to be, not because the spirit has fled.

Now, for the horses. *Imprimis* the heroine of this year, Diana. I must say I was much astonished at her running at this meeting, for without expressing such a very bad opinion of her as OXONIAN did, I recorded in the pages of the *Review* that I "did not think much of her," which was grounded on her performance when she met Beeswing, the only good one she met that was able to run all the way. She has this year, however, ran twice in a manner and under circumstances which stamp her as an undoubtedly good mare. Her beating Babylonian for the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in was nothing, but her carrying 10-7 for two miles in four minutes over rather a heavy course twice are decidedly good performances, and more particularly so as she made strong running for the first half mile in the first race, and for more than a quarter of a mile in the second. She has not yet, however, done any thing to prove herself a first rate mare (i. e. for India) and able to compete with Penthesilea and Babylonian in their *old* form. Though very heavy at first, the course improved amazingly as the days went by and on the Sonepore Cup day I don't think more than three seconds ought to be allowed for the course which would be equal to 3-57 at Calcutta; this is nothing to the R. C. of Babylonian at Berhampore $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile in 3-18, and the Calcutta R. C. (fifteen yards more than the above distance), of old Penthesilea in 3-18, both carrying the same 10-7. Diana may be a first rate mare—I sincerely hope for Mr. Cloud's sake that she is—and after her in and out running since she has been on the Indian Turf it is impossible to say what she may or may not be, so I should be bold indeed were I to say Diana is not a first rater; but she must do something more than she has done yet before she can rank with Babylonian and Penthesilea in the records of Indian racing. I wish her every success, and that she may do it in Calcutta.

Babylonian was not himself, and he has lost no renown by his defeat. Those who remembered his condition in 1853, more like the real polish which such artists as the Days and Scotts can alone convey, and who witnessed his lathering after the Chumparun Cup must have been struck with the contrast. To my eye the horse has independent of condition, lost his brilliant turn of speed, and it will be difficult indeed for him to regain it now; however that may be, I understand that scarcely a single week elapsed during the whole of his preparation without his getting physic of one sort or another. Legerdemain was in splendid condition and ran so very much better a horse this year than last, that he excited a good deal of observation; he has lost or nearly lost all his roaring and in spite of his long back carries weight well. There were some enquiries as to his price,

and, as usual with his owner, the price went up immediately. Mercury had scarcely a fair chance, for besides not being in as good order as could be desired previous to his journey, he cut himself in the boat when crossing the Ganges, and for eight days just at that critical period never went out of a walk, but there is little doubt that but for the accident already alluded to he would have won on the Monday. Poor old Boomerang shewed symptoms of a horse not being able to last for ever, though his final performance was good: I only wish he had won instead of Cossack; a short time before the Meeting they would have nothing but him for the Welter, but his sale turned out a lucky hit for his late owner.

Rejected got a touch of his old rheumatism during the march from Mynghyr and did not make his appearance.

Grace Lee has turned out a most splendid specimen of weight carrying blood, if I may be allowed to use the term, and looks an English mare all over: considering the state of her legs she ran very well, but she will never appear again, I take it. Cossack is a nice, powerful, compact small horse, somewhat lazy, and the sort of animal that improves in every race he runs. the more he becomes acquainted with the use of the spur; just like Boomersund who ran at Mozufferpore two years ago; I mean in disposition only, for Cossack is worth two or three of him. Talking of Boomersund, I see a notice of him in "Bits of Skye" in the October *Review* calculated to give an erroneous impression about the horse and the races he ran. The writer says, "Boomersund won, ridden by Mr. Arthur, after in other hands he had twice been beaten in worse company." This is no compliment either to "the other hands" or in reality to Mr. Arthur who can tell the said writer that it was only when Boomersund, a *thorough-bred*, received a stone from a *Cock-tail Waler*, and ran at (I think) even weights with the 60 rupees Poosah filly, (the latter being one of the "company" who had beaten him before she was crushed with weight) that Boomersund won by having it all to himself, and the race was, in consequence, such as to require no riding at all. Annette is a game, weight-carrying mare but has *no* speed. Helen did not quite equal the sanguine expectations of her sporting owner, though she ran a good little mare in the Sonepore Cup race; her condition did great credit to her amateur trainer, but she was not as she *was* last year when in the hands of Hartley. There will be some good racing between Helen and Cossack at Mozufferpore.

Among the maidens, Raebuck was the most distinguished; he is a very well bred, racing-looking horse, not up to much weight: he would be better for a rest after his work at Sone-

pore; but he is wanted at Calcutta, I believe, and I only hope he won't be stale. Moonbeam and Maydew, two more of the Capes, brought out by Major Holmes, did not run under favorable circumstances; the former, a fine mare enough, carried extra weights in both races she ran, was short of work, and was, and had been for a long time, in a *peculiar* state of health: notwithstanding all this she ran very respectably. Maydew, who is nearly thorough-bred, was well enough as to condition, but in her only appearance she was ridden by a muff, and all the jockies say she ought to have won; this, with 6 lbs extra. I understand that the respective merits of Maydew and Moonbeam were always a matter of discussion at Chuprah: some preferring one, some the other: judging from public running I should say they were both good, and if brought out well, it will be a nice point between them. Hippona, unfortunately, was unable to appear: she had gone a little wrong at Monghyr, but seemed to have got over it again and did good work for some time. Autocrat was in a similar predicament and justified the opinion of his former owner who sold him because he thought the colt would not stand training. King Coil seems fast, and ran forward in his race on the first day for some distance, but I don't think there is much of the race horse about him, and that he prefers a mile to any thing beyond it. Chancery justified my opinion that "he would do better next year," but it is scarcely to be expected that he will be able to master the numerous antagonists he will meet with at Calcutta. Gauntlet I admire exceedingly; he was very short of work and another season's training will do him good; if he lives and I do, I shall expect to see him a winner yet. Luck's All is a regular case of "a rum'un to look at but a good 'un to go;" he did not like the dirt, but showed unflinching game. The old Sonepore heroes Edward Morgan and Beppo were present as usual: the former won a race equally as usual, but the latter did not, this being the first time he has failed for some years, if I recollect aright. That pretty little mare Nell Gwynne has a bad temper, but I should like to see what she could do a mile in on a dry course with seven stone in the shape of Wells on her back; she seems to have great speed.

It will be seen that Mr. Cloud had it almost all to himself and that what little remained was walked off with by Mr. Monghyr alone, so that Messrs. Arthur, Catapult, Irregular &c., did not win a race, and it is to be regretted that the loaves and fishes were not more equally distributed. Every body, however, rejoices at Mr. Cloud's good fortune after the ill-luck that has attended his stable for so many successive seasons: he has stuck to racing

like a man in spite of ill-luck, and fully deserves his success. Mr. Arthur ran his two horses steadily throughout the meeting, but was as unfortunate as he could be. Mr. Cloud had a great advantage in the Chuprah course; all the other stables were unable to work their horses except trotting and cantering under trees (!) owing to the inundation, while Mr. Cloud's lot remained at home galloping on a well raised course until the last. Curran deserves great credit for the way he brought out his horses considering that he had had so little experience in a racing stable, and so he does for the patience, and good temper which made Diana forget her "particular corner."

The lotteries filled well, and the ordinary room was filled to overflowing. There was some betting, but no large bets took place between individuals, and no one lost any thing to inconvenience him. A number of the Dinapore division clubbed together and appointed one or two gentleman to speculate for the party; it was one of these who laid the 50 G. Ms. bet about Helen and Grace Lee for the Monghyr Cup, which was accepted by three parties. Altogether people need not be afraid of any heavy sums being lost at Sonepore. I was amused at some gentlemen of rather a speculative turn, but utterly ignorant of racing &c., betting away without knowing or looking at the horses they were backing, not knowing what extra weight they carried and indeed sometimes what weight they carried at all.

The meeting was altogether most successful: the balls were well attended, and went off with great spirit, but I should suggest that either the bands be placed outside the bungalow altogether, or which would be far better, leave them in the verandah, but have twelve men *only* in each band; as it is at present, the din of brass &c., is such as to make it difficult to hear a word any one says. There were some nice Capes to be seen belonging to Mr. Irregular, who brought out Raebuck, Moonbeam and Maydew; this gentleman has the best *lot* of well bred Capes I have ever seen. Mr. Monghyr had a batch of his C. B.'s, but I believe he did not find a single purchaser, as it is well known that his prices are such as to make enquiry almost useless. I hope he will allow me to give him a friendly hint that people will not give as much money for a C. B. not thorough bred or remarkably handsome, as would buy a T. B. English horse, pay his passage and insurance out, and keep him until he gets into working condition. If Mr. Monghyr would sell at saleable, but still remunerative prices, his stud would be a great benefit to the public, but as it is his nags remain on his hands. There were plenty of horses and ponies in the fair but the prices were rather high; 100 Government cattle of both sexes, and all ages

were sold at such long figures that it is to be hoped a similar batch will be sent yearly. There were few elephants, and no buyers, the bad season having prevented many natives, and particularly the Rajahs and Zemindars, from attending the fair.

I will conclude first by thanking in the name of the public that most assiduous, energetic, and hard working of Secretaries Mr. Frazer. I have been a Race Secretary myself before now and found it hard work enough though there was not half what there is at Sonapore, where the official has the cares of many offices, and is in fact a sort of "Jacob Ominum." I am sure the numerous visitors at Sonapore during the last three meetings are inclined to feel this gratitude as *substantially* as I am; What say you, Ladies and Gentlemen? Secondly let me give a few hints as to next year's Prospectus (1) Don't forget the words "at this meeting" in the terms of the Civilians Cup: (2) Change the terms of the 3rd race fourth day, and either put in a selling stakes (not like the Consolation stakes on the last day, but more on the principles of these stakes at home, which produce good racing, and generally speaking, a balance to the credit of the Fund, equal in value to the purse given,) or else let it change places with one of the hack races on the 3rd day and make it a mile handicap: (3) Make the pony race what it always has been until this year, heats *without dismounting*, which will save the spectators' time: (4) Allow jockies to ride in the hack handicap on the last day: (5) For the sake of the ladies in the stand, if not on principle, advertise with the prospectus certain stated times at which each race will be run on each day, and if and horse is not at the post at the appointed time, start without him; the present delays are terrible, and as I have repeatedly seen fields varying from twenty-five downwards discharged from the post at Goodwood every twenty minutes, I don't see why three or four horses cannot manage it: (6) Weigh all the jockies instead of the winners only: (7) Allow no walkers over for the Rajah's Cups or they will decline to present them; they are intended to *be raced* for: (8) Adopt the flag system of starting, —and now I lay aside my pen.

A SKETCH.

BY OLD ONE.

I HAD been laid up lately by a sharp attack of fever; I had been *disappointed*, hem; out of sorts altogether, when the post brought me one morning most kindly the precise prescription to put me right. A letter and a parcel. The latter a mysterious looking package, I could not the least guess the contents of, either from shape or feel; nor indeed did I at first recognize the hand writing. On opening it I found an old, but right serviceable pair of spurs, a racing cap and jacket, and a couple of spear heads, old soldiers all, and a small slip of paper—"Accept these—Luck attends, &c. &c.:" signed with well known initials, though I had not seen them for years. My letter was from the dearest friend I had among men; it was in these words—"Dear old One,—A little bird told me you were not well, try a change, and try me for a doctor. We have races next month, I have one I want you to ride for me, we have some very nice fellows in the regiment, I have a room and hearty welcome all ready for you, horses shall be laid the last hundred miles of road for you; so get a couple of months leave and let me see you again, as I much want to do. Your's affectionately,—FRANK STEDMAN."

"P. S. If hard up, make use of the enclosed (a blank cheque payable to me). Take it as you know it is meant my dear boy. No more till I see you, which you must let me do. F. S."

Now this was a kind coincidence. It would be nice to push the old racing cap and jacket first past the post once more; especially pleasant too to see dear old Sted again; and as it happened I was *not* hard up. So feeling another man all of a sudden, happy and thoughtful, in goes my letter for leave, traps started, and that day week I was under the roof of my dear old friend Frank Stedman, then Major commanding the 20th Native Light Cavalry at Gallopabad. I must have been fifteen years junior to Stedman in age, in service I was twelve years junior having come out to India with him that number of years ago; I for my first time, be after his furlough; I was Senior Subaltern of my corps, and daily expecting my promotion which had been duly paid for. The peculiar relations between Stedman and myself came about in this wise. He had saved my life! One glorious moonlight night in August, the wind fair, and

the ship slipping through the water easily about eight knots, (before the Overland days this was reader) I was staring down over the sides intensely at the deep bright sea, and the waves as they sparkled and foamed away from the ship's path, when I felt, I cannot tell how or why, but I did feel irresistibly, that I must jump into the sea ! I could swim, but nothing beyond very common performance ; I had not the least idea of either bravado or suicide, but I felt as I say an irresistible longing to jump into the sea beneath me ; and jump I did, plump. Ship going eight knots, remember. I struck out hard enough as soon as I got my senses, and tried to holloa, but very soon felt utterly spent, and as I kept still striking out there came over me a sort of dream in which instantaneously all my past life and its sins came rushing distinctly to my memory, when just as I thought I was getting blind and could see no more, I saw a man swimming strong towards me, and just in front only a few yards. The haze seemed to clear off from sight and brain, and I heard distinctly " all right boy now, if you obey me ; keep just as you are, and don't touch me till I tell you ; do you hear me ? " Yes, I answered. The next moment I felt a strong and under my breast, and the support at once brought back my breath and senses sufficient to hear and understand. I, obediently, as told, put my hands before me on the swimmer's shoulders, and mechanically kept them there, without any attempt at grappling though the old feeling of sinking soon came over me again, but the spell of the swimmer's order seemed upon me ; the laziness and the dreadful dream came over me after this, and I can remember nothing more of what happened or what I felt till safe and well again on board ship, except that I distinctly heard the words " Youngster, thank God ! " Stedman had seen me go over board ; in an instant he had given the alarm " man over board ! " pulled off his coat and jumped after me ; he was a magnificent swimmer ; his great strength and coolness, the fine night, and the smart way the ship was handled, being in his favour, he had kept me afloat long after I was quite exhausted, and till the very limit of his own strength was reached, when the ship's boat picked us up and we were saved.

I wish I could give a fair picture of Stedman ; I positively adored him, yet he was the last man you would apply the epithet " adorable " to. I have said he was a magnificent swimmer ; but he was good almost at everything. There was a sort of mystery attached to him. He had entered the service later in life than usual, by some five or six years, and there were all manner of queer and some absurd stories as to his antecedents, but nobody knew what they were. He had been nearly all over the world, and could speak fluently French, Spanish, Italian, German and the

New Zealanders language : I dare say others besides. There was nothing particular about his appearance, at first sight at least ; a little over the middle height, strong and well made, light hair, and quiet blue eyes that had the faculty of calmly looking at you as they liked : sometimes he had a singularly sweet smile, but the face was usually what would I suppose be called plain. When I first knew him his hair was already tinged with grey, and in other respects I was told he was very little altered from his first joining the Regiment as junior Cornet. I saw him now as Major and Commanding officer, the hair all grey now, but no other change that I saw in any way. There was a singular quiet propriety about nearly everything Stedman had, or said, or did. He had no private means, at least availed himself of none ; he did not the least affect to be critical or particular in any one respect, but everything belonging to him, horses, accoutrements, guns, books, even pens, ink, and paper, were all in their way perfect. He never touched beer, and merely for form's sake, wines ; otherwise I knew no secret he had for never having been in debt ; always able to help either man or officer if required, always most complete in all his own arrangements into the bargain. Never talking, but having over and over again proved himself a first rate shot, rider, and swordsman ; never officiously offering, but having over and over again proved himself when called on a most efficient friend ; he had quietly and in the most honorable manner acquired an influence in the regiment almost unlimited, and he was *now* in the position to exert it for good ; and a very brief intercourse with the regiment showed me this unmistakeably. It was good from top to bottom ; from the mess to the farrier's tools. I have been a long time over my picture, but I must ask patience while painting such a man. Well ! I won't go on painting though I could for there were many traits I have not hit off yet ; enough that I could not have had a better " doctor." Suppose greetings and the top of mutual enquiries over, and I have been a week comfortably installed, and for the last three mornings riding some of the nags in training, of which Stedman has three. He thinks the Cavalry Commandant ought in a quiet way to come forward in this line ; he has obtained influence enough to be able to keep the youngsters going too far ahead, but as he says he does not " care not much about the gram bill as long as there is no liquor bill," the races are not to come off till next month ; everybody is very kind, and one of the things got up for the man staying with the Major, is a hunt, which is to come off in a day or two at a famous place some fifteen miles off, where hogs are to be had for hard riding. Stedman told me he had given up riding for the spear now, but liked looking on, and sometimes riding

“by accident” as he called it; he would not let me think of riding across country at present he said, but he could undertake to place me well for seeing the fun, and we had promised to go. We had just turned from the table after our morning’s ride towards the house, for the morning pipe and cup of tea, when bang passed us at speed, narrowly avoiding knocking us over, young Hurrywell, one of the Cornets, on a magnificent chesnut horse evidently off with him. “He is a fine horseman, that youngster,” said Stedman, but “I fear he may get in a scrape with that wild brute, do you mind coming up the road a bit to see?” Out we went accordingly, but soon had the satisfaction to see Hurrywell coming back all right, though on foot, leading the chesnut in hand. We turned back to our tea and in a few minutes came Hurrywell to explain and apologize for his charge at us. This chesnut it seems had been bought for a large sum by his first owner, but had turned out a determined run-a-way; his failing having been kept quiet, he had changed hands many a time at rather a high price, until his present owner, a good rider in the Regiment, honestly pronounced him a run-a-way and offered him as such, for a very small price to any one who could ride him. Young Hurrywell thought the horse would be a great catch; got on him, liked him, and just to try, put him at a fence which the Major had at the bottom of his garden, and which any one in the Regiment had free permission to put their nags at; the chesnut it seems jumped the thing handsomely, but got his head up on the other side and was off as we have seen. “But he ought to make a magnificent hunter” quoth the gallant Cornet; “if I could only manage him; do you think I can, Major?” “You are a good rider, and a good rider ought to manage any horse” was Stedman’s answer. “Will you look him over for me and tell me if you will let me buy him please Major?” “Yes, send him here, like a good boy;” and off went Hurrywell. “If anything went wrong with that young ster I think it would break my heart,” said Stedman in his short serious way. It was truly delightful witnessing the kind of intercourse, of which this little scene was merely a daily, almost hourly specimen; the chesnut came up shortly to be inspected; I think I never saw a more magnificent Arab; four white stockings he had, but only a small star on his forehead, handsome as a picture all over, and his feet were black and well-formed; a hot temper evidently, but not vice. “He’ll do,” said Stedman, “I’ll see him properly bitted; Hurrywell may buy him.” At mess that evening I heard accordingly that the chesnut was bought, and had been started to the hunting ground where we were to go next day.

A finer set of fellows than the party I met that day under the famous tree at Dookerwara I never wish to see. The hills were reported full of hog, and a grand grey boar had been marked down on the side of a hill not a mile from the tent. Stedman knew the place he said well, and could tell nearly to a certainty the run the boar would take them. Stedman and I as non-riders were to go with the beaters, he knowing exactly the proper way to work; and on the boar getting fairly afoot, we were to make across to a hillock along the bottom of which ran a bad nullah, and from the top of which we could see all the country round; particularly this nullah, the well known stickler in all runs from the Dookerwara hills. There was a field of seven; all good men and true, five of Stedman's regiment, two from another; our friend Hurrywell, on the chesnut, duly bitted under the Major's superintendence, with a new strong smooth Pelham, and curb chain to match; the mouth rein, with a ring on it and knotted short to the horse's neck, the cheek rein knotted too but to the hand, and no spurs. Then there was Captain Goodenough, old Goody they called him, a capital hunter and a tough customer to get a spear from on ground like this; he was mounted on his famous horse "Bags," (a queer name,) a plain quiet looking dark brown horse, with a rat tail, no particular beauty but almost perfect when looked over. Also we must note a newly joined Cornet, young Spurton, rigged out in English cords and boots, and on a showy looking, but somewhat leggy stud-horse; this is Spurton's second run only, but he rode, they say, very fairly in his first. "A little given to make a donkey of himself, with his conceit and his brag," said Stedman, "but I think he will turn out all right by and bye." Good fellows and riders were the others too; but we are off now to the hill. The boar, a fine fellow, broke just as Stedman had predicted, and off went the spearsman straight at him down through the bushes and rocks that covered the hills all round; the boar having it pretty well his own way at present. We had no time to lose to get to our post, but luckily did hit it just in time; the bit of tolerable plain at the bottom of the hill was not wide enough to catch the boar at speed before he could cross it, cut up as it was with holes and watercourses, and he was heading straight for the hill next the one we stood on, having to cross the bad nullah before mentioned. It was an ugly looking place, about twelve feet wide and deep with steep straight banks, and water at bottom, tolerable take off there was, but had rocky landing on the other side. Spurton we could not see, he had been thrown out, his horse having tumbled over him among the rocks soon after the start, but the other six

were going straight and well. The pig had popped over as only pigs can, and was making hard for a bit of jungle round the other side, of the hill; and now for the nullah jumpers! Old Goody was leading to my surprise; his horse and himself going along as smooth as oil, but evidently not to be stopped in a hurry. He made for the exact place the boar had crossed and was over safe enough, but how, is a mystery to me to this day. I could not see the horse jump; or fall, or scramble, I only saw him somehow or other on the other side. Hurrywell was next, and close to him; it was a grand sight, that fine young man piloting that fine, but desperate looking horse. On he came, straight as an arrow at the nullah, going some twenty miles an hour; the hands low and steady as a rock, legs well down and close to the sides, but perfectly quiet; a move of any sort and the chesnut would have bolted to a certainty; but fortune favoured the brave; straight and true with a spring that would have cleared the Wissendine, over jumped the chesnut with his gallant rider, now thinking of nothing but the boar, between which and his spear was old Goody, going like a good one too. Hurrywell caught him up in a trice, but in the same incomprehensible way the nullah had been cleared, Goodenough's spear was suddenly down, and out again wooded for six inches; and the chesnut only came in for the honour of the second spear; the tusks however, a magnificent pair, Hurrywell was prevailed on to accept; they were very handsomely set in gold for him by the Major, and now deck his father's dining room at home. So much for the hunt: when I shall come to the races, who can tell?

IBEX SHOOTING AND BEAR HUNTING.

BY FORESTER.

It was about sunset on the 13th June, that I reached the "Teelale" valley. Wearied and tired, I sat myself down beneath a tree, and sent my shikarrees to a village about a 100 yards distant to get me a drink of milk, and also to bring me a noted shikarree who I was told lived there. They soon came back bringing me some fresh milk (which was exceedingly nice after a 20 mile walk) and also the shikarree, and after them came the whole village to have a look at the sahib, and ask for the usual thing—medicine. My dogs not liking the looks of such

a set of ragamuffins, made a furious onset on the nearest group, and to my delight they all dispersed to their log houses, leaving me with my shikarrees and the one they had brought from the village. Having lighted my pipe, I began making enquiries from the shikarree regarding the shooting in that part of the country, having never been there before. From his answers I found out that the country had never been *really* shot over by any sahib logue; he said that one or two had come there the year before, but that after shooting a few bears had gone back to the "happy valley," so I made up my mind to stay at least a month in that part of the country, and see if I could not astonish the ibex and bears,—the latter animals being reported very numerous. My tent and bedding having now come up, I dismissed my shikarrees to the village for the night, and turned my attention to some dinner which my kitmutgar was preparing. Having satisfied the inward man, and fed my dogs, I turned into bed, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus. I had ordered my shikarrees the night before to collect some dogs for bear hunting (the only way of getting sport with bruin) and at sun rise the next morning I was awoke by the most infernal yelling I ever heard. The men had brought seven dogs, and my own not liking the looks of the strangers, had gone at them, and there was a battle royal. I let them fight for sometime, but those huge hill dogs getting the best of it, I made the shikarrees beat them off. I only took three of the dogs they had brought, which, with my own five, made up four couple, quite as many as I required. The dogs they had brought were very fine ones, and were trained to hunt ibex. One of them, a black dog, with a tan muzzle took my eye, and I offered to give a good price for him, but the man would not sell him. The dog's name was "Sher Dil," and he was as savage as a tiger; but he soon made friends with me and the other dogs, and became a great favorite of mine before I left off shooting. By the bye what a breed those hill dogs would make if they were crossed with a thorough bred fox hound. They are very powerful, have wonderful powers of scent, and are pluck to the back bone. But I'm digressing. On my telling the men to whom the dogs belonged that I intended hunting bears with them as well as ibex, they refused to let me have them, but a couple of rupees made them change their minds, and they said themselves and their dogs were my slaves as long as I wished. Having now made all my arrangements for supplies to be sent up to the shooting ground regularly, and half a dozen coolies having seized upon my traps, I told the shikarree to lead the way and we commenced our march for the ibex ground. After having gone some three miles, the men told me that the night before they

had seen "bara singah" feeding on a hill not much out of our road, and that if I liked to go there I should be sure of a shot. Now, stags at that time of the year have what the shikarrees call "kutchah sing" and known in England as horns with the "velvet" on, and so of course (as far as the horns are concerned) are not worth shooting; but I wanted some meat for my dogs as they depended for their dinner on my luck during the day, so I made up my mind to have a shy at the stags, and having told the coolies to take on my tent to the place agreed on for encamping during the night, we struck up a hill to the left and soon arrived at the wood where the deer were said to be. My shikarrees wanted me to wait till evening when the animals would come out to feed in the open, but as there is nothing I hate worse than sitting down the whole day waiting for a janwaur that very likely after all does not make his appearance, and seeing that the wood was not of any extent, I determined to try if I could not drive the deer. So taking a rifle, and a shikarree with another, I went down to the bottom of the wood and told the other men to take the dogs, and on hearing me whistle to let the dogs loose and beat down towards me. We had not been stationed long behind a couple of trees, when the sharp ear of my shikarree heard a stick snap, and, calling my attention to it, he pointed up above us, and there about seventy yards off was a magnificent stag, quietly cropping the leaves off a tree beside him. I had not given the signal for the other men to beat, so the stag was not at all disturbed. We staid like two statues behind the trees, the shikarree whispering to me to let drive at the deer, but as he had his hind quarters towards us I did not like to fire, knowing very well you might as well blaze away at the side of a house, as at a stag in that position. All of a sudden he winded us, and turned right round with his head high in the air, I sent a ball through his ribs in no time but he made off, however I caught him another crack in the quarter just as he was disappearing, and calling out to the men to let the dogs loose we followed up the trail, and I saw by the frothy appearance of the blood that he was hard hit. Telling my men to follow him up, I cut across to an opening in the wood. The dogs soon found the stag and he broke just above me on the opposite side of a water course. Poor chap, his days were numbered. As he was trotting slowly up the hill, with the dogs after him, I sent a ball through his shoulder, and he fell with a crash into the watercourse beneath, where the dogs commenced tearing him. He was a fine old stag, and it was a shame to kill him with his horns in that state; however, I had got no end of grub for my dogs and coolies, and having got the meat to the tent, dogs and all had a right good feast that night. I never saw men eat like those coolies did.

The 15th found us all ready for a shy at the ibex, and after a good breakfast we started, leaving all my own dogs behind, (much to their disgust,) and only taking the dogs I had got from the village, as they knew their work well and my own would only have spoiled the sport. After walking for about four or five hours, we found a small herd of ibex, but they were nearly all females, with the exception of one or two small males. We stalked them pretty well, and at about seventy yards I shot at one of the males. The shikarrees all swore that it was a miss, as the animal seemed to go off all right, but I did not think I had missed, and went to the place where the ibex had been lying down; further on there was some snow, and luckily the ibex had crossed this. One of the men went on to the snow and found a drop of blood. The shikarrees were all alive now and put the dogs on the scent. Away they went, full speed, and we after them as fast as the nature of the ground would permit us; in a very short time we heard the baying of the dogs, and in going round the corner of the hill we came right on the wounded ibex who was keeping the dogs off with his horns; just as I was going to fire, he rolled from side to side, and tumbled down the hill—dead. The ball had gone right through his body, and it was a wonder he could have gone so far. I was out all the next day without seeing any game at all.

On the 17th I moved my tent to fresh ground, and went after ibex again. We had an awful climb up hill, but when we did get to the top, we were well repaid for our pains, for among some rocks, on the opposite hill, I saw at least sixty ibex, some lying down asleep and some licking the salt off the rocks. We were in a capital place to have the ibex driven by the dogs, so I took two men and pointed out the way they were to go, and told them on no account to show themselves until they got *above* the herd. They said they knew what to do very well, and were very angry with me for pretending to know any thing about it. However, away they went to bring the dogs with them and leaving me with two other shikarrees. Now it would have taken the men a good two hours to go the way I told them, so I went a little way down the hill and began to smoke. I had not been sitting down long when I thought I heard the voice of a dog and I told one of the shikarrees so, but he said it was only fancy; however, I heard it again, and this time there was no mistake about it. We ran across the side of the hill like demons, and then to my horror, I saw the whole herd of ibex running in every direction, but the right one, and the dogs full cry after them, and the two men I had sent were sitting on the top of a rock some two hundred yards above me, watching the fun. By my soul I felt very much inclined to send a

couple of balls at them. The beggars instead of going as I had ordered them to, must needs (to save themselves a little work) let the dogs loose when they got on the same level with the ibex instead of waiting till they got above them. The consequence was, I lost all chance of getting a shot. How I did abuse their relations! However, they did not seem to mind my wrath, and I had nothing for it but to make the best of my way back to the tent. No one who has not been in the hills shooting ibex can tell the hard work one has to go through; and after having fagged all day and found your game, not to be able to get a shot at it after all is enough to make a man break his rifle in half.

The next day we went to some fresh ground, but there was not a hoof to be seen.

19th.—Out again and found a herd of seven males; we had not much difficulty in getting near them, for they were in capital ground for stalking. I bagged two of them, but altho' they were old ibex their horns were small. In fact all the ibex I saw in that part of the country (and I saw a good many) had not horns to be compared to the ibex in Wurdwan.

20th.—I determined to have a crack at the bears, and took out all the dogs and had no end of a scrimmage with a she bear; we found her feeding not far from the tent on the side of a hill. I got about twenty yards from her and sent a ball into her side, upon getting which she made off up the hill. The dogs were let loose and were soon after her, she turned on the dogs and I hit her again, and this time broke one of her hind legs. Now the fun began. Sher Dil caught her by the ear but soon made him leave go, and in turn boned the dog by the throat and made him howl like the devil. I went to the rescue and gave her another pill; she immediately let go of the dog and ran down the hill, all the dogs pitching into her; at last she turned again and this time got hold of a pointer by the name of Bob, she boned him by the nose; one of the shikarrees went at her with a big stick and, beat her about the head till she let go her hold. Poor Bob was awfully bitten about the face and would not go at her again, but the other dogs fought her well, but she gave Boxer a shaking before she gave in; after a good half hour of tumbling about I managed to get a shot at her head and ended the fun. The poor dogs were very much done up, and two of them badly hurt, and as I could not hunt any more that day, we skinned the bear and went back to the tent.

The next day we went in a different direction for ibex and found a few females, but could not for the life of me get within shot of them. Those females are the most wary beggars in the hills, much more so than a herd of male ibex. From the 22nd of June till the 5th July I only got one shot, and that was at a

young bara singah which I bowled over. I went over an immense lot of country and over some first rate ibex ground; their marks covered the hills and if I had been a week or two sooner I most likely should have had good sport, but as luck would have it other sportsmen had been there before me in the shape of a large pack of wild dogs whose marks we found in the snow, and also the bones and horns, of an ibex they had killed. I fagged away like a horse, out every day from daylight till dark, but could find neither ibex nor bears, till the 5th, when I came across an old mangy bear with hardly any hair on him: he was feeding on the top of some rocks. I stalked within thirty yards of him with two men leading my pack of dogs after me. I gave him the contents of the right hand barrel, and caught him a slap somewhere in the neck; with a roar he turned round and to my disgust went over the rocks instead of making up the hills. The dogs were soon after him and hunted him down into some wood, where I lost sight of the chase. I did not go down after them as I was very tired, and the bear's skin was not worth having, I sat down till my dogs returned, which five of them did very shortly after, but the other three dogs did not turn up till the next day, having, I suppose, followed the bear a long way. I fancy bruin was not much hurt as he went down the hill at an awful pace. My coolies having now come up with my bedding, &c., (for we had made a good long march this day to a fresh part of the hills) my men hunted about for some water and a place to encamp in during the night which was now fast setting in. At last we found a stream of water running down the side of the hill, and close to it was another bear feeding. The first thing to be done was to make bruin get out of that, so I told the coolies to sit quiet and told the man to tie up the dogs and on no account to let them loose on my firing at the bear, as I was pretty sure to lose them, if they went after the animal since it was now dusk. I stalked bruin in a most scientific manner and got about 15 yards from him; he was feeding with his ugly head towards me, and looked as large as a cow in the bad light: just as I was getting my rifles ready the bear looked up at me: up went the Sam Smith, and by the powers the ball went between the bear's forelegs!—bang went the second barrel, &c. the bear was making off, but he seemed to have a charmed life, for the bullet pi-i-inged harmlessly off a rock along side of him." Lord how bruin did devour the ground and the fool of a man let the dogs loose; away they went full cry after the bear who went blobbling along and looking over his shoulder at the yelping pack behind him. I had made a nice mess of it, missed a huge beast of a bear at a little more than 15 yards, and all my dogs

gone with not much chance of my getting them back in a hurry; but my miseries were not to end there, for on getting my tent pitched and asking for some dinner (for I had not tasted food since day light) my servant informed me that the cooly who was carrying the flour and meat, &c., had not yet come up, and there was no dinner to be had. Here was a go. I had lost my bears, I had lost my dogs, and what was worse, I had lost my dinner! I waited for the cooly for a long time but the brute did not come, and I had to make my dinner off some coarse red otter the coolies eat; however I was determined I would not suffer alone, so I went out of my tent and sent the shikarrees (to their intense disgust) to look for my dogs and promised them a proper licking if they did not find them. They came back in about a couple of hours having found the dogs about half a mile off.

The 6th July I did not go out at all as the cooly with the grub did not make his appearance till late in the day; on my asking him why he did not come up the night before, he said that I had made much too long a march, and that he could not keep up. Now the beast had no load on him at all compared to the other men, who had come along all right; so just as he was sitting down to a pile of *chuppaties* and thinking what a feast he would have, I took a stick and very soon drove all ideas of feasting out of his head; how I did welt him! At last he took to his scrapers and ran as cooly never ran before: where he went to I can't say, but I did not see him again till I went down to the villages, where he came and asked for *bukshish*, which he got in a very different shape to what he expected.

My three remaining lost dogs turned up during the day, and as I had not meat for them I determined to try and get a *barsingah*, so on the 7th we went down below to some woods and put up three stags but we did not get a shot at them, although we were manœuvring them in every possible way all day long. I went back to my tent tired and disgusted, as I knew my dogs could not work without they got meat.

8th.—Went after bears and towards evening found an old male, but he did not show any sport, the first ball laying him low: his skin was not worth having, in fact it is not any use shooting bears for their skins later than June, as after that month they lose their winter coat and are the most mangy looking animals one can imagine. If it was not for the fun of hunting them with the dogs, I should have left them alone. The next day I was after ibex but did not see the ghost of one even.

10th.—Up before light and again after ibex; we found two males and a female feeding in some very break-neck ground. It took me some time to get near them, and after all I could not

get nearer than about 170 yards, which is a long distance to shoot from, when you are holding on by your eye lids as the saying is, and besides which the brutes were feeding in some ground that was nearly the same colour of their skins which made the shot a very difficult one, and I missed them. If they had been standing on snow or grass, I might have had a better chance, but they were on red sandy rocks.

We again went at the ibex the next day and found another herd, but did not get a chance at them. 12th.—I had better luck bagging a female. 13th.—No sport at all. 14th,—ditto. 15th,—Went at the bears again and in the evening found one asleep: just as I was creeping up to give him a taste of my rifle, a little terrier, named, Teddy gave an awful yelp, having, I suppose, winded the bear upon which up jumped bruin and all the dogs broke away from the man who was holding them. I ran as hard as I could and was just in time to give him a ball before he made off, on receiving which he turned round to meet the dogs, and I thought he intended having a regular mill with me for he seemed very savage; but another ball well planted in his shoulder gave him such a sickner that he turned tail; he had no hair on him excepting a lot round his neck which gave him the appearance of having a large mane and barring he had no tail he looked more like a lion than a bear. He was a very large animal, measuring nearly eight feet long, and had lots of grease on him, I cut off his head and stuffed it, but a dog got at it one night and spoilt it. I was out every day till the 20th, without having any sport, so I made up my mind to make the best of my way back towards Cashmere, and from there unto Marroo Wurdwan, and try the ground I shot over the year before. I pass over my march back, and through the "happy valley;" why people should call it a happy valley I can't for the life of me make out. There is no kind of sport to be had there, and it's awfully hot. In fact as a friend of mine said 'tis a stagnant hole, I quite agree with him.

By dint of long marches I got to my shooting ground, or rather close to it, by the 9th August; here I was stopped by a torrent. I sent down to the nearest village for some dozen men, and we commenced making a bridge, and awful work we had to do it. The water was pretty low always in the morning, but towards evening it rose, and twice it carried away everything; however, on the second day we had got it all right, although I confess it was anything but a safe looking bridge. I had everything brought close down to the bridge to cross over early in the morning, and turned into bed thinking how I would astonish the ibex when I got across, but alas in the night a rush of water came down and carried away the whole of our engineering.

This was a sell and no mistake, and the men wanted me to give up all hopes of getting across, but that would not do, as I knew if I once got on the other side I was certain of finding ibex, knowing the ground well. We set to work again, and by the 13th we had made a better bridge, and crossed over, but it was anything but nice work crossing. The pines we had thrown across were very strong, but thin, and kept bending under us, and the torrent going such a pace and roaring underneath that you could not hear yourself speak; however, we got over all safe and made the best of our way towards the shooting ground.

14th.—Went after the ibex, but all I saw was a snow bear; had a little ball practice at him, when an awful thunder storm came on and sent us back to the tent like drowned rats.

On the 15th we went to work, the ibex again and after some hard work we found a large herd, but they were right up on the very highest points of the hills, however, we managed to get within shot, but my hand was shaking from scrambling up the rocks and I made an unsteady shot. The ball caught the ibex in the belly; he dropped to the shot and I thought it was all up with him and that his splendid horns were mine, but he got on his legs again, and reeled along after the herd; we followed him up, and marked him into some rocks. It was now getting dusk and I did not like going any further that night, as we should very likely have met with some accident, the ground being very bad indeed, so we made the best of our way down to the tent intending to go after the wounded animal in the morning. We had terrible work getting back to the tent, which we should not have reached that night if it had not been for the moonlight.

16th.—The shikarrees persuaded me to send two men with a double rifle after the wounded ibex, and myself to go in another direction; like an idiot I did so. If I had gone myself, I should most likely have bagged the ibex as the men saw him, but instead of getting near him before firing they must needs blaze away at a long distance and missed him. The ibex went off, and they came back instead of again following him up. It is a most extraordinary thing, but those hill shikarrees cannot follow up the trail of a wounded animal. I could beat them at that game any day; you will find a shikarree of the plains follow an animal over ground that is cut up by the hoofs of other animals, and carry the trail on as true as a hound; but those hill men are no more use after a wounded animal than an old woman would be. I had only one man with me this day, but fortune again favored us, for we found nine magnificent male ibex, not a pair of horns among them under forty inches! It was raining cats and dogs and everything against us, but we managed by creep-

ing along like snakes to get behind a large stone, and within fifty yards of the beauties ! Here we sat still, and the old man with me was trembling with excitement and, as usual, begging me to be quick and fire; however I staid quiet till my hand was steady, and then bringing the fine drawn sight of my rifle on a line with the shoulder of the largest ibex, I pulled the trigger—when imagine my disgust to find the rifle go off with a puff and the ball roll out of the muzzles. Away went the herd, but with the second barrel I touched one up in the ribs, and then seizing my other rifle out of the hands of my shikarree (who was actually crying with disappointment) I went across the hill side and twigged the ibex walking up the opposite hill, and the wounded one looking very sick standing down below; I saw ~~he~~ ^{his} was mine, so took a steady shot at another ibex that had turned round to look at me: he was full 200 yards off, and it was Lombard street to a China orange, against my hitting him; however faint heart never won fair lady, no nor ibex either, so I let drive at him and to my delight the bullet hit somewhere about the shoulder, only very low down. The shikarree gave a wah' wah' and patted me on the back. The ibex fell but recovered himself, and went slowly on. The shot had made the other wounded one go on to, and he was now out of shot, but from his slow walk, and his head hanging down, I saw he was mine. I was going on after them, but the shikarree advised me to go back to the tent which was a long way off, saying that we should be certain of the ibex the next day; so we marked the place, and got back to the tent about an hour after dark, wet and tired, but very happy.

At daylight we were up, and taking half a dozen men to take back the flesh of the ibex to camp, we started and soon got to the place I had shot at the animals the night before. We found a pool of blood in one spot where the wounded animal had been lying down in the night, but he had decamped, and the marks led towards some rocks some 200 yards above us; I sent the men in different directions and went myself straight up the hill. I had not gone far when from behind a rock I saw something that I took to be a couple of sticks, but they began to move and I then knew they were ibex horns ! I crept quietly on, motioning the man behind me to sit down; on getting about twenty yards further up, I got a sight of my friend. There he was, standing with his head down and his flanks heaving. I soon put an end to his miseries by sending a ball behind his shoulder; he gave a shrill whistle (I had never heard an ibex make a sound before) and fell down the hill with a crash; he was a magnificent male with splendid horns. We set to work and cut him up the meat loading five men who took it back to

camp while we went after the other ibex: he was evidently hard hit, but we did not find him that day, although we did not give up all hopes of doing so. On the 18th we again went after ibex but found no signs of fresh ones or of the wounded one. For three days I did not see any game, although we worked very hard. On the 21st, we were up the hills by sunrise and saw a large herd of ibex, but the beggars had seen us first, and on our trying to stalk them they were off in no time. It was no use going after them so we went in another direction but it came on to rain and a dense fog also came on so thick that we could not see five yards before us. It was no use being out in such weather so we stumped back to the tent, which we reached almost frozen to death, for the rain had turned into sleet; it almost cut my cheeks in two. The next day seemed inclined to be fine, so out we went again, but although we found no fresh ibex we were lucky, for on going back towards the tent we saw some eagles hovering over a place, and on sending a man to see what they were after (for these splendid birds seldom make their appearance for nothing) he lugged out the head and loins of an ibex; the bears had picked him pretty clean, but what meat there was on his bones was pretty fresh, and I have no doubt it was the one I had wounded on the 16th; he had a fine pair of horns so I went home in a good humour.

On the 23rd the rain came down in such torrents that I did not stir out. 24th was still wet, but I could not afford to throw away a single day, so out we went, and after fagging up hill for three or four hours we came on a lot of fine males lying down. We did not get within shot till the afternoon, and then we had to wait till they changed their ground, as although we were only about 150 yards from them I did not like to shoot at that distance, knowing if I did that I should only get one shot at the herd. It was sleeting and bitterly cold, but I managed to keep my hands warm by sitting on them! and after waiting, patiently for an hour or so, one of the ibex stood up and then another, and at last up they all got and disappeared over the brow of the hill. Now was our time: away we went and on looking over the top I, to my delight, beheld the ibex about thirty yards below me, quietly feeding: now I ought to have sent a man down below to prevent the ibex from running in that direction; if they had seen any one below them they would have come quietly up the hill, and I should have had three or four shots perhaps, but at the time I did not think of it, but put up my rifle and took a steady pot at one of them and knocked him over. I thought so, the rest of the herd separated and went down the hill as if somebody had kicked them! I sent another ball or two at them but it was no use

shooting at animals going full speed *down hill* when I was above them; however I had boned one of the beggars, and his horns repaid me for all the work I had gone through; on going back I bagged a musk deer. Day after day were we out without getting any sport, all owing to the rain and fog: so much for ibex shooting in August. I advise no one to try it during that month, for independant of the rain and beastliness the ibex are as far back in the hills as they can go, and keep right up on the very highest points of the hills, and it is fearful hard work getting at them.

I now having but little time to spare and being far away in the hills, commenced marching back and before returning to Cashmere I was determined to try and get a stag, their horns being all right by this time; however I did not even see one, though we found their marks in hundreds; they were still deep in the forests and as they had not commenced to bellow in that part of the country, I might as well have searched for a needle in a bundle of hay as for a deer in one of those woods. One day when we were walking along not expecting any sport, for we had not seen a janwaur for days, we suddenly came on an old she bear with a couple of half grown cubs. I luckily had my dogs with me so went to do battle with Her Highness: she was rolling on some old snow that being sheltered from the sun had not melted. While her ladyship was in the full enjoyment of her delightful cool roll, I sent a ball slap into her ribs and cheered the dogs on: away went the cubs, but the old lady was hit too hard, and the dogs had an awful scrimmage with her. The snow was dyed red from the blood of the bear: she did no damage to the dogs (who had now got quite knowing in bear hunting, and always managed to escape a bear's mouth,) and after a great deal of yelling from the dogs and screaming from the shikarrees I killed my last bear of the season.

My leave being now nearly up, I made the best of my way back from the hills to this, the by far *worst* station in India, where I arrived safe and sound, only hoping before long to handle my rifle again. Should I have the luck to be in the jungles towards the end of the cold season, you shall, if you wish it, hear again from me.

October 1856.

NOTES ON BENGAL TURF DOINGS AND PROSPECTS.

BY OXONIAN.

WITH a good meeting at Sonapore just concluded, and with the prospect, as far as can at present be seen, of an equally good, or better, meeting at Calcutta, I think there is fair reason to congratulate the supporters of the turf in Bengal. YE TURFITE indeed in the last *Review* takes a somewhat lugubrious view of the state of things in connection with racing, though I confess after a careful perusal of his article, I can scarcely discover with what reason! He "unhesitatingly affirms" that there will not be much racing at Sonapore, yet before the sheets on which this doleful prophecy was written were issued from the press, Sonapore had witnessed one of the best meetings ever seen on her sylvan turf, and a lot of certainly (taken collectively) the best horses that ever pressed her sod. Certain drawbacks I admit there were, but only such as have I fancy always appertained to Sonapore. The course was heavy and holding from the October rain, but rain is natural to Sonapore in October. Very few horses were in any form, but such must always be the case with rare and lucky exceptions when a meeting is held so early in the year as Sonapore is. The timing was *not* good, and YE TURFITE deliberately gives his opinion that "if there be no great timing, there can be no amount of sport," though what timing has to do with promoting sport I am at a loss to conceive. Certainly Admiral Rous and John Scott would be rather astonished to hear such a novel element of success introduced into racing. YE TURFITE again "mourns to think" of the names of bye-gone worthies of the Behar turf, who he says brought out arabs and walers inferior to none in India, and compares them to the "animals of doubtful capacity" of the present time in the same relation as he would compare "a well acted play to a pantomime" &c. &c.. The said arabs and walers he also tells us were placed under the care of men "who were as professed as trainers as they were expert as jocks," which reads rather rich to those who remember *who* those "professed trainers" were, and know what "jockey-training" is! (a precious example we have of the same going on now on the Calcutta course!) However the Sonapore meeting has amply disproved the words of YE TURFITE so I will not further pursue my researches into

his somewhat ambiguous meanings in the article in question. Sonepore will, I know, be amply discussed by one of the best of the Behar turfites in this present number of the *Review*. I shall not therefore enter at any great length into the details of its racing. One or two "dottings" I may record. Diana was the cock of the walk here, and I dare say after her great success my opinion of her in the "*Review* of the racing of 1855-56" was sufficiently derided. We are all liable to mistakes of this nature. I judged of the mare as I had then seen her, and as I had studied her past career, and I maintain that *at the time* I was correct. At that time she had been running three years and had never once beaten anything at all first-rate. She never would run straight and never would lay out till the last half mile of a race. Such an animal I maintain I described correctly as "useful in no position." I maintain now that I am fairly justified in altering my opinion. Diana by her running at Sonepore showed that she possessed great speed, resolution, and bottom, and that the successful treatment of a determined, fine tempered, and strong rider like Curran had eradicated her sulky and deceitful propensities. Of her action I still have the same opinion as to the *shortness* of stride and high action, but this was a good form to get through the Sonepore *mud* with, and should it turn out equally successful on the Calcutta *hard*, and should she give further proof that her temper is also now reversed, not for Sonepore only, but for a strange course also, she will be well worthy of a place in "Class 1." Besides Diana, Legerdmain, Chancery, Helen and Racbuck were alone in good form. Helen is far too slight for the course at Sonepore, but ought to "fly" on a hard course. Babylonian and Mercury were out of form, still Diana's Sonepore cup performance was a first rate one, for she was giving Mercury 21lbs! Moonbeam and Maydew both promise well for future meetings, the former's speed is undepiable. The bad luck that attended Mercury has been amply expiated upon elsewhere. The management ought to have been good, but was not. To begin with, the Secretary cannot possibly do all the work imposed upon him; the ball manager and the Race Secretary ought to be separate offices. The course was in bad order and badly looked after. A heavy roller was put round at the last moment at the earnest request of some of the owners of horses, but not more than 5 per cent was done of the work required in this line. All sorts of people were allowed to gallop over the course during the time the horses were going round in the morning, and on the race days the crowd of animals from elephants down to dogs (including natives) was something appalling. And, Abel East, I must say, while on this topic, that your down country people in general

might take a lesson from us up country in the management and keeping your race courses—clerk of the course's department in fact—I have seen every course from Peshawur to Calcutta during the last eight years, and with the exception of the first mentioned affair, I never saw any so badly *kept up* and *kept clear* as Calcutta and Sonapore. First as to the courses themselves—Sonapore has two very bad turns and the training ground is (and I should think always must be) deep, holding, and rough; quite destructive to good action. The Calcutta course is the worst made I ever saw without an exception and the training ground is like iron. A horse with doubtful legs could not stand it in its present state for a week if he did good work. Is there no manure or tan to be got in the metropolis—either of which make such a splendid training gallop? That wonderful party “Mr Bejar Khan” (for whom I shall have a word or two presently) calls it the best course in the world!!! If it is Heaven help the worst! I should like (without entirely overwhelming him with Newmarket or the Curragh) to simply shew him Umballa. I think he would be astonished at the difference in the formation, &c. of the two! Well again, *secondly* as to the keeping the course clear. At every well regulated race course up-country “the public” never think of riding *on* the course till the race horses have finished their work, much less of tearing along with, or even sometimes in the opposite direction to the horses in training. Yet your Calcutta and Sonapore equestrians think nothing of this, indeed I assure you, I saw at Sonapore two or three times in the mornings a buggy (once, so help me Bob! *with the hood up*) driving on the training course!!! I have seen as a contrast at Meerut the Commissioner and his wife waiting patiently till the last horse had been round, that they might get their canter, and never did I see before the ill mannered crowding that occurs on the Bengal courses during the time of the training. At Sonapore the Stewards’ decisions were final, and in one, or two of the same they did not shew discretion, especially with reference to a question that arose out of the wording of the terms for the Civilians’ Cup which ran thus “The Civilians’ Cup for all horses, Sonapore weight for age. 1½ mile. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the race 10lbs. Winners once to carry 3lbs., twice or oftener 5lbs. extra. English horses 21lbs. extra. Colonial 7lbs. C. B. 3lbs.” The question rose whether, winners once &c., meant at any time previous or only at the meeting. The Stewards decided the latter, which was I maintain an erroneous decision. Had it been so intended it ought to have been so set down *distinctly* in the terms in so many words. The donors of the cup said they *intended* it so to be, and it was stated that so it always had been in previous years, but this

was no argument at all. An owner of horses, living a thousand miles away, had nothing to do with what the *intentions* of the terms were, he had only to deal with the actual *wording*, and entering a horse that was a winner twice of course he assumed that the 5lbs. penalty would be incurred by him. The case in point was the owner of Mercury whose weight with the penalty came to 9st. 12lbs. The horse was short of work and the course heavy, and thinking the weight too much under such circumstances he drew his horse. After the withdrawal and declaration of the other horses to start, the question as to the penalty was mooted and decided, as I have above stated. Under such circumstances, Mercury's owner would have been justified in protesting against payment of his stake, under the following rule. "After the terms of a sweepstakes have been published and a subscriber's name admitted, the engagement would become void by any alterations of weights, distance, &c., without the concurrence of every person who had subscribed." Had it been stated that the 5lbs. penalty applied only to the meeting Mercury would have started. Helen was also hardly treated by the alteration, for her proper weight being 8st. 7lbs. her jockey had reduced himself all right to that weight, but of course when the 3lbs. were taken off at the last minute, she had to carry 3lbs. over weight. I have only one more irregularity to notice at Sonapore and I have done with it.

During the intervals between the races one morning, a horse that was not to run that day took his gallop—a strong one—this gallop was deliberately timed by the jockey of an opposition stable and the act justified by him and subsequently by others on the grounds that being a race morning any one might time a private gallop! It is nearly incredible that such an act should be tolerated at a meeting like Sonapore, when the performer of it would have been warned off the course, and, if a jockey, probably prevented from riding again at the meeting, had it occurred at any race course that I have ever known in India! So much for Sonapore and now for my friend BEJAR KHAN and his Calcutta foregatherings. It is lamentable that men *will* write on racing and coolly criticize the merits of horses of whom they know no more than if they had been living at Nova Zembla all their lives. If BEJAR KHAN had ever witnessed Mercury's running when in form, if he had even ever conversed with good judges who had done so, nay, if he had ever looked over the record of his performances in the pages of this very *Review*, he could never have made so preposterous a remark as "there are great doubts as to the powers of Mercury!" Where are the doubts I should like to ask, and what are the opinions of those who doubt worth? Certainly there are no doubts among those

who (being competent to judge) have watched Mercury's deeds. Though oft and again descanted on in the *Review* yet I deem it but right and just to the reputation of the best waler that ever trod the Indian turf to give a short recapitulation of some of his best performances, more especially for the particular benefit of BEJAR KHAN who perhaps now hears them for the first time!

Mercury came out in Calcutta in the two seasons of 1850-51 and 1851-52. He ran six times in Calcutta and was beaten every time. The only wonder was that he was not *distanced* every time, considering the training he suffered at the hands of a man whose sole idea of the art was rattling a horse along day after day at a strong pace. In fact he was totally mismanaged, and this was so apparent to all good judges, that they at once saw what a horse he would turn out in good hands. But the absurdity is, that people who will not see all this, still refer to Mercury's running in Calcutta as a criterion of his powers! Such perhaps is BEJAR KHAN! He came Up-Country in 1852 but his constitution had received such a shock from the Calcutta mal-treatment that, though he won all the maiden stakes he started for, yet he was not his real self for the whole of that season, (till the *very end* perhaps when by running second to Oregon in the memorable winners handicap at Meerut, in March 1853, a glimpse of his future greatness peeped out.) The next season was commenced by his giving in to that eminent performer in dirt, Boomerang, at Deyrah, when they ran $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile *through a river* in 2m. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ s!

But from this time Mercury's blaze of triumph commenced, and from November 1, 1853, to November 1, 1856, he was only beaten thrice. Once in a mile race at Umballa by Boomerang by a head (he beat Boomerang three times at the same meeting, and his jockey declared that "the head" was only got for want of a whip which Mr. Catapult would not allow him to carry). Once at Lahore by Pulcherrima when he was sick, and once at Umballa by Banker at the end of a seven days meeting in March when (no wonder!) he was stale.

Mercury's best performances are these.

March 11th, 1854.—Won the Champion cup at Umballa, carrying 8st. 7lbs. beating Banker 7st. 0lb. (good 2nd), Boomerang 8st. 7lbs. (beaten off many lengths) and Oregon 9st. 5lbs. Distance 2 miles. Time 3m. 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

March 15th, 1854.—Won the Turf Club Purse at Umballa, carrying 9st. 5lbs. beating Boomerang 9st. 5lbs. easily. (Boomerang in great form and heavily backed.) Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Time 2m. 55s.

November 11th, 1854.—Won the Lahore cup, carrying 9st. 1lb. beating Oregon 9st. 11lbs., Pulcherrima 10st. 7lb., Banker

8st. 5lbs., Barabbas 7st. 10lbs. Distance 2 miles. Time 3m. 59s.

December 14th, 1854.—Won the Oakeley cup at Peshawur, carrying 9st. 6lbs., beating Banker 8st. 7lbs., Pulcherrima 10st. 8lbs., and Prince Charles 9st. 11lbs. Distance $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Time 3m. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

December 20th, 1854.—Won the Peshawur St. Leger, carrying 9st. 7lbs., beating Pulcherrima 10st. 12lbs., and Banker 8st. 10lbs. Distance $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Time 3m. 21s.

November, 16th, 1854.—Won the Winners Handicap at Lahore carrying 10st., beating Banker 9st. and Glenilt 8st. Distance $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile less seventy yards. Time 3m. 22s.

March 17th, 1855.—Won the Punjab Plate at Lahore, carrying 9st. 5lbs. beating Pulcherrima 10st. 1lb. and Linton 7st. 8lbs. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Time 2m. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

February 19th, 1856.—Won the King of Oude's Purse at Lucknow, carrying 10st. 1lb., beating Babylonian 11st., Nineveh 10st. 8lbs., and Diana 10st. 11lbs. Distance 2 miles. Time 4m. 2s.

February 21st.—Won the Winner's Handicap at Lucknow, carrying 10st. beating Babylonian 10st. 7lbs., Legerdmain, 8st. 11lbs., and Lochinvar, 8st. 2lbs. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile and 304 yards. Time 3m. 18s., (the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in 2m. 55s.)

If BEJAR KHAN has *still* any doubts of the powers of Mercury after perusing the above, I am sorry for him. He has beaten the best horses in India and whenever the pace has been made good from the post, the time has been first-rate. It is too much the fashion to dwell on the *timing* of a race in India. I have shown that one writer, YE TURFITE, in the last *Review* says that "there can be no good racing without good timing!" He therefore would repudiate the race for the Kings purse at Lucknow, because the time of the two miles was not under 4m. 2s. ! Nothing can be more preposterous; this was on the contrary one of Mercury's best performances, for this reason, that the race was run in the very *worst* way to suit him, and the *best* for Babylonian. Mercury was in the better form, was receiving 14lbs., his *forte* was endurance and Babylonian's speed, therefore the best thing for Mercury and the worst for Babylonian was a *strong pace* from the post, the pace was *not* a strong one hence the greater feat for Mercury to have performed. The timing is usually dependant upon the horse that makes the running, not upon the cracks who are generally held.

Again, another common fashion is to estimate all timing by Calcutta timing. The Calcutta course is hard, and horses get over it at a great pace: it is also perfectly flat; but what a contrast some of the up-country courses present! Umballa is

the best, but Umballa has a long hill, and two separate runs of deep sand. Lahore has a very severe hill for a quarter of a mile, and the ground being laid with litter, is dead and sometimes heavy. But Peshawur! would that some who look not beyond Calcutta could see the course there! The running ground composed of gritty loose earth, a long severe hill, extending from the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in to the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile out, (past the winning post) which has to be *twice* traversed in a $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile race! they would then be able to appreciate those wonderful performances of Mercury, Banker, and Pulcherrima in the two races above recorded. It is of course impossible to define accurately the "difference of timing" between two courses, but as far as I, having seen both Peshawur and Calcutta, can judge, I should say it would not be less than five seconds.

I would not have written all this had I dreamed that any one could, at this time of day, "have great doubts as to the powers of Mercury." BEJAR KHAN writes of him as if he were now to be put on his trial instead of as a horse so covered with laurels as he is! Whether he will run well at the approaching Calcutta meeting or not, will in no way affect his well earned reputation. He has been running now for *six years*, and no horse can run for ever, besides, even supposing him to have been in his prime, he has not this season had the advantage of that careful training under his owner's eye from the beginning which has so contributed to his many victories.

BEJAR KHAN then runs his head against poor Pulcherrima, of all animals!—about the very best race horse in India at this moment; certainly the best at high weights.

He says "with a certain class she may do business, but her chance for the A 1 races is, I should say, very limited."* Now what stuff this is! does he know anything whatever of Pulcherrima's performance? Does he know that she was never brought out in perfect form, and that the only time she was in anything near it, that she performed that unequalled feat in Indian racing (as I think it is) of running a good second in the St Leger over the Peshawar course with 10st. 13lbs.† in 3m. 21s. the $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile! He talks besides of the mare as a probable Calcutta runner, whereas she is at least fourteen hundred miles away! Boomerang and Pompey have no intention of coming either, and as for Coquette having been likely to beat Beeswing and Mercury that may be taken, together with all the rest of BEJAR KHAN's speculations, for *exactly what it is worth!*

* He couples Diana with Pulcherrima in this remark, and at that time Diana's light certainly was hidden under a bushel.

† The exact weight her rider weighed in with.

Before this article is published, the first meeting will probably be over or nearly so, therefore it is little use descanting further on the probable competitors or on the chances of individual horses for the different races. From present appearances, provided that the awfully hard and bad ground of the course combined with the *peculiarly scientific* training that goes on here, leaves any horses on their legs by the 27th December, there appears to be every prospect of a good meeting.

In my "dottings on Sonepore" I have made no mention of the hospitality, good fellowship, and social gatherings that make the "beauteous grove" so attractive to the yearly pilgrims to the fair. On these topics doubtless the recorder of Sonepore races in the present number will have his say. Suffice it to add that with the goodly presence of such choice spirits and good fellows as Messrs. Pitcorrhie, Arthur, Westport, Herwald, Cloud, Fraser and O—k—s, (not to mention those worthy and oft referred to officials "Captain D—w, Captain O—c") things in general could not have been otherwise than pleasant.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

NORTH OF INDIA COURSING MEETING.

Camp Shadura, December 22, 1856.

ALL AGED CUP—VALUE RS. 250.

1st Ties.

Dr. Cannon's blue dog Czar

BEAT

Sir T. Metcalfe's red bitch Meteor.

A very long, and extremely pretty course. There was not much difference between the two, but Czar rather the faster, and he finished by a very pretty kill.

2nd.

Dr. Thring's black dog Hermit

BEAT

Major Skinner's fawn dog Roger.

The black dog went off with the lead and was much the better of the two all through the course. A kill.

3rd.

Major Skinner's fawn dog Comet

BEAT

Mr. Dumergue's fawn and white bitch Duchess.

Duchess had a bad start, but it was of little consequence for she never made a single point during the course. A kill.

4th.

Major Skinner's black imported dog Black Prince.

BEAT

Dr. Cannon's white and red dog Cupid.

The black dog ran most splendidly, the other dog being of no use whatever from start to kill.

5th.

Sir T. Metcalfe's blue dog Mars

BEAT

Dr. Adley's black and white dog Fire-away.

The blue dog made about 7 points before the other got in. He then had a severe fall in an attempt to kill, so that the black and white dog made two or three points, but the blue was the best at the end, finishing by a kill of merit.

6th.

Sir T. Metcalfe's blue dog Mercury

BEAT

Mr. Michell's blue dog Hawk.

Mercury did almost the whole work from start to kill.

7th.

Dr. Cannon's blue dog Smoke

BEAT

Mr. Fraser's red dog Baronet.

A nasty scrambling course, the winning of which did no credit to the blue dog. The hare was lost in an Urrur Field.

8th.

Major Skinner's white and black imported dog Spring

Run a bye with his dog Borderer, and licked him well too.

After these ties were run off, there was a lottery on the dogs left in. Black Prince sold for Rs. 37—Spring for Rs. 17 and Mars for Rs. 15—Hares were plentiful, but not so good as at Putpurgunge last year.

 23rd December, 1856.

We commenced to run the Puppies in the afternoon of the 22nd, but in two hours beating we could only find 3 hares, and got one run. So we went on with the first Ties this morning.

 PUPPY CUP—VALUE Rs. 250.

1st.

Major Skinner's red and white bitch Brilliant

BEAT

Mr. Nixon's fawn bitch Rose.

Rather a scrambling affair, the hare having, after the first return, doubled back through the line. A kill.

2nd.

Sir T. Metcalfe's fawn bitch Mercy

BEAT

Dr. Scott's red and white bitch Bella.

Half sisters and very small ones. The fawn the fastest, but no great difference.

They ran the hare through the gate and killed him in the Emperor's garden.

3rd.

Sir T. Metcalfe's fawn dog Magistrate

BEAT

Dr. Cannon's fawn bitch Countess.

Brother and sister. The dog had the best of the run up: the bitch was then unsighted from the hare doubling over a ridge to the dog, who for a considerable time had the hare to himself. The bitch then joined, but the dog had the best of it through an extremely long course. The hare was lost in the Emperor's garden.

4th.

Sir T. Metcalfe's fawn bitch Mamelon

BEAT

Mr. Fraser's blue and white dog Spring.

All in favor of the fawn, the dog declining any near acquaintance with the hare.

5th.

Mr. Fell's blue and white dog Dragon

BEAT

Dr. Adley's black bitch Lady Bird.

A bad start, and a bad course—no kill.

6th.

Dr. Thring's fawn and white dog Rocket

BEAT

Mr. Mitchell's fawn dog Tippoo.

The ground bad ; the consequence was that Rocket made one turn and a kill.

7th.

Dr. Cannon's fawn and white dog Critic

BEAT

Mr. Mitchell's blue and white bitch Merry.

The whole of the first part of the course was done by the dog, who ran with great fire and force. Towards the end the blue bitch made a few points, but the dog finally gave her a go-by, and carried the hare into sugar cane—no kill.

8th.

Dr. Cannon's red and white bitch Celeste

BEAT

Mr. Currie's brindled dog Driver.

The bitch was first on her legs, and went off with a lead of several lengths. She then made first turn and brought the hare towards the dog, then in an attempt to kill had a most severe fall, but picked herself up and went on with the running, before the dog came up. The course lasted a considerable time after this, the bitch having no assistance, and she at last made a very pretty kill. The dog had a most *tarnation* good thrashing.

9th.

Mr. Fell's blue and white bitch Alice Grey ran a bye with Dr. Scott's Chummy, who proved himself by far the better of the two.—A kill.

10th.

Major Skinner's red and white dog Rufus and Mr. Clifford's fawn bitch Critique ran an undecided course owing to an Urrur Khet.

11th.

Rufus beat Critique.

The dog had most speed, and after making first turn, when the bitch got in, he gave her a most complete go-bye, and killed the hare without another turn.

Both last night and to-day the ground was very bad, and hares extremely scarce, so we move camp to Putpurgunge to-morrow.

D. SCOTT,

Secretary.

MEERUT RACES.

1st Day, 17th January, 1857.

1ST RACE.—Meerut St. Leger of 20 Gold Mohurs for all Maidens. Arabs and Country breds, 8st. 7lbs. Colonials 9st. 3lbs. English Horses 10st 3lbs., 1 mile and $\frac{3}{4}$.

Mr. O'Callaghan's	ch a h	Peep O'Day Boy.
Nawab Ali Bahadoor's	b e h	* Monarch.
Nawab Ali Bahadoor's	b a h	Shaheen.

1st Day.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of 20 Gold Mohurs for all Horses. Weight for age N. N. I. T. C. standard $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Entrance 10 G. M. II. F.

Nawab Mohammed Ali Khan's	b a h	Wahabee.
Nawab Mohammed Ali Khan's	b n s w g	Reindeer, late Leviathan.
Mr. Adams'	b Aust g	Bolivar.
Nawab Ali Bahadoor's	c b h	Wadi.
Nawab Ali Bahadoor's	b Cape horse	Echo.
Captain James's	ch Cape h	Transport, late Cata-
lonian, 6 years.		

2nd Day 19th January, 1857.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 20 G. M. for all Arabs 9st each. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

Mr. O'Callaghan's	ch a h	Peep O'Day Boy.
Nawab Ali Bahadoor's	b a h	Shaheen.
Nawab Ali Bahadoor's	g a h	Abdul Wahib.
Nawab Ali Khan's	b a h	Wahabee.

2ND RACE.—The Meerut great Welter of 25 G. M. for all horses. English 12st 3lbs. Colonials 11st 3lbs. Arab and Country-breds 10st 7lbs R. C.

Nawab Mohammed Ali Khan's	b n s w g	Reindeer, late Leviathan.
Mr. Phillips names	ch n s w g	Waverly.
Mr. Adam's	b Aust g	Bolivar.
Nawab Ali Bahadoor's	c b h	Wadi
Nawab Ali Bahadoor's	b Cape h	Echo.
Captain James's	ch Cape h	Transport, late Catalanian, 6ys

JAMES FAIRLIE,

Secretary.

LAHORE RACES.

Nominations of the 1st December 1856.

THE PUNJAUB PLATE—SECOND DAY.

Mr. Flatman's	b e m	Nineveh.
Capt. Cooper's	b a h	Lochinvar.
Mr. Adam's	b a s u g	Bolivar.
Mr. James'	b a u s g	Linton.

THE WELTER STAKES—THIRD DAY.

Mr. Adam's	b a u s g	Bolivar.
Mr. O'Callaghan's	g a u s m	Nora Creina.
Mr. Flatman's	b a h	Blockhead.
Capt. Cooper's	b a h	Lochinvar

C. J. S. GOUGH,
Secretary.

RACING CALENDAR

FOR

1856.

INDEX TO THE RACING CALENDAR.

					<i>Page.</i>
Lahore Races, 19
Sonapore Races, 21
Bangalore Races, '26
Cape Town Races, 29

RACING CALENDAR.

LAHORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 9th December, 1856.—FIRST RACE.—The Champagne Stakes value 56 G M for English and Colonial horses 1½ mile.

Capt Cooper's	b aus h	Kossuth,	9st 0lb (Mr Gough,) ..	1
Mr Adam's	b aus g	Bolivar,	8st 11lbs (Mr Gresson,) ..	2
Mr Flatman's	b eng m	Nineveh,	10st 1lb (Mr Dixon,) ..	3

Nineveh very considerably the favourite, immediately after starting Bolivar rushed to the front, but was passed by the English mare after going a short distance Kossuth lying third to the mile post, where Bolivar pulled back, Nineveh carried on the running till the turn into the straight, where Kossuth went up to her, passed her in a few strides and won in a canter by six lengths, the other two close together. Time—1st mile 1m. 56s., 1½ mile 3m. 33s.

SECOND RACE.—The Claret Stakes for all Arabs, value 25 G M 1½ mile 9st each.

Capt Cooper's	b a h	Lochinvar,	(Mr Gough,) ..	1
Mr Flatman's	b a h	Blockhead,	(Mr Dixon,) ..	2

Blockhead cut out the pace till the last quarter, where Lochinvar caught him and the two ran together to the distance when Lochinvar drew in front, and won very cleverly by a length and a half. Time—3m. 3s.

THIRD RACE.—The Hack Stakes, winner to be sold for 500 rupees—half a mile 10st 7lbs each.

Mr Adam's	b a g	Cigar,	(Mr Gough,) ..	1
Mr Flatman's	b a h	Yorkshire Lad,	(Mr Dixon,) ..	2

A good race won by a length and a half. Time—57½s.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 11th December.—FIRST RACE.—The Punjaub Plate, value 50 G M for all horses N N I T C weight for age. Two miles.

Capt Cooper's	b a h	Lochinvar*	8st 10lbs (Mr Gough,) ..	1
Mr James'	b aus g	Linton,	9st 5lbs (Nubbechux,) ..	2
Mr Flatman's	b eng m	Nineveh,	10st 1lb (Mr Dixon,) ..	dist

* Carried 8st 13lbs.

Lochinvar jumped off with the lead and made the running at a strong, steady pace, Nineveh came up about half a mile from home and the two rated together in, a hundred yards from the post the mare had considerably the best of it, but Lochinvar came again with undeniable gameness and a beautiful race in ensued, the mare winning by a short head. Time—4m. 3s.

On coming to the scale it was found that the mare was short of weight, having dropt 12lbs in the first half mile! She was accordingly distanced and Lochinvar declared the winner.

SECOND RACE.—The Lahore Tankard value 40 G M for all horses winner to be sold for 800 rs. 1½ mile G R.

Capt Cooper's	b aus h	Kossuth,	11st 5lbs (Mr Gough,) ..	1
Mr Flatman's	b a h	Blockhead,	10st 7lbs (Mr Dixon,) ..	2
Mr O'Callaghan's	g aus m	Nora Creina,	11st 2lbs (Mr Crawford,) ..	3
Mr James'	b aus g	Linton,	11st 2lbs (Mr Gresson,) ..	4

Nora Creina led for the first quarter, when the pace became so slow that Kossuth was compelled to lead, which he did to the end, winning as he pleased by a length. Time—2m. 42s.

The winner was put up to auction after the race and bought in for 1,510 rupees.

THIRD RACE.—A Handicap Purse of 5 G M, ent. 1 G M P P $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr Adam's	b a g	Cigar,	9st	7lbs (Mr Gough,) ..	1 •
Mr Flatman's	b a h	Yorkshire Lad,	9st	0lb (Mr Dixon,) ..	2
Mr O'Callaghan's	ch a h	Peep o'day Boy,	9st	0lb (Mr Gresson,) ..	3
Mr Flatman's	b cb m	Brunette,	8st	7lbs (Native,)	4
Mr Havelock's	b a h	Nameless,	8st	7lbs drawn,	

Yorkshire Lad led for the first half mile, when Peep o'day Boy went up to him followed by Cigar, and a good race in was won by Cigar by $\frac{1}{2}$ length. Time—1m. 31s.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 13th December.—The Criterion Stakes for all arabs, two miles.

Capt Cooper's	b a h	Lochinvar,	9st	7lbs W. O.
The Turf Club Purse for all horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.				
Capt Cooper's	b aus h	Kossuth,	9st	8lbs W. O.
The Welter Stakes for all horses 1 mile.				
Capt Cooper's	b a h	Lochinvar,	10st	4lbs W. O.
The Galloway Stakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.				
Capt Cooper's	b a g	Dolly Spanker,		W. O.

The Steward's Handicap, 15 G M added, ent. 5 G M $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr Flatman's	b eng m	Nineveh,	$\frac{1}{2}$ st	9lbs (Mr Dixon,)....	1
Mr Adam's	b aus g	Bolivar,	8st	12lbs (Mr Gresson,) ..	2
Mr James'	b aus g	Linton,	8st	4lbs (Nubbee Bux,)..	3

Nineveh lost start, but the others hearing the starter call back, pulled, and allowed the mare to come up on even terms, when they ran along in a cluster, Linton dropt off about the distance, and Nineveh beat Bolivar by a length. Time—2m. 35s.

The Impartial Handicap, 1 mile.

Mr O'Callaghan's	g aus m	Nora Creina,	9st	12lbs (Mr Dixon,)....	1
Mr Flatman's	b a h	Blockhead,	10st	4lbs (Mr Dixon,) ..	2
Mr Adam's	b a g	Cigar,	9st	2lbs (Mr Gough,)....	3
Mr Flatman's	b a h	Yorkshire Lad,	8st	7lbs (Native,)	4

The Lad led for the first half mile when Nora Creina took up the running, Blockhead tried hard to catch her, but could not succeed and was finally beaten by a length. Time 2m.

A Scurry Race for all hacks $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats, was won by Mr. Weir's b c b m Gipsy Girl, (Owner) beating eight others.

A Pony race on the same terms.

Captain Cooper's	Langavat,	(Mr Gresson,)....	1	1
Mr Adam's	Georgie,	(Mr Havelock,) ..	2	2

Each heat won by a length.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, December 16th.—The Winner's Handicap $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr O'Callaghan's	g aus m	Nora Creina,	8st	0lb (Mr Havelock,) ..	1
Captain Cooper's	b aus h	Kossuth,	10st	0lb (Mr Gough,) ..	2
Captain Cooper's	b a h	Lochinvar,	9st	2lbs (Sadoola,)....	3
Captain Cooper's	b a g	Dolly Spanker,	7st	7lbs (Abdoola,) ..	4
Mr Flatman's	b a h	Blockhead,	8st	4lbs (Mr Dixon,) ..	dist
Mr Flatman's	b eng m	Nineveh,	9st	8lbs (Taylor,)	dist

*Nineveh got off very badly. Nora Creina, and Lochinvar rated it together for the first mile, when the weight began to tell on the latter and he fell back. Nora Creina held her lead to the straight run in, where Blockhead who had been gradually drawing up with Kossuth, collared her and a good race in ended in Blockhead's favor by a length. Kossuth ran a lame horse throughout, having unaccountably hurt himself in the stifle. A cross was claimed by the rider of Kossuth against the winner, which being established Blockhead was distanced and Nora Creina got the stakes. Time—3m 34s.

The losers handicap $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

Mr Adam's	b aus g Bolivar,	9st 0lb (Iadoola,)	1
Mr James'	b aus g Linton,	8st 4lbs (Nubbee Bux,) ..	2

Bolivar made the running from the post and won after a good race by a length and a half. Not timed.

The Consolation Scramble, winner to be sold for 500 rupees, G R catch weight above 10st 7lbs. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heat without dismounting.

Mr Adam's	b a g Cigar,	(Mr Gough,)..	3	1	1
Mr Flatman's	b a h Yorkshire Lad,	(Mr Dixon,)..	1	2	2
Major Burne's	g a h Selim,	(Mr Havelock,) ..	2	2	dr.

First heat, Yorkshire Lad won easy. Cigar held.

Second heat.—A beautiful race, Cigar winning by a head.

Third heat.—Cigar won easy.

A Hack Sweepstakes $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr Rustom's	b	galloway	Perriwinkle,	(Abdoola,)....	1
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Beating five others.

SONEPORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, *November 6th.*—FIRST RACE.—The Derby for Maiden Arabs, 3 G M each. 25 G M added. R C ($1\frac{1}{2}$ mile and 158 yards.)

Mr Cloud's	g a h	Chancery,	9st 11lb (Curran,)	1
Mr Cloud's	b a h	Gauntlet,	9st 11lb (T. Folkes,) ..	2
Mr Monghyr's	b a h	Lucksall,	9st 0lb (P. Irving,) ..	3

Chancery made the running, Gauntlet waiting. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile he closed up, and at the distance all three were neck and neck. A beautiful race in ended in Chancery's favor by a head, and Lucksall beaten $\frac{1}{2}$ length. All three excellently ridden: Time—R C 3-30. Last $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 1-9. The Course owing to the late rain, was very heavy.

SECOND RACE.—The Irregular Cup, value Rs. 500, given by an Amateur for all Maiden C B, and Colonial 5 G M each, (King Coil 15 G M.) R C.

Mr Cloud's	ch Cape h	Raebuck,	8st 12lbs (T. Folkes,) ..	1
Mr Irregular's	b Cape f	Maydew,	8st 11lb (George,)	2
Mr Cloud's	ch Cape f	Moonbeam,	9st 7lb (Curran,)	3
Mr Monghyr's	b c b c	King Coil,	8st 4lbs (Irving,).....	4

Maydew took the lead at first, but King Coil soon went to the front, and, laying 2 lengths clear of his field, made the pace as good as possible through the mud. At the last turn all four were together, King Coil was beat at the distance, and Raebuck had the race easy all the way home, Maydew despite of a terrific display

of horsemanship by her rider, managing to secure 2d place. Time—3m 2½7s. Last ½ 1m 8s.

THIRD RACE.—The Chumparun Cup for all horses. Entrance 3 G M. R C.

Mr Cloud's	ch e m	Diana,	10st 7lbs	(Curran,) . . .	1
Mr Monghyr's	b e h	Babylonian,	10st 10lbs	(P Irving,) . . .	2

This was an illustration of the "glorious uncertainty" of racing. Two to one was the betting on Babylonian at starting, and five to one offered without takers during the race. With such fearful weights, and heavy course, neither liked to make the running. They cantered to the ¼ from home, Diana leading, and then came in best pace, the mare who showed great "foot" winning by rather more than a length. Time—3m 33½s. Last ½ mile, 1m 0s.

FOURTH RACE.—Purse of 100 Rs. for Maiden and untrained hacks. 1 G M entrance. ½ mile, 10 stone.

Mr Pitcorthie's	bk s b f	by Great Britain,	(Owner,) . . .	1
Mr Christie's	b s b f	Rosebud,	(Mr Fraser,) ..	2
Mr William's	b s b f	Penelope,	(Mr Urquhart,) .	3
Mr Martins'	b c b f	Nelly Bly,	(Mr Herwald,) .	4
Mr Burkes'	bk s b h	King John,	(Mr Stocks,) ..	5
Mr Frederick's	g a h	Sultan,	(Mr Stone,) ..	6

Won easy. Time—1m 3s.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, November 8th—**FIRST RACE.**—The Modenarain Cup, for all Maidens. 5 G M. Entrance 1½ mile.

Mr. Cloud's	ch Cape h	Raebuck,	9st 8lbs	walked over.
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SECOND RACE—A Purse of 15 G M. Entrance 3 G M. 1 mile G R.

Mr Cloud's	g a h	Chancery,	8st 7lbs	(Mr Hudson,) ..	1
Mr Pitcorthie's	g aust g	Boomarang,	10st 4lbs	(Owner,)	2
Mr Monghyr's	b aust m	Annette,	10st 4lbs	(Mr Stocks) ..	3
Mr Arthur's	b a h	Hotspur,	9st 0lb	(Owner,)	4

Boomarang the favorite. Chancery made the running all the way, was never quite collared, and won by half a length, steadily ridden. Hotspur bolted at the start. Time—2m 2s.

THIRD RACE.—The Monghyr Cup, value 30 G M, presented by A Wallace, Esq. 8 G M each. 5 Ft. R C.

Mr Monghyr's	b c b m	Grace Lee,	9st 7lbs	(P Irving,) . . .	1
Mr Arthur's	b c b f	Helen,	8st 8lbs*	(T Folkes,) . . .	2

Helen took the lead from the post, Grace holding. At ¾ from home, Grace went up and forced the running. Helen closed again at the half distance, and a good race in ended in the old mare's favor by ¾ length. Time—3m 23s. Last ½ in 1m. 6s. (The course still very heavy.)

* Declared 3 lbs.

FOURTH RACE.—Hack Purse of 100 Rs. Entrance 1 G M. ½ mile. G R. Colonial 10st 7lbs. C B 10st 2lbs.

Mr Herwald's	b c b m	Nell Gwynne,	(Owner,) . . .	1
Mr Christie's	b c b m	Rosebud,	(Mr Fraser,) ..	2
Mr Martin's	g aust g	Hero,	(Mr Pratt,) . . .	3
Mr Pitcorthie's	b c b g	Edward Morgan,	(Owner,) . . .	4
Mr William's	b c b f	Penelope,	(Mr Alexander,)	5
Mr Pilgrim's	g aust g	Barkis,	(Mr Jones,) ..	6

A shocking bad start—ten lengths between the first and last horse off. Nell Gwyne won easy by a length. Time 59s.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, November 11th.—FIRST RACE.—The Civilians Cup for all horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 3 G M each.

Mr Cloud's	ch e m	Diana,	10st 10lbs	(Curran.)	...	*
Mr Cloud's	ch Cape h	Ræbuck,	9st 1lb	(C Barker,)	...	*
Mr Arthur's	ch c b f	Helen,	8st 4lbs†	(T Folkes,	3
Mr Moughyr's	ch c b m	Grace Lee,	9st 6lbs	(P Irving,)	0

Mr Cloud declared to win with Ræbuck. Diana took the lead and went considerably ahead of the others for the first half, when Grace Lee closed up to her, the other two holding. They travelled in this order at a slow pace to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from home, where Grace Lee's bolt was shot. Diana maintained her lead till the half distance, when Ræbuck closed, and a splendid Race in ended in a dead heat! Ræbuck walked over, for the deciding heat

Time— $1\frac{1}{2}$, 3m 41s. R C. 3m 20s. Last mile 2m 3s. Last half 1m 1s.

Grace Lee broke down, and did not pass the post.

† Declared 3lbs.

SECOND RACE.—The Welter, for all horses, 3 G. M each. 20 G M added. G R $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr Moughyr's	b e g	Legerdmain,	11st 4lbs	(Mr Stocks,)	..	1
Mr Cloud's	ch c h	Cossack.	10st 10lbs	(Mr Herwald,)	..	2
Mr Pitcorthie's	g aust g	Boomarang,	10st 7lbs	(Owner,)	3

Boomarang in front for the first half, and in the second he and Cossack led alternately. Legerdmain, steadily ridden, was held till the half mile turn, when he drew in front, was not again approached and won in a canter by 3 lengths.

Time— $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 3m 10s. Last mile 2m 5s. Last half 1m 3s.

Mr Pitcorthie's stirrup leather broke at the mile post.

THIRD RACE.—Purse of 100 Rs for Arab Hacks, 1 G M. Entrance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. 10st 7lbs each.

Mr Pilgrim's	g a h	Jacob Faithful,	(Mr Pitcorthie,)	1
Mr Fraser's	g a h	Rector,	(Mr Herwald)..	2
Mr Fraser's	g a h	Beppo,	(Mr Fraser,)	.. 3
Mr Frederick's	g a h	Sultan,	(Mr Stone,)	.. 4

A capital Race—won by half a length. The winner very well ridden. Time—1m 34s.

FOURTH RACE.—The Galloway Purse of 100 Rs. 2 G M entrance. 14 hands 9st 7lbs. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Mr William's	Chocolate,	(Mr Hudson,)	1
Mr Pitcorthie's	Brunow,	(Owner,) 2

Won in a canter by several lengths. Time—1m 35s.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY November 13th.—FIRST RACE.—The Sonepore Cup, value 500 Rs. (in specie), for all horses. Entrance 3 G. M, 2 miles.

Mr Cloud's	ch e m	Diana,	10st 7lbs	(Curran)	..	1
Mr Catapult's	g aust g	Mercury,	9st 0lbs	(T. Folkes)	..	2
Mr Arthur's	ch c b f	Helen,	7st 11lbs	(Abdool)	..	3

Diana led from the post at a good pace, the first $\frac{1}{2}$ miles being done in 1m. 26s.

At the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile turn Helen took the lead and kept several lengths ahead all down the back of the course. At the half mile Diana again went to the front and, with

Mercury on her quarter, rated it in, winning by $\frac{3}{4}$ length Helen a length behind Mercury. Diana by this performance has proved herself a first class animal, and shewn that the previous opinions formed of her were erroneous. Great credit is due to Curran for the way he has managed her, and made her forget all her former freaks of bolting, sulking, &c. Mercury met with an accident in crossing the river from Dinapore, which threw him out of work. The time, considering the heavy ground was first-rate, the betting being that it would not be done under 4m. 10s.

Time—2 miles in 4m. 0s. R. C. 3-15. Last $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 57s.

SECOND RACE.—The Damraon Cup, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each. R. C.,

Mr Monghyr's	b e g	Legerdemain,	10st 11lbs	(P. Irving) ..	1
Mr Cloud's	ch Cape h	Raebuck,	9st 12lbs	(Curran) ..	2
Mr Arthur's	ch c b f	Helen,	8st 12lbs	(T. Folkes) ..	3

Raebuck took the lead, and made play at a slow pace to the half mile turn.

Legerdemain then came up, and the two ran a good Race home, the English horse winning by a half a length. Time—R. C. 3m. 20s. Last half 57s.

THIRD RACE.—A Cup presented by Mr. Pitcorthie, for horses the property of Indigo Planters. G. R. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Mr Cloud's	ch Cape h	Cossack,	(Mr. Fraser)	1
Mr Martin's	g aust g	Hero,	(Mr Pitcorthie)	2
Mr William's	b s b f	Penelope,	(Mr Alexander)	0

Mr. Cloud added one more to his numerous victories this Meeting, by the great Cape Racehorse Cossack beating two Hacks as he pleased. Time 1m. 30s.

FOUR RACE.—A Handicap for all Hacks, 1 G. M. each, 100 Rs. added, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Mr Pitcorthie's	Edward Morgan,	10st 7lbs	(Owner) ..	1
Mr Herwald's	Nell Gwynne,	10st 7lbs	(Owner) ..	2
Mr William's	Juliet,	10st 0lb	(Mr Alexander)	3
Mr Christie's	Rosebud,	9st 9lbs	(Mr Fraser) ..	0
Mr Frederick's	Sultan	9st 0lb	(Mr Stone) ..	0
Mr Martin's	Nelly Bly,	9st 0lb	(Mr Hudson)	0

Won in a canter, by a length. Time 1m. 33s.

FIFTH RACE.—Pony stakes of 5 Rs. each, 50 added $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats, was won easily by Mr. Pitcorthie's Kiss-me-Quick, (Owner) beating two others.

FIFTH DAY, SATURDAY, November 15th.—**FIRST RACE.**—The Winner's Handicap, 5 G M each, 20 G M added, 2 miles.

Mr Cloud's	ch e m	Diana,	10st 7lbs	(Curran) ..	1
Mr Monghyr's	b e g	Legerdemain,	9st 2lbs	(P Irving) ..	2

Diana went from the post and kept the lead for the first mile, Legerdemain then went up to her and the pace improved; but at the last turn the latter again went to the front and an excellent race home ended in her favor by $\frac{1}{4}$ length. Time—2 miles 4m 0s. R C 3-14 $\frac{1}{2}$. Last $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

SECOND RACE.—The Loser's Handicap, 3 G M each, 15 G M added. R C.

Mr Monghyr's	b e h	Babylonian,	10st 7lbs	(P Irving) ..	1
Mr Cloud's	ch Cape f	Moonbeam,	8st 3lbs*	(Curran) ..	2
Mr Pitcorthie's	g aust g	Boomarang,	8st 10lbs	(T Folkes) ..	3

*All off at a canter, the first half being done in 1m 17s. Boomarang then went to the front and the pace became very good. At the half-mile turn Babylonian took the lead and was not again headed, though the Cape filly came up splendidly in the last quarter, and had she not had the 7½lbs. over, there might have been a different tale to tell. As it was, she was only beaten by half a length. Boomarang was a bad third. Time—R C 3m 25½s. Last mile 1m 54½s.

* Declared 7½lbs.

THIRD RACE.—A Handicap for Hacks, 25 Rs. each, 5 G M added, ¾ mile.

Mr Fraser names,	Juliet,	9st 7lbs	(Mr Fraser) ..	1
Mr William's	Chocolate,	8st 7lbs	(Mr Hudson)..	2
Mr Pitcorthic's	.bk f by Gt Britain,	9st 9lbs	(Owner) ..	3
Mr Martin's	Nelly Bly,	7st 11lbs	(Mr Brown) ..	4
Mr Jones'	Kiss me Quick	7st 0lb	(Native) ..	0
Mr. Herwald's	Nell Gwynne,	10st 4lbs	(Owner) ..	0

There was a great delay in starting for this race, and Nell Gwynne being kept waiting a long time got sulky and would not start. She was at last prevailed upon to canter up, but the starter giving the word before she had got near the rest, she had no chance of ever catching them. Juliet won easy. Time—1m 30s.

FOURTH RACE.—Consolation Stakes, 3 G M each, 10 G M added, 1 mile. Weight for value.

Mr Herwald's	ch c b f	Nell Gwynne	10st 0lb	(Owner) ..	1
Mr Arthur's	b a g	Hotspur	9st 7lbs	(Abdool) ..	2
Mr Martin's	g aust g	Hero	9st 0lb	(Mr Alex.)	3

Hotspur made the running at a good pace, for ¾ mile, and then shut up, Nell Gwynne winning after a good race by ¼ a length. Time—2m 0½s. The winner is by the Cape-horse Here-I-Go, out of the English mare Melody, both of whom were running at the Deyrah Meeting of 1852, and she does great credit (barring temper) to her progenitors.

SIXTH DAY, MONDAY, November 17th.—FIRST RACE.—The Bachelor's Purse of 40 G M added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 G M each, 1½ mile.

Mr. Monghyr's	b e g	Legerdmain	9st 8lbs	(P Irving)..	1
Mr Catapult's	g aust g	Mercury	9st 4lbs	(T Folkes,)	2
Mr Cloud's	ch cape h	Raebuck,	8st 10lbs	(Curran) ..	3

Raebuck took the lead from the post. After running about 300 yards, Mercury's stirrup leather broke and also the curb chain and, immediately overpowering his rider, he went to the front, and ran completely away all round. Legerdmain came up at the quarter, and won the race by ¼ length. The accident to Mercury who has had singular ill luck all through, was much to be regretted, and great credit is due to his jockey for the way he rode more than 1½ mile with only one stirrup, and no curb!

Time—3m 27s R C 3m 9s.

SECOND RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of 30 G M added to a Sweepstake of 3 G M each, ¾ mile.

The Confedgrates	ch cape h	Cossack,	10st 4lbs	(Mr Fraser) ..	1
Mr Pitcorthic's	g aust g	Boomarang	10st 4lbs	(Mr Pitcorthie)	2
Mr Monghyr's	b aust m	Annette	10st 4lbs	(Mr Stocks) ..	3
Mr Herwald's	ch c b m	Nell Gwynne	9st 11lbs	(Owner) ..	dis

Nell Gwynne would not start at any price, so the other three went without her, Cossack winning a fast run Race by a length; Annette, a bad third. Time—1m 24½s.

THIRD RACE.—A Hack Purse, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr Williams'	Juliet	(Mr Pitcorthie)	.. 1
Mr Burke names	Hero	(Mr Burke)	.. 2
Mr Fraser's	Beppo	(Mr Fraser)	.. 3
Mr Herwald's	Modesty	(Owner)	.. 4

A good race, won pretty easy at the end. Time—56s.

BANGALORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, 16th October, 1856.—FIRST RACE.—THE BANGALORE Derby 500 Rupees from the Fund. For Maiden Arabs. Weight 8st 4lbs. Horses that have never started allowed 3lbs. Winner of the Rajah's Plate, or Rajah's Cup at Mysore 7lbs extra, of both 10lbs, other winners before 1st October (handicaps excepted) 3lbs extra. 5 G M for Horses named on or before 1st June, 10 G M between that date and 1st July, and 20 G M between that and 1st August, when the Race will close, with a sweepstakes of 20 G M for each Horses declared to start 2 miles.

Mr Campbell's	i g a h	Pilot,	8st 4lbs	(Wood) 1
H H Aga Khan's	b a h	Kuchicolla,	8st 7lbs	(Benson)	.. 2
Mahomed Bawker names,	g a h	Tingle,	8st 7lbs	(Brewty)	.. 3
Abdoolah's,	b a c	Hoffman	8st 4lbs	(Abdoolah)	.. 4
Ally Asker's,	i g a h	Ishpahan,	8st 11lb	(Brown)	.. 5

Won easy.—Time 3m 54s.

SECOND RACE.—THE SECOND MAIDEN 20 G M from the Fund. For Arabs that have never started. Weight for age. Entrance 20 G M, H F. To close on 1st June and name the day before the Race. R C and distance.

H H Aga Khan's	g a c	Takth,	7st 12lbs	(Beuson)	.. 1
Mr. Campbell's	g a c	Daddy,	7st 4lbs	(Wood)	.. 2
Ally Asker's	g a h	Shumaz,	8st 5lbs	(Brown)	.. 3
Abdoolah's	b a c	Arab	7st 12lbs	(Abdoolah)	.. 4

Beautiful race. Won by half a head.—Time 3m 20s.

THIRD RACE.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 G M, H F. For all Horses, Arabs 9st, Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close on 1st June and name the day before the Race. R C.

Mr Campbell's	g a h	Hermit,	9st 0lb	(Wood)	.. 1
Mahomed Bawker's	c a h	Damascus	9st 0lb	(Brewty)	.. 2
Abdoolah's	b a h	Rissaldar	9st 0lb	(Abdoolah)	.. 3

Time—2m 54s.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 18th October, 1856.—FIRST RACE.—THE DEALER'S PLATE value 2500 Rupees, for Arabs imported since 1st January 1856 and purchased from the stables of the givers, viz., Abdoolah, Ally Asker, Moolah Cossim, Mahomed Bawker Khan and Baze njee Fakeerajee. Weight for age. Entrance 20 G M, H F, or only 5 G M if declared on 1st July. The second Horse to save his stakes. To close and name on 1st June 1856. R C and a distance.

Mr Campbell's,	g a c	Hajee	7st 4lbs	(Wood)	.. 1
Mahomed Bawker	b a h	Young Bawker	8st 5lbs	(Brewty)	.. 2
H H Aga Khan's	w a l	Morwary	8st 5lbs	(Benson)	.. 3
Ally Asker's	b a h	Khorasan	8st 5lbs	(Brown)	.. 4
Abdoolah's	b a c	Hoffman	7st 12lbs	(Abdoolah)	.. 5
Abdoolah's	b a c	Arab	7st 12lbs	(Santoo)	.. 6

Time—3m 15s.

SECOND RACE.—THE WELTER 20 G M from the Fund. For all horses, Arabs 10st 7lbs, winner of the Derby 7lbs extra, other winners 5lbs extra. 5 G M for horses named on or before 1st June, 10 G M between that date and 1st July, and 15 G M between that and 1st September, when the race will close, with a sweepstakes of 15 G M for each horse declared to start. R C G R.

Abdoolah's	b a h	Rissaldar	10st 7lbs (Mr Power) 1
Mahomed Bawker's	c a h	Damascus	10st 12lbs (Mr. Tucker) 2

Time.—3m 15s.

THIRD RACE.—THE ARABS STAKES 500 Rupees from the Fund. For all Arabs 8st, Maidens allowed 3lbs. Winners before the 1st day of the meeting 7 lbs extra, 5 G M for horses named on or before the 1st June, 10 G M between that date and 1st July, and 20 G M between that and 1st August, when the Race will close, with a sweepstakes of 50 G M for each horse declared to start 2½ miles.

Mr. Campbell's	i g a h	Pilot	7st 11lbs (Wood) walk over
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FOURTH RACE.—THE BANGALORE STAKES 150 Rupees from the Fund. For all horses the property of Officers and Civilans. Arabs 10st 7lbs. Winner of the Amateur Stakes, 7lbs extra. Entrance 5 G M, P P. To close and name on 10th October. R C heats. G R.—

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, 21st October, 1856.—**FIRST RACE.**—THE TRIAL STAKES. A gift of Rs. 500. For Arabs. Winners of two or more seasons to carry 8st. Winners of one season 7st 10lbs, winners of the season 7st 4lbs, and maidens that have never won 6st 12lbs. Entrance 30 G M, H F. Two horses the property of distinct owners to start or the gift to be withheld, the horse walking over receiving the forfeits. To close on 1st June and name the day before the Race. 2 miles.

H H Aga Khan's	b a h	Kuchcolla	7st 4lbs (Benson) .. 1
Mahomed Bawker's	c a h	Damascus,	7st 10lbs (Brewty) .. 2
Mr. Campbell's	i g a h	Pilot,	7st 4lbs (Wood) .. 3
Abdoolah names,	b a g	Inkerman,	7st 7lbs (Abdoolah) .. 4

Time.—3m 51s.

SECOND RACE.—THE COLTS' PLATE, 20 G M from the Fund. For Arabs imported since 1st January 1856, and having a colt's tooth on 1st May 1856. Weight for age. Entrance 20 G M, H F. To close on the 1st June and name the day before the Race. R. C.

Ally Asker's	b a c	Dit o' Jan,	7st 4lbs (Brown) .. 1
Mr. Campbell's	g a c	Hajee,	7st 4lbs (Wood) .. 2
H H Aga Khan's	g a c	Maddadow,	7st 12lbs (Benson) .. 3
Abdoolah's	b a c	Arab,	7st 12lbs (Abdoolah) .. 4

Won by a head. Time.—2m 56s.

THIRD RACE.—WHIM PLATE, 20 G M from the Fund, for all horses. Weight for age and inches. Entrance 20 G M, H. F. To close on 1st June and name and day before the Race. R. C. heats.

Major Campbell's names	g a c	Ispahan,	8st 11lbs (Brown) 1 2 2
Mahomed Bawker's	g a h	Boloro,	8st 8lbs (Brewty) 2 1 1
Abdoolah's	b a c	Buerhan,	6st 7lbs (Abdoolah) 3 dr. dr.
Mr. Campbell names	i g a h	Ariel,	9st 0lb (Wood) 3 3 dr.

Time.—2m 55s.—3m 3s.

FOURTH RACE.—THE DRAWING ROOM STAKES Rupees 200 from the Fund. For all horses the property of Officers and Civilians. Arabs 10st. Winner of the

Amateur or Bangalore Stakes 7lbs extra, of both 10lbs. Entrance 100 Rupees, P P. To close and name on 10th October. 2 miles G R.

Mr. Anderson's	b n s w g	Harkaway,	10st	9lbs	(Owner)	..	1
Mr. Gorton's	c h	Multum in Parvo,	10st	0lbs	(Mr. Berners)		2

Time—3m 15s.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 23rd October 1856.—FIRST RACE.—THE OMNIBUS STAKES 500 Rupees from the Fund. For all horses. Weight for age. Winner of the Derby 7lbs. extra, other winners before 1st October (handicaps excepted) 3lbs extra. Maidens allowed 3lbs. 5 G M for horses named on or before 1st June, 10 G M between that date and 1st July, and 20 G M between that and 1st August, when the Race will close with a sweepstakes of 30 G M for each horse declared to start. R C and distance.

Mahomed Bawker's	b a h	Lucknow,	8st	8lbs	(Brewty)	..	1
Mr. Campbell's	i g a c	Pilot,	8st	2lbs	(Wood)		
Major Campbell's	b a g	Inkerman,	8st	5lbs	(Benson)		

Lucknow easy. Time—3m 9s.

SECOND RACE.—TURF CLUB HANDICAP 15 G M from the Fund. For all Horses, to be handicapped by the Stewards, and weights declared at 1 P M, the day before the Race. Entrance 10 G M. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 3 G M, To close and name the day before the meeting. 1½ miles.

Mahomed Bawker's	c a h	Damascus,	9st	7lbs		..	1
Abdoolah's	b a h	Rissaldar,	9st	0lb		..	2
Mahomed Bawkers	g a h	Kohkab,	8st	7lbs			
Ally Asker's	g a h	Ispahan,	9st	3lbs			
Ditto	g a h	Shamaz,	7st	10lbs			

Very good race. Time—2m 56s.

THIRD RACE.—SWEEPSTAKES. For all Horses. Arabs 9st. Maidens allowed, 7lbs. Winner of Sweepstakes on 1st day 7lbs extra. Entrance 30 G M, H F. To close on 1st June and name the day before the Race. 1½ miles.

H. H. Aga Khan's	b a h	Kuchcolla,	8st	7lbs	(Benson)		1
Mr. Campbell's	g a h	Hermit,	9st	7lbs	(Wood)		2
Mahomed Bawker's	c a h	Damascus,	9st	9lbs	(Brewty)		3

Time—3m 27s.

FOURTH RACE.—HACK STAKES 5 G M from the Fund. For all horses. Arabs 10st. Entrance ½ G M, P P. To close and name the day before the Race. ¼ mile heats, G R.

Mr. Benners'	g a h	Dewdrop,	10st	0lb	(Owner)	1	1
Mr. Blake's	g a g	Tiddlediwinck	9st	11lbs	(Mr. Peters)	2	0
Mr. Gorton's	c h	Multum in Parvo,	10st	0lb	(Owner)	3	2
Mr. Blyth's	g a g	Ace of Hearts,	9st	11lbs	(Owner)		
Mr. Ferrer's	g a h	Lacheen,	10st	0lb	(Owner)		

Time—1st heat 1m. 2nd heat 59s.

FIFTH DAY, SATURDAY, 25th October 1856.

Winning Handicap, 2 Miles.

Damascus,	9st	5lbs	..	1
Hermit,	8st	12lbs	..	2
Lucknow,	9st	5lbs	...	3
Rissaldar,	8st	7lbs	..	4

Time—3m 57s.

Losing Handicap, 1½ mile heats.

Young Bawker,	8st	5lbs	1
Childe Harold,	7st	7lbs	2
Buchran,	7st	3lbs	3

Time—1m. 55s.

2nd Heat.

Childe Harold,	1
Buchran,	2
Young Bawker,	dr.

Time—3m.

3rd Heat.

Buchran,	1
Childe Harold,	2

Time—3m 5s.

4th Heat.

Buchran,	1
Childe Harold,	2

Time not taken, for the Childe was so beat that Buchran came in at a trot.

CAPE TOWN RACES.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, 22nd September, 1856.—A Silver Cup, value £10 (to be the property of the winner), and £10 in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, H. F., for all horses. Welter weights for age. Heats, 1½ mile. Horses that have never won on any course allowed 5lbs. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Mr Muller's	b h	Fair Play,	6 yrs	11st 5lbs	1	1
Mr Munnik's	br c	Blackstone,	4 yrs (alwd 5lbs)	10st 4lbs	2	2
Mr A P Beck's, Jun.	gr h	Grasshopper,	6 yrs	11st 5lbs	3	3
Mr Goodwin's	br h	Mary McHale,	aged	11st 5lbs	4	4

1st Heat. Grasshopper, made severe running and led them all by a couple of lengths for ¼ mile, when Fair Play and Blackstone joined him, and Lary McHale fell hopelessly to the rear. Grasshopper was beaten off at the last turn, and Fair Play leaving Blackstone at the distance won easily by a length. Time—not taken.

2nd Heat. Fair Play and Blackstone had the lead throughout, running well together to the distance, when Fair Play again came away and won by a length—easily. —Time 3m. 3½s.

SAME DAY.—The Newmarket Sweepstakes, of £3 each, H. F., with £15 added, for all colonial horses. Heats, 1 mile. 2 years old, 5st; 3 years, 8st; 4 years, 8st 12lbs.; 5 years, 9st 6lbs; 6 and aged, 9st 11lbs. A winner once to carry 7 lbs extra; twice 10lbs; thrice or oftener, 14lbs. The winner to be sold for £100. If entered to be sold for £75, allowed 5lbs; for £50, 10lbs; for £30, 14lbs. Horses may claim exemption from sale by carrying 7lbs extra in addition to other penalties. The winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund.

Mr Goodwin's	br c	Easy,	4 yrs (not to be sold)	9st 12lbs	4	1	1
Mr Muller's	ro h	Hermes,	5 yrs (£30)	8st 6lbs	1	2	2
Mr Munnik's	ch f	Mosquito,	3 yrs (£100)	7st 11lbs	2	3	0
		by Traverser,	5 yrs (£100)	9st 6lbs	3	4	0
Mr Spangenberg's	b h	Gladiator,	4 yrs (£50)		0	0	0
Mr Behr's	b h	Voltaire,					

Voltaire threw his rider and ran away before the start.

1st Heat. Gladiator and Hermes ran head and head for the first $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, when Mosquito closed, and raced with them all the way in, Hermes at last winning cleverly by a length. Easy saved his distance. Time—1m. 58s.

2nd Heat. Hermes made the running for the first half mile, when he was challenged by Easy and Mosquito, the latter was beaten off at the last $\frac{1}{4}$, and the other two contended the race home with great severity, Easy winning by a head. Time—1m. 57s.

3rd Heat. A good race all the way between the same pair and won again by a head. Time—2m.

SAME DAY.—The Scramble Stakes, of £2 each, P.P. with £7 10 added, for all colonial horses that have never won any race whatever on any course. Welter weights for age, and 10lbs over. Heats, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for £50; if for £40, allowed 7lbs; for £30, 11lbs.

Mr Munnik's	ch c	Charley,	4 yrs old	£40	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Mr Saddler's	b g	Fly,	5 yrs	£40	2	$\frac{2}{2}$
Mr Goodwin's	gr c	Gay Lad,	4 yrs	£30	3	3
Mr A P Beck's, Jr.	br h	No Go,	aged	£40	dis.	
Mr Behr's	ch c	Locust,	3 yrs	£40	4	4

1st Heat. A good race up to the distance amongst them all, but Charley came out when he liked, and won easily by a length. Time, 1m. 34s.

2nd Heat. Well contended by Fly and Charley, but the former, swerving to the whip, was beaten at last by a length.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, 24th September.—The Tradesmen's Purse, value £25, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, H.F., for all Horses. Weight for age. Heats, $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile. A winner on the first day (Scramble Stakes excepted), to carry 7lbs extra. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Mr Muller's	b h	Fair Play,	5 yrs 7lbs extra	1	1
Mr Beck's, Jr.	gr h	Grasshopper,	6 yrs	2	2
Mr Goodwin's	br c	Easy,	4 yrs 7lbs extra	3	$\frac{3}{3}$
Mr Munnik's	br c	Blackstone,	4 yrs	c	4 dr

1st Heat.—All well together for the first mile, the pace being excellent, Grasshopper and Fair Play dropped their companions soon after, and at the distance it appeared to be the grey's race. Both horses came to the whip, and after a splendid struggle Thomas by superior jockeyship, just managed to land Fair Play, the winner by half a head. Time—2m. 57s.

2nd Heat. Blackstone, drawn. The other three ran in close order for $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, when Easy began to lose ground, and before reaching the distance, Grasshopper was also in difficulties, Fair Play winning easily by a length. Time—3m. 1s.

SAME DAY.—GREEN POINT STAKES, of £3 each with £15 added for all colonial horses. Heats, 1 mile. Same weights and penalties as in the Newmarket Sweepstakes. The inner to be sold for £86; if for £60, allowed 5lbs; £40, 10lbs; £68, 80lbs. The winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund. Horses may claim exemption from sale by carrying 7lbs extra, in addition to other penalties.

Mr Muller's	ro h	Hermes,	5 yrs (£40)	8st 10lbs	1	1
Mr Thomas	b f	Comical,	3 yrs (£30)	8st 5lbs	2	0
Mr Behr's	b c	Voltaire,	4 yrs (£40)	8st 2lbs	0	0
Mr Goodwin's	b h	Lary McHale,	6 yrs (£80)	9st 11lbs	3	0
Mr Hill's	b c	Acorn,	3 yrs (£80)	8st	4	2
Mr Munnik's	b h	O'Connell,	5 yrs (£40)	8st 10lbs	6	0

1st Heat. Comical made play at a good pace, and led them all for the first $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. At the last turn Hermes and O'Connell had caught her, and the former running longest beat the filly by half a length. Time—1m. 58s.

2nd Heat. A good race between two or three up to the distance, all at the whip. Hermes winning at last easily by a length. Time—1m. 59s. The winner was sold by auction after the race for £50.

* SAME DAY.—Hack Race.—£5 given, with a Sweepstakes of £1 each. Post entrance for horses that have never won any race whatever, on any course. Welter weights, for age, and 10lbs over. Heats, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for £50; if for £40, allowed 10lbs; £30, 14lbs.

Mr Beck's, Jr	br h	No Go,	6 yrs (£40)	1	2	2
Mr Lesar's	ch c	Farmer,	3 yrs (£30)	2	4	0
Mr Saddler's	b g	Fly,	5 yrs (£40)	3	1	1
Mr Munnik's	ch h	Bob,	6 yrs (£40)	4	3	0
Mr Melville's	b h	Merry Andrew,	(£30)	5	5	3

The second and third heats won cleverly by Fly, whose success was due in a great measure to the patience and judgment displayed by his amateur jockey.

THIRD DAY, FRIDAY, 26th September.—The Visitor's Handicap.—For all horses that have started for public money during the meeting. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrances to be made by 1 p. m., on the day before the Race.

Mr Thomas's	b h	Fair Play,	6 yrs	10st 10lbs	1
Mr Goodwin's	br c	Easy,	4 yrs	9st 3lbs	2
Mr Munnik's	ch f	Mosquito,	3 yrs	6st 10lbs	3
" Hill's "	br c	Blackstone,	4 yrs	8st 10lbs	4
Mr Hill's	b c	Acorn,	3 yrs	6st 4lbs	fell
Mr Thomas's	b f	Comical,	4 yrs	8st	dr

Mosquito went away at a great pace and held a clear head of two lengths for the first mile, when the other joined her, and they all came round the last turn together, and remained up to the distance, when the filly and Blackstone dropped off, and Fair Play succeeding in shaking off Easy, a few strides from home, won cleverly by a length. Time—3m. 1s. Wind very high and against good timing.

SAME DAY.—Hunter's Stakes—2 Miles. Gentlemen riders, for horses which have been hunted from Rathfelder's this season.

Evelyn Cloete, Esq.	bl h	Scipio, owner; blue jacket, blue cap,	..	1
Mr L Kannemeyer's	b h	Brandy, Ew. Christian, Esq.; crimson body, black sleeves, black cap.	..	2
Mr Melville's	gr	Kars, P Vigors, Esq.; scarlet jacket, white cap	..	3
Mr J Thomas'	bles g	Blesbok, owner; blue jacket, black cap	..	4
Mr G Rathfelder's	gr g	Sebastopol, H Smyth, Esq.; claret jacket, black cap	..	0
J Tweedie, Esq. RN,	b h	Baltic, Mr Tweedie; orange jacket, black cap	..	0
Lieut. J Palmer, RN,	gr h	Nelson, Lieut Palmer; blue body, purple sleeves, purple cap,	..	0
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Won very easily by Scipio—a straggling race all through.

SAME DAY, THE LADIES PURSE, value £ , added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each, H. F. for all colonial horses. Heats, 1 mile. Same weight and penalties as in the

Newmarket Sweepstakes. The winner to be sold for £75; if for £50, allowed 5lbs, £40, 10lbs; £30, 14lbs.

Mr Beck's, Jun.	gr h	Grasshopper,	ys (£74)	1	1
Mr Muller's	r h	Hermes,	5 yrs (£40)	2	2
Mr Munnik's	ch c	Charley,	4 yrs (£30)	3	0
Mr Spangenberg's	b h	Gladiator,	5 yrs (£40)	4	3

1st Heat. Charley made the running, and held a lead of a length up to $\frac{3}{4}$ mile,* when Gladiator and Hermes ran up to him. At the distance Hermes appeared to be winning easily, but Grasshopper, who had been lying very far in the rear, came forward with a rush and catching Hermes in the last few strides, won cleverly by half a length. Time—2m. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2nd Heat. Grasshopper and Hermes had the race to themselves for the last $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, Grasshopper winning easily by two lengths. No time taken. The winner was sold for £97-10.

SAME DAY.—Handicap Hack Race.—Purse, £7-10s, added to a Sweepstakes of £1 each. Post entrance. Heats, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for £40.

Mr Konneburg's	b h	O'Connell,	6 yrs	11st 7lbs	1	1
Mr Saddler's	b g	Fly,	5 yrs	11st 7lbs	2	3
Mr E O Christian's	b h	Dreadnought,	5 yrs	10st 10lbs	3	2

Three others started but not placed.
Both heats won easily by O'Connell.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

B.

Babylonian, 24,
Bolivar, 21,
Buchran, 29,

C.

Chancery, 21, 22,
Charley, 30,
Childe Harold, 29,
Chocolate, 23,
Cigar, 19, 20, 21,
Cossack, 24, 25,

D.

Damascus, 28,
Dewdrop, 28,
Diana, 22, 23, 24,
Dil o'Jan, 27,

E.

Easy, 29,
Edward Morgan, 24,

F.

Fair Play, 29, 30, 31,

G.

Grace Lee, 22,
Grasshopper, 22,
Great Britain, 22,

H.

Hajee, 26,
Harkaway, 28,
Hermes, 30,
Hermit, 26,

I.

Ispahan, 27,

J.

Jacob Faithful, 23,
Juliet, 25, 26,

K.

Kuchcolla, 27, 28;
Kossuth, 19,

L.

Langavat, 20,
Legerdemain, 23, 24, 25,
Lochinvar, 19,
Lucknow, 28,

N.

Nell Gwynne, 22, 25,
Nineveh, 20,
No Go, 31,
Nora Creina, 20,

O.

O'Connell, 32,

P.

Perriwinkle, 21,
Pilot, 26,

R.

Raeback, 21,
Rissaldar, 27,

S.

Scipio, 31,

T.

Takth, 26,

Y.

Young Bawker, 29,

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1857.

INDEX

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

* :

A.

- A few days' shooting in the Malda Jungles in 1853, Bags of, 36.
 A few days' sport in Bengal, 23.
 A night in the Himalayas, 141.
 An apology for an article, 28.
 An afternoon's Shikar, 157.
 Antelope shooting, 33.
 A note for Scrap-Collator. Big Donkeys in Kentucky, 103.
 A surprise at Burdwan, 187.
 A would-be Nimrod, 198.
 An ascent of Mont Blanc, 262.
 A blind tusker, seven hours on guard over, 293.
 A sketch, 342.

B.

- Bags of a few days' shooting in the Malda Jungles in 1853, 36.
 Belgaum Monsoon Meeting for 1856, the, 195.
 Bits of sky, 159.
 Breeding and breaking of Dogs, the, 137.
 Bengal Turf doings and prospects, notes on, 359.
 Bhaugulpore Welter Races, February 1857, 232.
 Bison shooting, 207.
 Big bores *versus* small, 224.
 Bycullah meetings, 59.
 Bustard in Hurrianah, on the, 79.

C.

- Calcutta Races, for 1856-57, 113, 231.
 Coming Calcutta meeting, the, 192.
 Coursing Club, North of India, 122.
 Coursing meeting, North of India, (3rd Nov)

E.

- Elephant catching in the Patullee Dhoon, 311.

F.

- First Sporting article, My, 95.
 Fishing, 92.
 Field at Home, in the, 86.
 Fishing in the Beas, 267.

G.

- Gallinaceous Birds of India, the, 1.
 Game in Pegue, 39, 165.
 Gangas, habits of the, 147.
 Guns and Rifles, 187.
 Gyal shooting in Orissa, 173.

H.

- Hints to my Nephew, Sporting, 200.
 History Notes, Natural, 89.
 Habits of the Gangas, 147.
 History Notices, Natural, 181, 239.
 History Queries, natural, 190.
 "Horse Sickness" at the Cape, the, 41.
 Hurrianah, Sport in, 271.

I.

- Ibex shooting and bear hunting, 347.
 In the field at Home, 86.

K.

- Kumaon, sport in, 170.

L.

- Lahore Races, 1856, Prospectus of, 120.
 Lahore Races, (3rd No.)

M.

- Maroo-Wurdwan, notes from, 17.
 Molunghee Moonings, 54.
 My first Race, 84.
 My tent in Cashmere, 143.
 My first sporting article, 95.

M.

Meerut Races, for 1856-57, Prospectus of, 234.
 Meerut Races, (3rd No.)
 Mont Blanc, An ascent of, 262.
 Mozufferpore Races, 122.

N.

Natural History notes, 89.
 Natural History notices, 131, 239.
 Natural History queries, 190.
 Night in the Himalayas, A, 141.
 Nominations, 117.
 Notes from Maroo-wurdwan, 17.
 Notes and queries, sporting, 203.
 Note for scrap-collator. Big donkeys in Kentucky, A, 103.
 Notes on Bengal Turf doings and Prospects, 359.
 North of India Coursing Club, 122.
 North of India Coursing meeting, (3rd No)

O.

Odds and ends, 226.
 On the Bustard in Hurrianah, 79.
 Otium sine dignitate, *alias* Puddlepoing, 216.

P.

Pegue, game in, 39, 165.
 Prospectus of Lahore Races, 1856, 120.
 Prospectus of Meerut Races for 1857, 234.

R.

Races, Lahore, (3rd No.)
 Races, Meerut, (3rd No.)
 Races, Mozufferpore, 122.
 Races, Sonepore, 1856, 123, 236.
 Reminiscences of Splifflebury, the, 105.
 Races, for 1856-57, Calcutta, 113, 231.
 Revolutions in the animal world: Sheep and horses, 179.
 Rifles and Guns, 187.
 Rough Notes, 176.

R. /

Rough Notes from my Shikar book for 1856, 304.
 Riding down a bustard, 308.
 Rules and Regulations of the Byculla Course, Bombay, 124.

S.

Seven hours on guard over a blind tusker, 293.
 Sheep and horses: Revolutions in the animal world, 179.
 Shooting in Orissa, Gyal, 173.
 Sonepore dottings, 184.
 Sport in Kumaon, 170.
 Sporting notes and queries, 203.
 Sport in hurrianah, 271.
 Sporting hints to my Nephew, 290.
 Surprise at Burdwan, a, 187.
 Something connected with sport, 318.
 Sonepore meeting, 1856, the, 322.
 Sonepore Races, 1856, 123, 236.

T.

The "Horse sickness" at the Cape, 41.
 Tent in Cashmere, My, 143.
 The breeding and breaking of dogs, 137.
 The coming Calcutta meeting, 192.
 The Belgium Monsoon meeting for 1856, 195.
 The gallinaceous birds of India, 1.
 Tiger shooting on foot, 82.
 The Reminiscences of Splifflebury, 105.
 The Sonepore Meeting, 1856, 322.
 Tom Sparkle's trip to the Hills related by his friend and Chummy Neddy Nokes, 74.
 Turf Lotteries and Betting, 98.
 The Byculla Course, Bombay, Rules and Regulations of, 124.

W.

Welter Races, February 1857, Bhaugulpore, 232.
 Would be Nimrod, A, 130.

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